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Edward J. Mishan

Some Heretical Thoughts on University Reform

The Economics of Changing the System

THE 1960s will go down in British history as the decade in which the universities first became uncomfortably aware of a growing threat to their cherished independence and to their long heritage of academic freedom, a threat apparently coming from two directions, from the state and, more recently, from the student body. The more popular view is that the danger of state intervention in the affairs of the university is an unavoidable consequence of the unprecedented post-war expansion of current and capital expenditure on higher education and the resulting financial dependence of the universities on the government. The setting up of the University Grants Committee in 1919 (which quinquennially enters into arrangements with the universities to provide them with the public funds necessary to meet their estimated current expenditures) appeared then as a commendable attempt to guard the universities from political influences of the government of the day. But it did not reckon with the post-war growth of university expenditures. In the last year of the quinquennium ending 1967, grants to meet the universities' current expenditures totalled about £140 million. In the same year additional funds for specific capital projects added a further £80 million, bringing the total subsidy in that year to around £220 million. It is hardly surprising that, with public monies on this scale being handed over to the universities, demands should arise for some control over their efficient use. Nor is it surprising that, after some heated controversy, the decision should be taken to subject both the U.G.C.'s and the Universities' Accounts to the scrutiny of the Public Accounts Committee.

As for the dangers arising from the pressure of students' demand for a greater share of control in the affairs of the university, though aggravated by unruly factions having political objectives that transcend mere university matters, they are seen in this perspective as springing also from the remarkable expansion in the student population over the last few years. With eight new universities founded within less than eight years, with the transformation of ten colleges of advanced technology into universities, and with a vast expansion in the older universities, to say nothing of the multitude of non-degree-granting colleges and institutes, the student population has increased from about 180,000 in 1960 to close to 400,000 in 1968.[1]

I think this view, which attributes the current malaise ultimately to the extraordinary post-war expansion of higher education, is mistaken—at least if it is taken to imply that the independence of the universities cannot be restored while they continue to spend on so massive a scale and to admit students in such large numbers. Indeed, I shall argue that the current threat to the universities can be removed by

DR. E. J. MISHAN *is reader in economics at the London School of Economics. His book,* The Costs of Economic Growth, *was published by the Staples Press in 1967.*

[1] These figures represent the total number in full-time higher education. Of the 180,000 in 1960, 117,000 were in universities proper (including former CATs), the remainder being divided between 42,000 in colleges of education and 21,000 in technical colleges. The figures for 1968 were 210,000 in the universities, 110,000 in colleges of education, the remainder being in technical colleges.

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simple institutional changes—one requiring no more than a switch to a more rational method of accounts that discloses *the full costs of higher education,* the other a change from the present system of student *grants* to student *loans*. Admittedly the latter proposal is no longer novel[2]; but the weight of argument in its favour has not been fully appreciated by the public.

Moreover, the case gathers strength when placed within a context established by the first proposal and in the circumstances of repeated student excesses and disruption. The proposals, moreover, are immediately practical, albeit in a technical sense only. Political resistance to proposals for dismantling any existing piece of administrative machinery is always to be anticipated (and resistance will be the more effective if the inefficiency of the existing machinery escapes notice owing to the absence of agreed criteria). Inevitably those most centrally involved in the old system seek to defend it. If it goes, their accumulated expertise may become valueless, and their status and influence correspondingly diminished. Though social losses of this sort are necessarily incurred in any changeover from one system to another, they are not to be lightly dismissed. In this instance, however, the social gains are substantial enough to enable one to combat political resistance with a clear conscience.

What Does a Student Cost?

SINCE EACH OF THESE two proposals can be adopted independently of the other, it is convenient to consider the first on its own. We can then examine the case against student grants as the second logical step to take on the supposition that *full cost pricing*[3] has been adopted by the universities.

Although the arguments in favour of full cost university fees are independent of the actual magnitude, it is of interest to have some idea of the disparity between fees currently charged by British universities, which often form the basis of calculating the costs of higher education, and the actual costs. Tuition fees for the undergraduate now average about £70 per annum throughout the country. For the British students, they are paid by local authorities which, in addition, contribute to his living and educational expenses by maintenance grants that range from £50 to £370, and average about £250. The true cost to the university of educating the student is, however, many times the tuition fee of about £70, though it is hard to give a precise figure. If we divide the total net current expenditure of a typical university by the number of its students, we obtain a figure of roughly £1,000 per annum.[4] This annual current expenditure obviously includes expenditures on the salaries of the academic staff. But the activities of the academic staff are not wholly devoted to teaching. Part of their time is devoted to independent research. It is sometimes concluded, therefore, that only a proportion of the expenditure on the academic staff should be included in the costs of higher education, this proportion being taken to equal the average proportion of the academics' time that is devoted to teaching or to preparing their lectures.

This proportion is, however, almost impossible to measure. The academic mind tends to be active at all odd hours. The typical don works at home; he debates with his colleagues; he reads the professional journals, assimilates new facts and ideas and contributes to them himself. He may be paid for his published articles, and may indeed act as correspondent to a newspaper or as consultant to business firms or to the government. Yet all such activities will almost certainly add to his value as a teacher. Certainly the time and effort spent in research is not, in the long run, separable from university education. For the advance of knowledge, which is the purpose of research, is ultimately passed on to the student himself. Though it makes no difference to my proposals, I shall for these reasons continue to use a round figure of £1,000 per annum. Others, if they wish, can substitute a somewhat lower figure.

An increase of university fees from the present £70 per annum to £1,000 per annum does not, of course, involve the country in any greater outlay on higher education—though it makes it impossible any longer to conceal from the public, including the student, the full costs to the community of the subsidy being received by the student, whether British or overseas. The contribution of the local authori-

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[2] See, for instance, the article by Colin Clark, "An Unorthodox Proposal," in ENCOUNTER, May 1968.

[3] The economist is invited to substitute the words full cost *marginal* pricing for this more familiar but less accurate average concept. For long-run costs, and thinking in terms of 100 more or 100 fewer students at any given institute, there may be little difference between marginal full cost and average full cost.

[4] The average figure for 1966/67 was about £970 per annum, having risen by about £50 over the previous year. For the calculations, see R. Layard, J. King, and C. Moser, *The Impact of Robbins: Expansion in Higher Education* (Penguin, forthcoming). I am indebted to Mr. Layard for advice in calculating these figures.

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ties (which is at present guided by the purely nominal fees set by the universities) need not be increased; and, if not, the Treasury will continue to make up the difference. But instead of channelling its contribution to higher education through the University Grants Committee in the form of a *lump sum* subsidy to the university the Treasury, it is suggested, should now pay at the rate of £930 per student[5] direct to the university, so making up in this more revealing way the full university fee of £1,000 per student. The Treasury could, of course, use all this money to make block grants to the local authorities so enabling them, instead, to pay the full fees of £1,000. Alternatively, the Chancellor could transfer to local authorities whatever sums are necessary to enable them to pay on behalf of each student some given proportion or amount. But whatever the formula arrived at, exactly the same number of British students could continue to receive free education at no additional cost at all to the taxpayer. A transfer payment only is involved. The sums that were once paid to the universities in the forms of grants by the U.G.C., and were thus regarded as a direct subsidy to the universities, are now to be paid wholly on a per student capita basis either directly by the central government or by the local authorities.[6]

THIS FINANCIAL ARRANGEMENT is much to be preferred over one in which the central government has used its powers to control fees so as to set them at a figure far below costs. In the process it reduced British universities to complete financial dependence on the state—which is then seen by the public acting as a generous and considerate patron of the spendthrift universities. Allowing the universities to set fees so as to recover the full costs of their services to society would free them at one stroke from their enforced bondage to the state. And once the magnitude of such costs becomes common knowledge, a more informed atmosphere is created in which to debate the crucial issue of loans *versus* grants.

Such a financial arrangement would have a further incidental but by no means minor advantage. It would serve to reform and correct the existing state of affairs in which the universities have no incentive either to ascertain the costs of each of the variety of courses they offer or to ponder ways and means of economising on these costs. Once the universities come to depend on their fees to cover the whole of their teaching expenses, and are thereby brought into competition with one another, they can hardly continue to manifest the present lack of concern.[7]

Inequitable and Inefficient

TURNING TO THE Loans/Grants debate, I consider the case in equity first, following which the question of efficiency will be examined. Over the last few years, however, there have been occasional articles and discussions setting out some of the pros-and-cons of a loans system. We may begin, therefore, by a brief appraisal of some of the more common objections.

Perhaps the most fanciful of these is the allegation that loans discriminate against the marital prospects of the woman student, since by incurring debt—"mortgaging her future"—she brings a "negative dowry" to the marriage. Even in this age of unbridled ambition I find it hard to picture any one of the young people I know—male or female, for that matter—judiciously crossing out one or more names on a short list in recognition of a so-called negative dowry. But this is by the way. For, in fact, the successful woman student who borrows to pay for her university education does not bring a negative dowry to her nuptial partner but a

[5] This figure of £930 is used to simplify the argument. The per student contribution by the Treasury works out at roughly £750, leaving £180 or so to be accounted for by specific grants from government and private sources. Endowment revenue is negligible.

[6] It has been briefly suggested that with the ultimate source of fees vested in the state "Parliament would require still more inquisition into the nature of the fare provided" (*cf.* Lord Robbins, *The University in the Modern World* (Macmillan, 1966), p. 31. This was said in 1964, about three years before the Public Accounts Committee acquired powers to investigate the universities' books. But if, as an act of political wisdom, the government were to agree to a proposal calculated to restore the independence of the universities at no extra cost to the taxpayer, it cannot surely be envisaged that at the same time it would deliberately make a mockery of the gesture by arrogating to itself yet greater powers of "inquisition." At all events, such a "deal" is no part of the above proposal, which would depend upon competition between free institutions to keep costs under control.

[7] Once the Government abandons its practice of allocating student places as between universities on the basis of its grants to them, the competition for student fees would act to prevent universities from raising their fees for any particular course much above those of other institutes of equal standing. Nevertheless, the Government could at any time limit its financial liability in respect of fees by switching to a voucher scheme. The student would then retain the option of applying to any university, paying, if accepted, the difference (if any) between the fees and the voucher value.

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positive dowry. A university training, quite apart from the status and other inherent advantages it confers, does enhance one's value on the market. Under the proposed loan scheme, at least, no student would be inclined to borrow for his education unless he was reasonably confident that the value of the additional advantages exceeded the cost of the loan. It might have made more sense to claim instead that the loan scheme would result in a negative incentive to bear children until a good part of the loan was repaid, or until the graduate was earning more—no bad thing in itself. But if the difference in the annual earnings as between the university-trained and the untrained woman were no less than the annual payments, in the early years of employment this negative incentive to bear children would be no greater for the university-trained woman than for the untrained woman—which is, or ought to be, the issue in equity.

Admittedly, the withdrawal of a free good (higher education) will not be welcomed by the student, male or female. But before judging whether the removal of a clear advantage to one group—in particular that currently enjoyed by the freely educated woman graduate over the woman without university education—is socially equitable, it must first be established that the granting of this advantage was equitable in the first place. As for a system which, like the present, allows some women to take up scarce university places (involving about £5,000 of resources over a three-year period) only to settle down afterwards to rear a family it is, on the face of it, neither fair nor efficient. If the "negative dowry" of a loans system prevents this happening, it clearly redounds to the credit of the loans system.

A more specious defence of the existing system is that in the long run—and provided the graduate does not emigrate—it pays for itself. Higher education raises the earning power of the beneficiaries so enabling the government to recoup its outlays from their consequently higher tax payments. I do not know if anyone has troubled to calculate how much additional tax revenue the government collects as a result of its expenditure on higher education. But whatever the sums calculated they would be relevant *only* if every other borrower of public funds—or borrower of private funds, for that matter—were allowed to treat such loans as *free grants* in consideration of their investing the funds profitably thereby raising their tax liability. I can think of no one who would refuse a sum of £5,000 or so on these terms. The ordinary citizen who borrows a capital sum to improve his material prospects—whether to invest in a durable good such as a house, or in a capital asset, or in any equipment that raises the value of his services to society—has both to repay the sum with interest and to pay additional taxes on any subsequent rise in his earnings. In fact, irrespective of how his education is financed—whether from a grant of public funds, from private funds, or from loans—the higher earnings of the graduate must certainly raise his tax liability. By switching to a loans system, however, not only is the taxpayer relieved but, in respect of his access to investible funds, *the student is now treated on a par with any other citizen.*

Not surprisingly, it is also contended that the loan system would be harder on the poor student who would have to borrow than on the rich student who would receive the sum as a gift from his parents or guardians. So long as our society tolerates inequalities of income the children of the richer members will continue to enjoy some advantages over the children of the poorer members. And if we had thought to remove this particular inequity by a grants system we seemed to have overlooked *the far greater inequity that has resulted.*

The grant system as it currently operates in Britain is manifestly regressive. Only about a quarter of the student population come from working-class families. The remainder are from lower or upper middle-class families. This would be bad enough if the bulk of the taxes collected by the government came from the higher income groups. But today, the greater part of the public revenues is obtained from the taxation of families in the lower income brackets.[8] Ironically, this typically socialist scheme has produced a situation (already depicted in ENCOUNTER by Colin Clark) in which *the working classes are effectively financing a predominantly middle-class student population.* On a more fundamental plane, however, there are gross inequities in the meritocracy towards which affluent societies are now moving in response to the democratic ideal of "equality of opportunity."

SO LONG AS DIFFERENCES in inherited wealth are the chief causes of large differences in material comfort, then it seems plausible to believe that increasing equality of opportunity tends to equalise individual well-being. With rising standards of material comfort for the bulk of the population, and with inherited wealth being relegated gradually to a minor source of differential earnings—the result partly of heavy taxation but, more importantly, of the spread

[8] As has been pointed out by Sir John Hicks in his monograph *After the Boom* (Institute of Economic Affairs, 1966).

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of technology and the consequent trend of aspiration towards expertise and status rather than to mere claims to wealth—the remaining inequalities from inherited wealth become more tolerable. At the same time, however, the forces released by the greater equalities of opportunity are bringing us face to face with a more basic and less tractable form of inherited inequalities. We are moving into a world in which men born into talent will be no less fortunate than were men, before the War, born into wealth—perhaps more fortunate. For the security and status conferred by the training of natural talents cannot so easily be lost by a sudden change of economic climate or expropriated by a new political régime.

But is the man who happens to be born into talent inherently any more deserving of the material rewards of this world than the man who happens to be born into money? Indeed, considerations of justice would suggest that talented people receive smaller earnings than ordinary mortals to offset in some measure their higher status which, in the meritocracy, contributes to their greater satisfaction. One might go further. If economic considerations were less dominant, it would be clearly more equitable to use whatever funds were available for higher education primarily in improving the minds and the material prospects of the less talented members of the community. For the just society is one that acts always to counter the arbitrary distribution of inherited advantages whatever form they take, so contributing towards greater equality of earnings and status.

YET CONSIDERATIONS OF ECONOMIC EFFICIENCY are today unquestionably dominant. In a society able to direct only limited resources into higher education and, in pursuit of economic efficiency, allocating these resources among the more promising talents, genetical good fortune becomes compounded by deliberate policy. Indeed, the inequity goes further. For the rest of the community is compelled to finance from their own earnings the vocational training of the privileged group so procuring for its members far higher earnings and status than the taxpayers will ever enjoy.

If we have to pursue economic efficiency, the change to a loans system at least removes the social anomaly whereby the community as a whole is made to finance its privileged student group—in particular when it so happens that the student body as a whole is wealthier than taxpayers as a whole.

The Aspirational Approach

WITHOUT WISHING myself to subscribe in any way to the cult of efficiency, I must accept it as one of the current objectives of modern society, and ask simply whether the existing grants system realises this objective better than a pricing system for higher education based on full-cost fees with loans supplanting grants where necessary.

It cannot be too often stressed that the introduction of an appropriate pricing mechanism to deal with an economic problem is not to be thought of as substituting an economic solution for a political one. The present system of direct grants is no more than one means of realising desirable social ends. The use of a price system is but another means of doing so, though one with a general presumption in its favour resting on the virtues commonly associated with a well functioning competitive market—cheapness, self-regulation, and allocative merit. The actual solution reached by either means is to be judged in the last resort, however, by reference to the political ends pursued by society. Yet these political ends in respect of higher education have been described only in vaguely beneficent terms. One hears about the "enrichment of society" or (in equally vague economic terms) about "the needs of industry" with occasional references, perhaps, to graduate ratios in the U.S.A. or the U.S.S.R. True, the view I would suggest, that society favours some "optimal" amount and composition of higher education, makes no contribution to a definition of social ends; in fact it borders on the tautologous. But the notion of an optimum does direct attention to the possibility of formulating, in lieu of a precise statement of social ends, some widely acceptable criterion of efficiency and one by which the present system and the proposed system may be judged.

At all events, in the absence of such criterion, the present guide-lines will appear to many as arbitrary and lacking the sanction of any self-evident and rational criterion. For the kind of thinking that lends support to the prevailing system appears to draw its inspiration mainly from such concepts as the existence of a latent "Pool of Ability" and, as its corollary, the fear of "Waste to the Nation" of not fully harnessing this potential. Those are ideas made popular by the Robbins Report of 1963. That the student population before the War was about 50,000 compared with around 400,000 in higher education today (of which over 200,000 are in universities), is accepted as clear evidence not only of social advance, but of economic wisdom —of a vital contribution to the economic potential of this country.[9]

[9] The exhilarating vision of a rapidly expanding university system to which both democrat and

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The weakness of this aspirational approach to the economic problem of higher education is easily exposed when its logic is pushed a little further. While success in scoring two *A*-levels may be taken as a rough index of ability to benefit from a university education, surely it is not being argued that other school-leavers could not also benefit, if not from the existing curricula of our universities at least from two or three years of full-time higher education of some other sort, whether in a technical subject or in the liberal arts. Why, then, is this *wider* pool of ability not also tapped in the interest of the nation? Surely there is evidence of immense waste here?

The tentative answer to this leading question, that it would not "pay"—and clearly no other answer would be socially acceptable—provides us with the lever needed to prise off the pseudo rationale of the existing system. For we can no longer evade the question: How do we know that higher education for the present student body does pay? Or, more exactly, how can we know that the existing size and composition of the student body are optimal? If we have to invoke economic criteria to exclude the majority of young people from freely enjoying the advantages of a full-time higher education suitable to their abilities, we cannot with any pretence at equity refuse to apply them also to assess the efficiency of a system that is used to admit the existing body of students.

AN ECONOMIC CRITERION for additional investment in education, like the criterion for investment in any other yielding asset, may take either of two forms.[10] A calculated excess of benefits over costs is required—benefits being the present value of a future stream of differential advantages expected from higher education, costs being the present value of the output the student could have produced during his university years had he, instead, entered the labour force. Alternatively, it is required that the rate of return arising from the benefits of higher education be greater than the rate of return yielded by alternative (say, industrial) outlets for current saving. Should any supporter of the existing system reject this standard criterion, economic assessment of the present methods of selection is still possible once he makes explicit the criterion by which he justifies the exclusion of the bulk of school-leavers from the benefits of full-time higher education. In the meantime, we shall adopt the latter form of the common criterion since we already have some quantitative estimates in this form.

Reforming the System

THERE ARE THREE WAYS, however, in which the value of the benefits may be calculated. In order of sophistication (and of increasing difficulty) the benefits will entail (*1*) only the competitive market value of the education as measured by reference to the excess gross earnings of the graduate, (*2*) the (pre-tax) net advantages of higher education as reckoned by the candidate himself, or (*3*) the net advantages to society at large of the student's higher education. Under certain conditions all three estimates of benefits would give identical results. But for thoroughness (and also because some of those opposing the employment of economic rationale in matters of education have a propensity to invoke discrepancies between social and market values in defence of the *status quo*), I shall set myself the task of revealing economic waste or misallocation arising from the existing system using, in turn, each of these three methods for estimating benefits.

1. As indicated, the quantitative estimates that are available measure benefits by reference only to the expected earnings of the beneficiaries themselves. On this method the rate of return on higher education appears to be not greater than 6½%.[11] If we take the gross yield of

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technocrat appear to be wedded has been ridiculed by a few "lone voices" including that of Kingsley Amis in his famous ENCOUNTER essay (July 1960). I am not sure that "More" will always "Mean Worse," but some of the changes that have accompanied the increase in student numbers have been anything but reassuring. The idea of a university as a sanctuary from wordly affairs or as a forum for rational debate and dispassionate enquiry has, today, a distinctly nostalgic flavour. Indeed, owing to increasing student intolerance, the universities have become one of the few places in Britain where free speech and open political debate are no longer assured!

[10] The conditions under which their results are identical are spelled out in my "Proposed Normalisation Procedure for Public Investment Criteria," *Economic Journal*, December 1967.

[11] See Mark Blaug's "Private and Social Returns on Investment in Education" *Journal of Human Resources*, Summer 1967, which estimates an average internal rate of return on education beyond the age of 18 of 6½%. A less representative sample gives a rate of return between 3% and 6% for first degree graduates. (No allowance, however, appears to have been made for the effect of economic growth on the future differential earnings of graduates.) In contrast, the rate of return on equities between 1948 and 1962 averages 12% in real terms before tax.

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relatively safe industrial investment to be between 10% and 12%—a conservative estimate —we must conclude there is over-investment in higher education. On this measure of benefits then there is a *prima facie* case for directing investible resources away from education and into industry.[12]

2. The market value of the benefits of higher education reckoned as their differential gross earnings may differ from the value set on them by the beneficiary himself. For one thing, he may be far from indifferent to the two paths ahead—spending his first three years after leaving school at a university, or spending those years instead in full-time employment (even if there are no pecuniary advantages whatever accruing to higher education). For another, the intellectual disciplines learned and the professional status acquired are generally regarded, albeit in varying degrees, as advantages in themselves. They may in some cases more than compensate for a rate of return lower than that obtainable by investing the outlay instead in some commercial enterprise. Yet bringing these non-pecuniary advantages into the calculus does not reduce the likelihood of there being *substantial misallocation* under the present grants system.

First, there is a proportion of the candidates who are admitted to higher education who would not have elected to apply for it unless it were provided free—certainly not if students, or their families, were expected to pay full costs from their own or borrowed funds. Whether the students in this group are conscientious workers or whether they are content to drift along and settle for a third-class or pass degree, and whatever the future earnings they anticipate, there is no net advantage, on their *own* evaluation, of investing resources in their education. They would not use their own funds, or borrow at the market rate, for the purpose of obtaining a higher education—though, of course, they are content enough to receive it as a free gift from the taxpayer.

No one has estimated how large this group is. But I should be surprised if it were less than a quarter of the wider student body or, in round numbers, less than 100,000. On the criterion adopted, their education involves a waste of the country's scarce economic resources. On the other hand, among the several thousand eligible candidates each year who (because of the places taken up by some of the former group) cannot be admitted to the study of the social sciences or of medicine there will be, under the present system, a proportion excluded, the members of which are prepared to pay the full costs of their education, borrowing the money if necessary.

More important yet, there may well be large numbers of school-leavers who at present go straight into the labour force but who if they cannot fully avail themselves of a university education, would be able in their own estimation to profit from two or more years of full-time further education, technical or liberal. The advantage would be enough to make it worth their while paying full costs provided that loans were made available. At present insufficient provision is made for this group which can only hope for part-time technical instruction or extra-mural lectures. Members of this group have no option but to join the labour force and to contribute by their earnings to widen the gap between themselves and the intellectually privileged. Under a loan system, the opportunity to enhance its status and material prospects would be extended to this large group of young people also. A loan scheme would therefore act *to close the rift, encouraged by the present system, between an educated élite and the rest of society.*

Moreover, in response to this new demand from school leavers without the requisite university qualifications, one could anticipate a greater diversity of institutions offering a wide variety of technical and liberal subjects. Of those who go on to these new institutions for two or more years, some proportion will be able later to provide satisfactory evidence of capacity to benefit from university education and, if necessary, will be able to borrow funds to do so. A loan system not only provides a means of moving away from élitist tendencies inherent in the existing grants system, it also promotes educational mobility.

3. We must, finally, take account of the possible difference between the annual earnings of a graduate, which he himself enjoys, and his annual value to society. On this potential source of discrepancy there are five things to be said.

First, that it is commonly misunderstood. And since much of the confusion has arisen from a misunderstanding of the relevant economics, I can see nothing for it but to risk exposing the interested reader with an aversion to economics to some slight tedium in the next two or three paragraphs which are, however, crucial to the main argument.

On this oft-mooted discrepancy between market and social value the point to bear in mind is that an ideal allocation of the economy's

[12] The calculations do, however, attribute the whole of the universities' current expenditures to the costs of student education. By attributing less than the whole, the rate of return could be raised somewhat, though it would still be lower than the return to industrial investment.

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resources endowment does *not* require that the members of each distinct group of productive agents—different kinds of labour and capital—be paid the full value of what they add to the national product. In fact, since members of these different groups necessarily cooperate in the production of any good, the contribution made by those of any one group cannot be separated from those of the other cooperating groups. Indeed, the members of any one group could claim the whole of the output jointly produced on the argument that if they withdrew their services the other groups could not produce any of it. The problem of sharing the output among the cooperating groups is, however, solved easily enough in the market. In particular, a competitive economy tends to produce a workable solution. Irrespective of their allocation in different occupations, the same earnings, received by (equally efficient) members of any one group, are equal to their *marginal* value—the difference made to the total earnings of the group by an additional member. And, as a basic economic proposition has it, this marginal value (and consequently the pay of all members) eventually diminishes as the numbers in the group grow relative to those in other groups.

It is this reduction in the pay of all the *intra*-marginal members of any group consequent upon an increase in their numbers that clearly constitutes a gain, or transfer payment, to the rest of society. Yet these transfer payments, which necessarily accompany changes in the relative size of the various cooperating groups, are perfectly consistent with a necessary condition of all ideal allocations. This requires only that the *marginal* value of each group of productive agents be the same in all occupations. More specifically, if (because of diminishing Marginal Value) an increase in the numbers of Engineering graduates adds more to the value of the national product than they receive as earnings the implied transfer of product to the rest of society is quite consistent with this ideal marginal condition being met. One cannot infer from this familiar economic phenomenon any discrepancy between his market earnings and the engineer's marginal value to society; and there is no warrant on this account for raising the pay of engineers or increasing their numbers further.

This ideal marginal condition may not be met if there are barriers to competition or if, even with perfect competition, the marginal earnings of any group take no account of incidental services (or disservices) produced. If the personal appearance and conversation of Arts graduates were such as to give particular pleasure to people, their marginal value to society would exceed the market value of their direct services. An ideal allocation of resources would require that more Arts graduates be produced than would emerge in a competitive full-cost educational system.

Second, there can be no general presumption of significant differences between the existing earnings and marginal value of the services of graduates in industry. It is an accepted convention in economics that the burden of proof lies with those who allege that there are such differences. No specific instances appear to have been investigated—which is not surprising, as those who are quick to point to differences between market and social valuation in defence of economically arbitrary schemes (*e.g.*, the existing educational system) have usually misunderstood the allocative argument discussed above.

Third, economic research may yet disclose significant discrepancies between graduate incomes and the marginal value of their services to society in a number of vocations. But such disclosures do not of themselves strengthen the case for *existing methods* of selecting university entrants. The discovery of such discrepancies may reveal the existing system to be more arbitrary, rather than less, when compared with the results of some ideal size and composition of the student body.

Fourth, and what is more to the purpose, the incidence of such discrepancies does not in any way vitiate the effectiveness of using the price system as a means of meeting an agreed economic criterion. Once such discrepancies become the subject of economic investigation (rather than political rhetoric) they are taken out of the realm of private speculation, which forms the basis of informal though politically biased judgments. The corrections that need to be made to the market outcome can then be made effective in a systematic and quantitative manner.

Fifth, it is simpler, more accurate and more discriminating, to bring about any necessary adjustments to the market outcome by operating directly on the prices of the end-products of higher education than by the indirect method of attempting adjustments at the student-intake stage—whether by financial incentives (or disincentives), by direct control of numbers, or by exhortation.

It is simpler because it obviates the need for and expense of continual calculations. If, for example, it were established that the earnings of Scientists as a whole, though equal to their market value, were below their marginal value to society by an average of some £500 per annum, there would be a *prima facie* case for increasing the country's stock of Scientists until this discrepancy vanished. The method of direct approach, which entails a transfer of some £500

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per annum to Scientists, simultaneously corrects the discrepancy and provides the exact incentive. The indirect method, if we ignore popular exhortation and appeals to patriotism, must depend upon making science courses more attractive by offering them below cost and/or offering loans to science students on cheaper-than-market terms. The difficulty arises in having to make estimates of the likely response of entrant numbers to combinations of the differential advantages offered to science course students.

It is more accurate because if £500 is the exact measure of the discrepancy between the social and market value of the Scientists' annual earnings, once this sum is added to their market earnings no further intervention is called for. The stock of Scientists that the market tends now to realise can be wholly justified on our adopted criterion. The indirect method, though it cannot do better than this, can do worse; indeed it is likely to. Economists' estimates of response coefficients—whether they refer to production, consumption, or trade—are notoriously unreliable.

Lastly, the direct method is more discriminating because the same university training may lead to a variety of occupations while the discrepancies that require correction may be found in only one or two of these occupations. If for any reason it was commonly accepted that the market earnings of Teachers of English Literature or History were below their marginal value to society,[13] either throughout the country or in special areas, the direct method would pay the appropriate subsidy to all Teachers of English Literature or History, or to those only in the special areas. It would not, as would the indirect method, provide financial inducements to potential housewives, journalists, civil servants, business men or playboys who, for any reason or inclination, chose to read for a degree in English literature or history.

Of course this allegation of the social benefit of higher education exceeding graduate earnings may be made quite general: that Society benefits from the more stimulating environment that is a product of all higher education.[14] This in itself is a doubtful proposition: higher education is largely vocational. Today it scarcely guarantees literacy, much less learning or wit. It is doubtful also if, apart from those having intellectual pretensions, many really believe this. But if many did, it would imply only that the uncorrected market solution was one producing too few graduates—which certainly does *not* imply that the existing grants system produces the ideal number. Indeed, if people are convinced that indirect benefits flow from the enriched personalities of graduate students generally, it must mean that they place some value on such benefits. The necessary correction is then easy to make. Once this incidental value per student is ascertained, this sum is to be paid out as a direct subsidy to each graduate stu-

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[13] This is something we cannot allege at present as the bulk of teachers' salaries are determined by government regulation. Having, in effect, nationalised higher education for pretty much the same confused reasons that it nationalised medicine (see Arthur Seldon, "Crisis in the Welfare State," ENCOUNTER, December 1967), the Government has a continuing short-sighted interest in *holding down* salaries of secondary school and university teachers in ostensibly righteous endeavours to economise on public expenditure. Free vocational training plus relatively depressed pay afterwards may appear to offer a rough form of social justice if we ignore all quantitative aspects.

But so long as North America offers real salaries at least twice those in this country, the option of *both a free education and good pay* is still open to British graduates willing to leave home. The consequent shortages of native-born teachers and physicians in this country are not likely to be overcome, despite any extension of training facilities, so long as this tempting option is left open. The government has the choice of prohibiting emigration, which is politically impossible, or allowing earnings in medicine and teaching to rise in real terms—which, in the short run, means at the expense of the rest of the community.

[14] We may include in this category the views of those who conceive of higher education as a sort of "infant industry" (for instance, Lord Robbins, *The University in the Modern World*), p. 30. But the opposition to the infant industry argument arises not so much because of the indiscriminate allegation of such cases in international trade, but because of the standard device used to foster the growth of even a genuine infant industry—import tariffs. Governments prefer tariff protection of the infant industry rather than paying subsidies to it. It collects revenue rather than disburses it. Thus, it partly conceals from the public the loss to be endured—which loss tends to become permanent, for under tariff protection the infant "never grows up."

I do not think the infant industry analogy is apt. Is it being assumed that the real returns to higher education will grow over time with the scale of education? No, the assumption is either that education has widespread benefits (as above) or that potential students underestimate its benefits—in which case there is everything to be said for providing better information. But whatever the case for intervening in order to correct the market solution, it should (for the reasons I have given in the text) take the form of direct and overt subsidies to the graduates in question. A person who believes that such overt subsidies are "politically unrealistic" is confessing to a doubt whether the arguments he could present for the subsidy would command a consensus in the country.

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dent, leaving total student numbers to adjust themselves to their resulting "true" social value —market value plus social premium.

The Rich & the Poor

IF THE PRECEDING ARGUMENTS have been assimilated the most common objection to a loan scheme—that it acts to discourage higher education—calls for little additional comment. A switch-over to a system in which students have to pay full fees, borrowing if necessary, will undeniably reduce the attractiveness of a university education as compared with a scheme which offers higher education free. But if society were concerned to make higher education yet more attractive, it could be done in many obvious ways: it might, for example, promise a new Jaguar free to every graduate student. Efficiency is not, however, always coterminous with expansion. Having proposed a mechanism whose operation can be justified by reference to *the broad social aim* of economic efficiency, any resulting reduction of the student population must be deemed consistent with that aim.

This much, I think, opponents of a full-cost loan scheme can be made to concede. What apparently they cannot stomach is the further implication of the scheme: that the resulting percentage reduction of students of working-class origin is likely to be higher than the overall percentage reduction. This expected consequence is held to be undesirable in itself and to run counter to current democratic trends. Higher education is envisaged as a ladder of opportunity extended to the nether regions inhabited by working-class denizens enabling some of the more talented among them to climb upwards towards the sunlit pastures of middle-class professionalism. The more of these ladders of opportunity the better. But this belief in the social merit of providing working-class children with the means of escape from a working-class environment is surely a peculiarly middle-class intellectual's view of the aspirations of the working class. Intellectuals are a good deal less envied than they seem to imagine.

In any event the proportion of working-class children—however one defines that category in a society where most people think of themselves as "middle class"—that make the transition to higher income and status via a university training is very small, barely 2 per cent. If as much as one quarter of them opted out of the university under a loans scheme the resulting change in the fortunes of the working class—1·5 per cent of working-class children at universities instead of 2 per cent—would hardly be such as to warrant pangs of conscience.

I must admit, nonetheless, that this plea for social perspective springs from a personal judgment about the relative importance of this loss to society, and to the working class. But what of the question of principle? Suppose it were universally agreed that although a university education is a good thing in itself it becomes a specially good thing when imbibed by youths of working-class origin. So long as the number of university places are as limited as they will be in the foreseeable future, we can "push" the working-class student only at the expense of the other students. But what is the "ideal" proportion of working-class students? Clearly, economic criteria cannot help us here. I should ask those who favour greater working-class "representation" in the university to disclose the formula they employ to determine this just proportion, and also the social rationale, if any, of the formula. It would be a coincidence if they all agreed, and a greater coincidence yet if the *existing system* had after all managed to produce just the right proportion.

But even the prospect of provisional agreement on some "ideal" (or some "reasonable") proportion of working-class representation in the universities hardly clinches the matter for a grants system. It is necessary to provide reasons for believing that a grant system making provision for the "ideal" $x\%$ working-class representation offsets all the advantages shown to be associated not merely with a loans scheme *per se*, but with one which—in deference to a widely accepted social aim for greater working-class representation—could be supplemented in one of several ways so as to make provision also for $x\%$ working-class students.[15]

TURNING FROM THE ISSUE of working-class students, I should add that I see no strong objection to supplementing the loans scheme with *special grants for deserving cases*. Since ideas of what constitutes "a deserving case" are likely to vary widely, it would be preferable to allow the universities to offer scholarships and other prizes on their own conditions and from their endowment revenues rather than to leave the

[15] For example, having satisfactorily defined a working-class or "poor" family, if the number of working-class or "poor" students falls below the desired $x\%$ in one year by (say) 1,000, the following year a competitive examination would select the top 1,000 working-class or "poor" candidates for scholarships. This initial figure of 1,000 would be revised over time so as to make up the desired social aim of maintaining $x\%$ working-class students.

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choice of deserving cases ultimately to the political process by paying them from public funds.

Finally, and in connection with the question of efficiency at least, it is not hard to reveal that the so-called graduate tax scheme favoured by some economists[16] (a scheme whereby the university graduate pays some proportion of his earnings as an additional tax for the whole or greater part of his working life), though superior to the existing grants scheme, is distinctly inferior to a full-cost loans scheme.

Such a graduate tax scheme involves setting up public machinery for collecting these additional taxes; whereas the loans scheme can be operated by the present banking system with the intial encouragement of the central government. The finance for higher education under a loans scheme is therefore provided almost wholly out of private funds in contrast to the graduate tax scheme which, although it may become partly self-financing, would continue to require public funds. Again, under a loans scheme emigration poses no particular problem, though obviously there can be a number of dishonest students who may hope to escape the long arm of the law by leaving the country. Certainly there would be no call for control on the graduate's movement, and no call for special arrangements between this country and others, principally the U.S., to which graduate students are likely to emigrate.

Far more important, however, is the fact that the proposed graduate tax scheme forgoes all the allocative merits of the loan scheme. This additional tax (calculated as a percentage of the graduate's income, or as a percentage of the differential earnings attributable to his university education) is to be determined, presumably, by what seems "reasonable"; in other words, arbitrarily. Whatever the initial agreement on some formula for arriving at this percentage (which apparently is to vary as between one type of student and another, and as between male and female), in an economic climate of creeping inflation it would almost certainly become very soon the subject of perpetual political controversy.

A LAST POINT. I do not dismiss the possibility of the occasional student overestimating his abilities, although there will be an obvious incentive under a loans scheme in contrast to the existing system, for both him and the lender to assess his chances carefully in advance. A failure to take a degree—the probability of which is not high by current university standards, and likely to be lower still under a full-cost loan system—may well place a financial burden on the hapless student notwithstanding his having presumably received some benefit from his three-year sojourn at an institute of higher learning. To allow such people an automatic waiver of their obligations would open the loans scheme to abuse and inevitably reduce the incentives for the borrowing student to make the most of his time at the university. Such contingencies could, however, be met in several ways. One would be to set up a semi-government agency which, in consultation with the university authorities, could agree to meet some portion of the loan, in special cases the whole of it, along with conditions relating to his future earnings. Without going into detail, we can agree that there can be, and should be, ancillary schemes to avoid hardships of this sort in cases of genuine miscalculation.

Equality v. the Intellectual Elite

THERE IS, in addition to these more enduring advantages of a full-cost fee system, another arising from a more recent social phenomenon. There can be many opinions on the chief causes of student unrest, but one need not analyse them all before proposing remedies.

Certainly, the increased dependence of the universities on public funds has provided an air of specious legitimacy to student demands for more "participation" and control. The general impression, shared by the public and academics as well as students, is that the universities, being financed by the public purse, are *de facto* public property. The affairs of the university are therefore as much the business of the students who are its customers, so to speak, as they are the business of the staff hired to serve in them. Both student and staff are seen, through this distorted vision, to be equally vulnerable—both apparently being dependent

[16] For example, A. R. Prest, *Financing University Education* (Institute of Economic Affairs, 1966). More recently the arguments have been re-stated by H. Glennerster, S. Merrett, and G. Wilson in the Autumn 1968 issue of *Higher Education Review*. A similar proposal has been made by I. Kristol in the course of a lively attack on American Universities (*N.Y. Times Magazine*, 8 December 1968).

Apart from the question of political feasibility, the chief argument of the graduate tax proponents is that the full-cost loan repayment would place an "intolerable" burden of debt on the student. The scheme therefore envisages that the student repay only a portion of the full cost of his higher education. I need hardly point out that "intolerable" burden is emotive terminology which blurs the critical point at issue. For the rationale of allocative mechanisms is to select only those students who believe that investment in their education will pay for itself: not to encourage those who don't.

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on public funds—and the question of apportioning authority between senate, staff, and students seems a proper subject of debate, negotiation, and ultimately of struggle. Any successful defiance of the university authorities by sheer physical pressure of student numbers acts on them like a heady draught. And since agreements, open or tacit, are known to be grounded in expediency rather than in mutually accepted procedures, they are regarded by all as temporary only. An atmosphere grows in which it seems that virtually anything can happen, with publicity always close at hand. In the circumstances, the activities of a faction of extremists ready to take the initiative at a tactical moment, exercises an immoderate influence on the student body.

This question of students' rights along with the occasional rowdyism and incipient violence, will, I believe, resolve itself once the universities take their place in society as self-supporting and independent institutions, their full costs of research and teaching covered by fees supplemented by their endowment income. As a private corporate body each university will be free to use its revenues as it wishes and without requiring the consent of any public authority. It will make its own rules for regulating the behaviour both of the staff it hires and of the students it chooses to admit.

The legal position at least will be incontestable. The university premises are private property. No part of them can be used by any group without explicit authorisation. Alternatively, the university can hire out its rooms for students' extra-curricular activity on its own terms. Student privileges are those laid down in the regulations of the university, no more, no less. If a student finds them onerous, he is not entitled to break them: he is entitled only to go elsewhere. However, once the second proposal is adopted and students are obliged to pay fees from their own resources, with access to loans if necessary, calls by the militants for student solidarity, for "strikes," sit-ins, or sit-outs, will have less appeal. Paying something like £1,500 a year on tuition and maintenance costs will provide them with a strong incentive to limit their youthful excesses.[17] In any case, if they do waste money it will not be the taxpayers, it will be their own.

To conclude, the independence of our universities can be completely restored, and without additional cost to the Exchequer, simply by allowing them to charge fees that cover their expenditures. This would cost the country no more than it is currently paying. For the Treasury would now use the funds, once disposed of by the U.G.C., to pay subsidies on behalf of the individual students (directly or through the local authorities)—rather than to pay them as lump sums direct to the universities. The universities would then be seen as financially solvent and as responding to the demand for university places irrespective of whether this demand is financed from public or private monies.

This brings us to the second proposal. If the resources available for higher education are limited (and they are), then it is surely *wrong* that only an "intellectual élite" be provided by the rest of the community with the means of raising further their status and earnings, so widening the gap between themselves and the less fortunate members of society. Since the ideal of extending appropriate educational opportunities to all young people is economically impracticable, the only tolerable and viable solution is that of making higher education of some sort available to all at its cost, along with a system of loans for all *bona fide* students unable to meet the costs out of their current resources.

True, only in a completely equalitarian society would the outcome be unexceptionable.

[17] I am not suggesting for one moment that the full-cost loans scheme will not be resisted by students, potential students, their parents, and many others whose direct interests are served by the existing scheme. No group passively abandons such exceptional privileges. But if the public is ultimately convinced of the injustice, and the inefficacy, of the present system the opposition of even a powerful minority interest will not prevail. Be that as it may, I am concerned above with the consequences of the loans scheme once it is in operation. The simple proposition I put forward is that the larger are university fees relative to the resources of the student and his family the smaller is his temptation to engage in any action that is likely to disrupt his studies.

Recent events at Berkeley in California, and at Columbia University in New York, cannot be regarded as evidence to the contrary. Higher education is, in any case, heavily subsidised in both these universities. Fees are nominal, particularly at Berkeley. In New York, grants covering about one-third of the fees are available in addition to loans at 3% (less than one-third of the rate of return on good industrial investment). Federal loans at 3% are also available, with the option of having to repay only one half of the loan if the graduate enters special occupations such as teaching or university lecturing. For the greater number of American students and their families tuition fees and maintenance are no great burden.

In contrast, a sum of £5,000 or more over a three-year period is substantial enough in Britain to ensure that only a small proportion of British students will receive the whole sum as a gift from their families.

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While appreciable differences in wealth persist the real sacrifice in buying any asset, including a university education, is smaller for rich families than for poor ones. But the greater real sacrifice of the poor in buying higher education, which sacrifice does however bring its reward, is far less inequitable than a *system under which the unprivileged working class is in effect compelled to finance the education of the well-off majority of students.*

In addition to the case in equity the arguments for efficiency in the use of our resources tell strongly against the existing system with its arbitrary and non-economic methods of student selection.

We certainly do not have to reject a loans scheme for fear, simply, of inflicting hardship on unsuccessful students, or of reducing the ratio of working-class students. Particular safeguards can be tacked on to the main scheme without surrender of the essential allocative mechanism of the full-cost loan system. But if we do reject the full-cost loan system, we should be quite clear that we are forgoing the opportunity of using an inexpensive self-regulating mechanism; one which is able simultaneously to select the total number of students in higher education and to allocate this number among the variety of courses being offered; one which will tend to produce results that accord with comprehensive and widely accepted economic criteria.

Remaining with the existing grants system we choose in effect to remain eyeless in Gaza.

Family History

Black mother, black mother,
black hair by the fire, knitting to make us neat-and-tidy,
"What does dying mean? will you ever die?"
"Not for years and years and donkey's years! I won't leave you!"
Letting me melt night-terrors in your two-humped bed,
Black mother, black mother,
anxious, painting the scratch when I fall.

Grey mother, grey mother,
stretching up to kiss me at the end of a leave you
spent mending khaki-clothes to keep me neat-and-tidy.
Wondering if I take the girl to my stained bed,
"If you got her into trouble, I would die."
Grey mother, grey mother,
anxious lest I fall.

White widow, white widow,
dried-up medlar from watching your loud house die
into silence. When we visit, if the children fall,
shrieking for us. Crocheting, the shrine kept neat-and-tidy;
lump in my throat as our full car leaves you
White widow, white widow
to photos round your wide one-humped bed.

Black widow, black widow,
plopped into the middle of our pain-sweet bed;
layer-out of yourself, your spindly limbs kept neat-and-tidy;
spinning your web of obscene wants. We can't leave you.
You clutch at our arms, shrieking lest you fall.
Black widow, black widow, black widow,
what does living mean? why don't you die?

D. M. Thomas

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Anna Kavan

Julia and the Bazooka

JULIA IS A LITTLE GIRL with long straight hair and big eyes. Julia loves flowers. In the cornfield she has picked an enormous untidy bunch of red poppies which she is holding up so that most of her face is hidden except the eyes. Her eyes look sad because she has just been told to throw the poppies away, not to bring them inside to make a mess dropping their petals all over the house. Some of them have shed their petals already, the front of her dress is quite red. Julia is also a quiet schoolgirl who does not make many friends. Then she is a tall student standing with other students who have passed their final examinations, whose faces are gay and excited, eager to start life in the world. Only Julia's eyes are sad. Although she smiles with the others, she does not share their enthusiasm for living. She feels cut off from people. She is afraid of the world.

Julia is also a young bride in a white dress, holding a sheaf of roses in one hand and in the other a very small flat white satin bag containing a lace-edged handkerchief scented with Arpège and a plastic syringe. Now Julia's eyes are not at all sad. She has one foot on the step of a car, its door held open by a young man with kinky brown hair and a rose in his buttonhole. She is laughing because of something he's said or because he has just squeezed her arm or because she no longer feels frightened or cut off now that she has the syringe. A group of indistinct people in the background look on approvingly as if they are glad to transfer responsibility for Julia to the young man. Julia who loves flowers waves to them with her roses as she drives off with him.

Julia is also dead without any flowers. The doctor sighs when he looks at her lying there. No one else comes to look except the official people. The ashes of the tall girl Julia barely fill the silver cup she won in the tennis tournament. To improve her game the tennis professional gives her the syringe. He is a joking kind of man and calls the syringe a bazooka. Julia calls it that too, the name sounds funny, it makes her laugh. Of course she knows all the sensational stories about drug addiction, but the word bazooka makes nonsense of them, makes the whole drug business seem not serious. Without the bazooka she might not have won the cup, which as a container will at last serve a useful purpose. It is Julia's serve that wins the decisive game. Holding two tennis balls in her left hand, she throws one high in the air while her right hand flies up over her head, brings the racket down, wham, and sends the ball skimming over the opposite court hardly bouncing at all, a service almost impossible to return. Holding two balls in her hand Julia also lies in bed beside the young man with kinky hair. Julia is also lying in wreckage under an army blanket, and eventually Julia's ashes go into the silver cup.

The undertaker or somebody closes the lid and locks the cup in a pigeonhole among thousands of identical pigeonholes in a wall at the top of a cliff overlooking the sea. The

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winter sea is the colour of pumice, the sky cold as grey ice, the icy wind charges straight at the wall making it tremble so that the silver cup in its pigeonhole shivers and tinkles faintly. The wind is trying to tear to pieces a few frost-bitten flowers which have not been left for Julia at the foot of the wall. Julia is also driving with her bridegroom in the high mountains through fields of flowers. They stop the car and pick armfuls of daffodils and narcissi. There are no flowers for Julia in the pigeonhole and no bridegroom either.

"This is her syringe, her bazooka she always called it," the doctor says with a small sad smile. "It must be twenty years old at least. Look how the measures have been worn away by continuous use." The battered old plastic syringe is unbreakable, unlike the glass syringes which used to be kept in boiled water in metal boxes and reasonably sterile. This discoloured old syringe has always been left lying about anywhere, accumulating germs and the assorted dirt of wars and cities. All the same, it has not done Julia any great harm. An occasional infection easily cured with penicillin, nothing serious. "Such dangers are grossly exaggerated."

JULIA AND HER BAZOOKA travel all over the world. She wants to see everything, every country. The young man with kinky hair is not there, but she is in a car and somebody sits beside her. Julia is a good driver. She drives anything, racing cars, heavy lorries. Her long hair streams out from under the crash helmet as she drives for the racing teams. Today she is lapping only a fraction of a second behind the number one driver when a red-hot bit of his clutch flies off and punctures her near-side tyre, and the car somersaults twice and tears through a wall. Julia steps out of the wreck uninjured and walks away holding her handbag with the syringe inside it. She is laughing. Julia always laughs at danger. Nothing can frighten her while she has the syringe. She has almost forgotten the time when she was afraid. Sometimes she thinks of the kinky-haired man and wonders what he is doing. Then she laughs. There are always plenty of people to bring her flowers and make her feel gay. She hardly remembers how sad and lonely she used to feel before she had the syringe.

Julia likes the doctor as soon as she meets him. He is understanding and kind like the father she has imagined but never known. He does not want to take her syringe away. He says: "You've used it for years already and you're none the worse. In fact you'd be far worse off without it." He trusts Julia, he knows she is not irresponsible, she does not increase the dosage too much or experiment with new drugs. It is ridiculous to say all drug addicts are alike, all liars, all vicious, all psychopaths or delinquents just out for kicks. He is sympathetic towards Julia whose personality has been damaged by no love in childhood so that she can't make contact with people or feel at home in the world. In his opinion she is quite right to use the syringe, it is as essential to her as insulin to a diabetic. Without it she could not lead a normal existence, her life would be a shambles, but with its support she is conscientious and energetic, intelligent, friendly. She is most unlike the popular notion of a drug addict. Nobody could call her vicious.

Julia who loves flowers has made a garden on a flat roof in the city, all round her are pots of scarlet geraniums. Throughout the summer she has watered them every day because the pots dry out so fast up here in the sun and wind. Now summer is over, there is frost in the air. The leaves of the plants have turned yellow. Although the flowers have survived up to now the next frost will finish them off. It is wartime, the time of the flying bombs, they come over all the time, there seems to be nothing to stop them. Julia is used to them, she ignores them, she does not look. To save the flowers from the frost she picks them all quickly and takes them indoors. Then it is winter and Julia is on the roof planting bulbs to flower in the spring. The flying bombs are still coming over, quite low, just above roofs and chimneys, their chugging noise fills the sky. One

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after another, they keep coming over, making their monotonous mechanical noise. When the engine cuts out there is a sudden startling silence, suspense, everything suddenly goes unnaturally still. Julia does not look up when the silence comes, but all at once it seems very cold on the roof, and she plants the last bulb in a hurry.

The doctor has gone to consult a top psychiatrist about one of his patients. The psychiatrist is immensely dignified, extremely well-dressed, his voice matches his outer aspect. When the bomb-silence starts, his clear grave voice says solemnly, "I advise you to take cover under that table beside you," as he himself glides with the utmost dignity under his impressive desk. Julia leaves the roof and steps on to the staircase, which is not there. The stairs have crumbled, the whole house is crumbling, collapsing, the world bursts and burns, while she falls through the dark. The A.R.P. men dig Julia out of the rubble. Red geraniums are spilling down the front of her dress, she has forgotten the time between, and is forgetting more and more every moment. Someone spreads a grey blanket over her, she lies underneath it in her red-stained dress, her bag, with the bazooka inside, safely hooked over one arm. How cold it is in the exploding world! The northern lights burst out in frigid brilliance across the sky. The ice roars and thunders like gunfire. The cold is glacial, a glass dome of cold covers the globe. Icebergs tower high as mountains, furious blizzards swoop at each other like white wild beasts. All things are turning to ice in the mortal cold, and the cold has a face which sparkles with frost. It seems to be a face Julia knows, though she has forgotten whose face it is.

The undertaker hurriedly shuts himself inside his car, out of the cruel wind. The parson hurries towards his house, hatless, thin grey hair blowing about wildly. The wind snatches a tattered wreath of frost-blackened flowers and rolls it over the grass, past the undertaker and the parson, who both pretend not to see. They are not going to stay out in the cold any longer, it is not their job to look after the flowers. They do not know that Julia loves flowers and they do not care. The wreath was not put there for her, anyhow.

Julia is rushing after the nameless face, running as fast as if she was playing tennis. But when she comes near she does not, after all, recognise that glittering death mask. It has gone now, there's nothing but arctic glitter, she is a bride again beside the young man with brown hair. The lights are blazing, but she shivers a little in her thin dress because the church is so cold. The dazzling brilliance of the aurora borealis has burnt right through the roof with its frigid fire. Snow slants down between the rafters, there is ice on the altar, snowdrifts in the aisles, the holy water and the communion wine have been frozen solid. Snow is Julia's bridal white, icicles are her jewels. The diamond-sparkling coronet on her head confuses her thoughts. Where has everyone gone? The bridegroom is dead, or in bed with some girl or other, and she herself lies under a dirty blanket with red on her dress. "Won't somebody help me?" she calls. "I can't move." But no one takes any notice. She is not cold any longer. Suddenly now she is burning, a fever is burning her up. Her face is on fire, her dry mouth seems to be full of ashes. She sees the kind doctor coming and tries to call him, but can only whisper, "Please help me . . ." so faintly that he does not hear. Sighing, he takes off his hat, gazing down at his name printed inside in small gold letters under the leather band. The kinky-haired young man is not in bed with anyone. He is wounded in a sea battle. He falls on the warship's deck, an officer tries to grab him but it's too late, over and over he rolls down the steeply sloping deck to the black bottomless water. The officer looks over the side, holding a life-belt, but does not throw it down to the injured man; instead, he puts it on himself, and runs to a boat which is being lowered. The doctor comes home from the house of the famous psychiatrist. His head is bent, his eyes lowered, he walks slowly because he feels tired and sad. He does not look up so he never sees Julia waving to him with a bunch of geraniums from the window.

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THE PIGEONHOLE wall stands deserted in the cold dusk. The undertaker has driven home. His feet are so cold he can't feel them, these winter funerals are the very devil. He slams the car door, goes inside stamping his feet, and shouts to his wife to bring, double quick, a good strong hot rum with plenty of lemon and sugar, in case he has caught a chill. The wife, who was just going out to a bingo session, grumbles at being delayed, and bangs things about in the kitchen. At the vicarage the parson is eating a crumpet for tea, his chair pulled so close to the fire that he is practically in the grate.

It has got quite dark outside, the wall has turned black. As the wind shakes it, the faintest of tinkles comes from the pigeonhole where all that is left of Julia has been left. "Surely there were some red flowers somewhere," Julia would be thinking, if she could still think. Then she would think something amusing, she would remember the bazooka and start to laugh. But nothing is left of Julia really, she is not there. The only occupant of the pigeonhole is the silver cup, which can't think or laugh or remember. There is no more Julia anywhere. Where she was there is only nothing.

Dalmatian Village

All along the beach, bodies have banished shadows.
Mid-afternoon sun broils and burnishes
unction of suntan lotion on sleek nude bodies
isolated by solar worship, their hatred of darkness.
Lazy arms of frauleins break their torpor
to unfasten a strap: God heals the thin white back-wounds
hungrily with gold. The sea is an azure-gold basilica
mosaic. Bodies have banished shadows;
under the devaginating sun
all is gold, gold,
leaving only the round blacks of sunglasses
as an instalment of evening,

they have left,
have swarmed up the crumbling steps to the fortress-village,
like Gadarene swine,
through cobbled streets piled with grey houses,
where old women swollen with olives sit
silent on doorsteps, black-muffled from hood to toe,
as they must have sat when the frauleins' fathers
jackbooted through,
their eyes as subtly downcast
as their house-shutters' lattices
that keep out heat and light, harvest the sparse coolness
subtly as oriental women.
The ox roosts in coolness.
The donkey reeks out from a dark stall.
The passions of the old women are darkly, coolly-lidded.
The photos on their graves
in the cypress-secluded cemetery
will be slender brides.

All through the village, bodies have banished light.
They have driven it downhill
like hostages to piratical Adriatic galleys
come to enslave them.

D. M. Thomas

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Anthony Hartley

The Nixon Régime

Letter from America

THE CHANGING of the guard in Washington has been a very quiet process. There was no mounting sense of excitement as the new President's advent drew near, no feeling of new dynamic forces waiting to be unleashed at the sound of an inaugural, no anticipation of far-reaching plans long-matured and now about to be put into effect. In short, none of that portentous build-up which, since the Kennedy "New Frontier," has been accepted all the world over as the fanfare proper to a change of government. Clearly, Mr. Nixon does not attach much importance to providing "a sense of purpose" or "a new national direction" for his fellow-countrymen. Perhaps, with Mr. Macmillan, he believes that to be the job of archbishops or, more likely, business leaders. Perhaps he believes that Americans are tired of "new deals" and "great societies." Perhaps he is sufficiently cynical to believe that they are just tired. In this he might not be wrong, but the curious flatness of his approach to administration-building—his clear determination to provide the very best bread and butter and nothing more—has cast a shadow of enigma over the whole process—an enigma which probably finds its ultimate source in the character of the new President himself. One feels that there must be more to it than the prayers and platitudes of the inauguration, but it is impossible to be sure or to refrain from a tinge of apprehension at a preference for Mr. Billy Graham's exhortations on such an occasion.

Just what does Mr. Nixon's arrival in power mean in terms both of politics and policies, of the shift in political power and of the courses to be pursued by the new administration? What qualities has he looked for in those he has appointed to high office and presented to the public in a televised session of mutual admiration? The difficulty of answering these questions is all the greater in that he himself has given no indication of what he intends the meaning to be. Apparently unworried, jaunty even and able to retreat into a private world of domesticity, Mr. Nixon has the air of a surgeon about to perform a major operation. For the moment there is little point in telling the patient what his illness is; he will learn that soon enough. The important thing is to assemble the right team and the necessary equipment. Then the operator will be prepared for every eventuality—even for a change of diagnosis.... Meanwhile he can assume the public appearance of the political technician, the assurance and economy of whose movements suffice to allay questioning as to their ultimate significance.

THERE ARE, HOWEVER, certain statements that can be made about the November election which cast some light both on its place in the American political pattern and the shape of things to come. To begin with, the geographical distribution of the vote should be noted. By and large, the result was a victory for the West over the East of the United States with the Mid-West split between the two candidates and the South largely going to George Wallace. Polarisation along East/West lines is a familiar phenomenon in American history, but this seems to be the first occasion on which the West has won the contest outright. Such an outcome underlines the population shifts that are changing the shape of American politics and, in 1972, will give California for the first time more electoral votes than the state of New York. Will this so-called "continental tilt" be reflected in any similar "political tilt"? The lasting effect remains to be seen, but it is worth noting that the states carried by Mr. Nixon resemble the pattern of those in which an American conservative writer, Stanton Evans, recently claimed to find the makings of a winning right-wing coalition. Certainly, Mr.

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Nixon's success implies a shift to the right in the American political spectrum. Four years ago his election would have seemed almost as incredible and (for American liberals) catastrophic as that of Barry Goldwater. In November 1968 it was hardly greeted with surprise.

No doubt, some of this resignation before the event was also due to relief that worse fears had not been realised. The Wallace forces, who had seemed before the election capable of netting over 20% of the national vote, only received 14%, and those who had passed their time during the campaign in uttering cries of alarm could now devote themselves to the more agreeable task of discovering that Mr. Wallace was a paper tiger after all. In fact, such a revelation may prove to be premature. The relative lack of success of the Wallace attempt to gather in the votes of the Northern factory workers was due to desperate efforts on the part of the Labour unions to pull their members back from the brink. The figures in the polls—up to 21% by the beginning of October—were lowered, not through the expressed disapproval of radical students or the intellectual community of the East coast, but through a hard job of political education on the factory floor or at the factory gates carried out by the boring old AFL/CIO—long ago written off as reactionary by all progressive people. There is a lesson to be learned here: that political power does not easily desert its traditional haunts, but it should not be lightly assumed that the unions can repeat this kind of *tour de force*. The unpleasing facts which created the attraction of George Wallace for the blue-collar worker are still in existence, and their effect may become even more imperative in the years to come if social disintegration continues to dissolve the structure of American city life. Mr. Wallace has a firm base in the South, a national organisation and rich backers. He also has a cause. It is fairly safe to predict that he will be up there competing in 1972.

MEANWHILE, HIS NINE MILLION VOTES underline the change that has taken place since 1964 when Lyndon Johnson succeeded (as Samuel Lubell has written) in restoring and substantially enlarging "the famed Roosevelt coalition." Now it rather looks as if Mr. Nixon's moderate conservatism will find itself better placed for expansion than the residual liberalism of Mr. Humphrey. With the possibility of the Republicans extending their appeal to the South, on the one hand, and to more of the mid-Western states on the other, nobody should underestimate the difficulty of a Democratic return to power. In that sense Mr. Nixon's victory means something more than the narrow margin of the popular vote by which he defeated Mr. Humphrey. There is a distinct possibility that it may signify a new political conjuncture of some duration rather than being (what many Democrats would like to think it) a freak result brought about by the errors and arrogance of LBJ.

IF THE APPEARANCE of American politics has been altered by the result, Richard Nixon's own image has been totally transformed by it. It is hard now to remember the haggard and somewhat bumbling loser of Theodore H. White's narrative of the 1960 campaign. So much is this so that Mr. White has recently committed himself to the opinion that Mr. Nixon has changed, but the probability would seem to be that the alteration here is in the eye of the beholder or, at any rate, in the mellow light which inevitably gilds political success. Mr. Nixon's return from the obscurity of defeat is a very remarkable political achievement in a country where failure is usually held to be deserved. It indicates not merely great courage and tenacity, but also a virtuoso mastery of the complex structure of American politics and formidable organising ability. No doubt, the new President always possessed these qualities, but he has now been publicly seen to possess them, and, in consequence, his stature is very different from what it was even a year ago. Yet this enhanced reputation has been won without much increase in actual popularity, with little recourse even to the usual charismatic arts by which such popularity is solicited. Mr. Nixon, whose tactics during the campaign showed a laudable awareness of his own personality defects, remains very much the politician's politician—one might almost say "the professional's professional." His administration may promise more efficient conduct of the national business, but it is also clear that its most noticeable characteristic will be a heightened political sensitivity, and that one of the main concerns of the new President will be to use his undoubted powers of party management to avoid that erosion of his base which so disastrously affected his predecessor.

This, at least, is what emerges from the new cabinet appointments. There are no technocrats,

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unless the traditional banker at the Treasury can be called a technocrat, no noted figures from outside party politics, no representatives of minority groups—no Negro and no Jew. The most prominent figures—men like Melvin Laird, Robert Finch, or John Mitchell—all conform to the same type. They are all close associates of Mr. Nixon's, skilled political managers of whom it might be said, in Damon Runyon's phrase, that the softest thing about them is their front teeth. Apart from their connection with the President, most of them possess no political power base of their own even within the Republican party. It is clear that Mr. Nixon does not intend there to be any innocence about the actions of his administration. Consequences will be weighed in terms of votes, and there will be no technocratic bulls allowed into the congressional china-shop.

This does not look a very promising prospect for intellectuals with a taste for scouring the corridors of power. Dr. Henry Kissinger may have followed Mr. McGeorge Bundy and Mr. Walt Whitman Rostow as the President's special assistant for national security affairs, but it seems improbable that he will exert the same amount of influence as his predecessors, whose imperiousness he lacks and whose brilliant generalisations about foreign policy are, in any case, under something of a cloud at present. All in all, Mr. Nixon's cabinet adds up to an impressive array of pure political talent (this is, no doubt, that "other dimension" which he himself has claimed to find in the men of his choice), but what is not so clear is the use to which all this adeptness is to be put. The manipulators are present and ready. All that is wanting is some indication of the raw material on which their feats of prestidigitation are to be performed.

THAT SOME PRETTY DEFT CONJURING will be necessary is evident enough. Despite Mr. Nixon's careful flatness of tone, he cannot altogether escape the hopes aroused by any new administration. It is, for example, fairly widely believed that he will do something to end the war in Viet Nam. In as serious a study as the Brookings Institution's *Agenda for the Nation*, a collective work designed to list the main categories of unfinished national business, this expectation is present as an unspoken premise to much of the discussion, becoming explicit in a title like "Budget Alternatives after Viet Nam."[1] Yet this widely diffused belief that the war will end is accompanied by little idea of how this may come about, what its immediate costs and long-term effects will be or, indeed, what sort of policies the United States should follow after the ending of hostilities. Even experts take refuge in generalisation. Edwin O. Reischauer, for example, outlines his solution for the Vietnamese problem as

> an ending of the war within a year or so, but in such a way as to leave Americans, despite a complete military withdrawal from Viet Nam, still broadly concerned in the future of Asia and Asians still looking to the United States for a continuing, even if less conspicuous, role in their part of the world.

The least that can be said of this is that, in its desire to make the best of all possible worlds, it begs the hard choices which certainly face the new President. There is a lack of intellectual rigour here which is significant, not merely of the intractibility of the subject, but also of limitations in the thinking of the American foreign policy establishment which compel such a resort to whistling in the dark. Indeed, most of the foreign section of *Agenda for the Nation* appears somewhat pale and insubstantial compared with the urgency and solidity with which domestic problems are set out. Perhaps the evils of poverty and a deteriorating urban environment are now so imperative in their demands for attention that even experts in international affairs feel their own subject to be somewhat unreal and, in any case, hesitate to draw conclusions from it which would disturb the concentration of minds and resources on America's internal complaints.

However this may be, it is hard to resist the impression that the thought of the politico-strategic analysts, whose prestige was so high in the late 1950s and early '60s, has now outrun its original impulse. The global policies, of which they were the analysts and the prophets, have fallen upon evil days, and so far there has been little attempt to transform a preference for generalisation into the less exciting capacity to differentiate between concrete political situations. "Globalism," the desire for total solutions to world problems, provided an effective *raison d'être* for the so-called "power intellectuals." Without its sustaining myth they have lost confidence in themselves, and their voices are heard more faintly.

THEIR CASE IS THAT OF American foreign policy as a whole. Under President Truman and Gen-

[1] *Agenda for the Nation*. Edited by KERMIT GORDON. The Brookings Institution ($6.95).

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eral Eisenhower the United States acquired various commitments around the world. Under President Kennedy it acquired for the first time a sophisticated justification for this pragmatically exercised power. It was then that American action abroad began to take on "global" dimensions—*i.e.*, to be regarded as an instrument for effecting an ideal settlement of world problems rather than as a mere safeguard for American interests. The dialogue initiated by President Kennedy with the Soviet Union, as well as the importance he attached to stopping the spread of "wars of liberation," composed two logically complementary aspects of a policy whose aim was to nudge the Russians gently but firmly towards the paths of Russo-American co-operation in keeping the peace. Such a policy, however, inevitably implied a greater readiness on America's part to intervene in distant parts of the world. Since any disturbance in an African or Asian country could affect the balance between the great powers, perhaps bring them into open conflict, it appeared that such disturbances were best stifled by prompt intervention. And this conclusion, welcome in itself to an administration of activists, was reinforced by the Cuban confrontation of 1962 which seemed to show that the Soviet Union would not risk a head-on clash with the United States and that, consequently, local crises could best be dealt with by escalating them to a point where they demanded treatment at the highest international level. The basic belief of the Kennedy foreign policy-makers (and, no doubt, their basic error) was that something could always be done about a problem. Talleyrand could have told them otherwise, but they were indefatigably zealous.

After four years of failure in Viet Nam this spirit of active and optimistic rationalism is no longer what it was. Discarded phrases—"nation-building," "crisis-management," "peace-keeping"—have marked its decline, and few American officials would now envisage putting an African or Asian country through Professor Rostow's stages of development with quite the same blithe confidence that once prevailed. The outlines of that rational policy for the exercise of American power have been gradually blurred by failure, leaving the United States adrift on the international waters with no other lodestar than the uncertain hope of future agreements with the Soviet Union—a hope to which President Johnson seemed to cling with some desperation during his last months of office.

WHAT WILL Mr. Nixon make of this unpromising scene? The job of drawing the new frontiers of American world power should fall to him but this is not an especially grateful task, politically speaking. Undoubtedly the new President will wish to extricate himself from Viet Nam (who would not?), but one of the constant features of the war has been the almost equal difficulties and dangers American politicians have perceived in either continuing, or ceasing, to fight it. Moreover, the consequences of whatever is done now will be clearly apparent in four years' time when Mr. Nixon comes up for re-election. By then the Asian dominoes will have fallen—or remained standing; agreement with Hanoi and the National Liberation Front have proved durable —or come unstuck; America have had to commit itself to the defence of Thailand—or pull out of the Asian mainland. No one can tell which side the coins will fall, but the new administration probably realises that, in South-east Asia, there is a strong presumption of the worst happening. Such a realisation is more likely to slow its decisions than speed them.

The first test of Mr. Nixon's dexterity may well come in the Middle East rather than in Viet Nam. If American foreign policy is to go through a period of "disengagement," then it might seem logical that the first ties cut should be those with Israel. And yet how could the American people consent to the destruction of a small pioneer democratic country—a country whose history has been branded into every sensitive and civilised man—without renouncing something in themselves?

WHEN THE TAKING OF DECISIONS is so very difficult (and Viet Nam and Israel are only two examples of situations where no simple ukase will serve to resolve the American dilemma) change will come slowly. The international commitments of the United States are likely to have recognisably the same shape for some years to come in spite (or perhaps because) of Mr. Nixon's efforts. Meanwhile, the other part of the new President's duties will be to try to administer America.

The word *administer* is used here advisedly. The first thing that strikes any European on coming to the United States is that the country cannot be said to be administered in any sense in which this is true of a modern European state. The appalling mess of conflicting juris-

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dictions and authorities, the lack of instruments at the disposal of the federal government for imposing its will upon the local authorities or even for overseeing the spending of its own money, the break-down of city government in a town like New York—all these things recall Britain before the passing of the 19th-century local government acts or France prior to the Napoleonic reforms. Recently there has been much nostalgic talk of the merits of the small community and denunciation of increased federal interference—a theme which gains applause both from the New Left and the conservatives. But no amount of talk about "community values" can change the hard fact that, unless the United States manages to modernise the structure of state and city government and provide for more effective federal intervention in the internal crises besetting it, then it is very unlikely that the problems arising out of the decay of the cities—poverty, slums, ignorance—will be solved at all. And this will be true even supposing—what is, in itself, somewhat improbable—that enough money is voted by Congress to tackle them. As the recent spectacular embezzlements from New York's Human Resources Administration (HRA) show, there is little use in having the money voted if it is simply to be diverted into some swindler's pocket. At present, writing from a city where practically every municipal service is getting visibly worse, where manufacturing industry has fled and offices are reluctant to stay, where the streets remain filthy while a $300,000 fountain is built in the East River, I find it hard to feel anything but pessimistic about the future of America's urban battle-fields. Basically, theirs is the problem of how to run a 20th-century society on an 18th-century structure of administration. It is a problem that could be solved, but where the drastic adjustments necessary would run up against too many local interests to be quickly carried through. And there is not too much time.

Does Mr. Nixon understand the dimensions of the problem, the importance of economies of organisation, the importance, say, of having one police force in Westchester County where dozens confusedly proliferate today? The impressive cohorts he has assembled around the cities in cabinet and working-party suggest an intention to do something. But it does not seem very likely that this "something" will be a still more liberal use of the federal cornucopia (the New York experience is, in any case, discouraging). Even if military budgets can be cut, the results of this process are always slow to make themselves felt in the shape of spare cash, and, as a politician and a Republican, Mr. Nixon must be conscious of the present fairly widespread public dislike of paying more taxes for any purpose whatsoever. This leaves structural reform in aid of a more efficient use of available resources as his most obvious course. It is, after all, structural reform that is implied in the proposed plan to equalise welfare payments as between states, thereby stemming an artificial current of migration from states like Mississippi with low benefits towards states like New York with high ones. In Daniel P. Moynihan the new President has an adviser who is not afraid of questioning contemporary orthodoxies and whose thinking on social problems is both original and hard-headed. Some new ideas are, indeed, essential if the Republicans are to have that air of coping with urban decay which will ensure a broadening of their political base in 1972. It is not for nothing that one of Mr. Nixon's closest political associates, Robert Finch, finds himself at Health, Education, and Welfare. Political motives for carrying out social improvement are not necessarily the worst. They are certainly the most compelling.

The world needs... America needs... the cities need.... Do all these conflicting clients "need" Mr. Nixon? Will they find in him the answer to their respective importunities? Watching him, jolly and unctuous on television, it is hard to realise just how restricted his freedom of action is, just how limited are the expectations which most Americans have of him. That, indeed, may be his strength. A very little success could set the tide of public opinion running his way. At present the American people desperately desires the assurance that it is being well-governed. It will take that assurance where it can if it is allowed to. Provided that the new administration can avoid major mistakes, then it may create for itself a doctor's mandate—especially if surgery proves to be unnecessary after all. Rest and recuperation are, no doubt, what the patient would like and what the doctor would prefer to advise. But the comfortable sickroom of middle-class America is not wholly isolated. From outside come rumours of war and a murmur in the streets.

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Henry Miller

New Doctors' Dilemmas

EVERY GENERATION thinks itself unique, and of course it is. To each its problems appear formidable, and although history furnishes us in retrospect with a clear view of the solutions attempted by previous generations to their own contemporary difficulties, such information often seems to be of singularly little help in our own. In theory it should be a good guide, but the number of unknown variables in any social situation is so great, and so many new variables arise all the time, that prediction presents difficulties that seem insurmountable. This obtains even in the tangible field of the physical sciences. Lord Rutherford went to his grave convinced that splitting the atom could have no practical consequences, and a year before the first *Sputnik* took to the skies no less an authority than the then Astronomer Royal described space travel as "bunk."

Nevertheless, the doctors and the dilemmas of today are certainly less unique than we tend to think. Our problems loom so large and so threatening, and we so easily forget the past, that we tend to take both our difficulties and ourselves too seriously, and to lose sight of the enormous benefits conferred by new knowledge in our concern about the new problems it creates. However progressive we consider ourselves, adjustment to the new is uncomfortable, and encounters resistance. What has altered is not the nature of our dilemmas but their number, and the accelerating pace at which they present and change. Within the last few decades the Industrial revolution has given place to the Technological revolution, and while we are still in the throes of this—a situation still dominated by the physical sciences—we have been participants in the birth of the Biological revolution. The two previous convulsions have transformed our material environment and our morbidity and mortality. But during the remainder of the 20th century the Biological revolution will gather pace, and will affect our lives and those of our children more radically and more intimately than the introduction of either the steam-engine or the computer.

Such developments increase the rate at which our dilemmas crowd upon us rather than their nature or even their magnitude. Not only did the 19th-century physician face the apparently insurmountable problems of mass infection and grinding poverty, he also had to wrestle with the agonising issue of curtailing the individual freedom of the typhoid carrier, whose threat to the community had been revealed by the discovery of the bacillus. Today's physician has persuaded society of the reality of mental illness, and that it may absolve the sufferer from the consequences of a criminal act. But he continues to be exercised by the equivocal problem of criminal behaviour springing from personality defect. That crime is sometimes inherent in the chromosomes is now beyond question—but where does the physician draw the line? Does moral turpitude always result from a biochemical anomaly?

In a less controversial clinical field, is there any way of averting the contemporary plague of degenerative cardiovascular disease—other than by exercising care in the choice of our grandparents? And so the age-old and insoluble problem of "predestination" or "free-will" presents itself again—in modern dress.

DR. HENRY MILLER *was formerly Dean of Medicine and Professor of Neurology in the University of Newcastle upon Tyne, of which he is now Vice-Chancellor. Professor Miller's widely discussed article, "In Sickness and in Health," appeared in the April 1967* ENCOUNTER.

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THE HISTORY OF MEDICINE, like the history of man, is the story of our increasing control of the physical world, and in medicine this involves especially our continuing struggle to gain and retain dominion over our biological competitors. It was the realisation that the physical world cannot be altered by prayer, but only by deliberate manipulation of its material constituents, that heralded the present era of scientific materialism. It is fashionable to suggest that the gains we already owe to this convulsion are insubstantial, and that they are outweighed by the dangers that accompany it; but this is the voice of fear and not of reason. Our difficulties are due to the failure of political competence to keep pace with scientific progress and to devise a framework in which new knowledge can be effectively employed. These difficulties appear daunting but they are man-made, transient, and remediable. The gains are enormous and permanent. In our own field we do not need to look beyond the virtual conquest of bacterial infection: under civilised conditions deaths from pneumonia, child-birth fever, or "blood-poisoning" are now almost unknown.

THE INVESTIGATION and control of the physical environment that has shown such a leap forward during the 20th century has endowed the physician with new responsibilities as well as new tools and new skills. At the turn of the century his role was for the most part consolatory. But today the methods of science allow him to change the course of nature and of illness to a remarkably and constantly increasing degree. Such developments bring responsibility for a wider range of choices, as well as a wider range of skills and activities. Just as in the field of diagnosis it is often more difficult to make the initial decision as to *whether or not the patient is really ill* than to define the nature of the illness once its presence is established, so the most difficult question to answer in clinical management is often the simplest—*to treat or not to treat?*

At what stage in the course of chronic degenerative pulmonary disease does the physician deliberately withhold the paraphernalia of resuscitation, judging that the brief and terrifying survival it offers is an unkinder fate than death?

At what stage is the respirator disconnected when an interval of artificially prolonged survival has confirmed the suspicion of irreparable brain damage?

Should the desperately ill patient be encouraged to submit himself to a hazardous method of surgical treatment still in its infancy, or be left with his exiguous chance of spontaneous recovery?

Such decisions are made every day by doctors in every hospital up and down the land, and the mass communications that have brought them into every living-room have now for the first time also made them the subject of general public controversy. A few doctors and a rather larger number of well-intentioned laymen and nervous legislators would like to remove some such decisions from the physician's sphere of responsibility, and to unload it on to some kind of committee. This would share what can be a heavy anxiety, but committee experience lends no support to the view that it would improve the quality of the decision. The trained human mind can handle more variables than any committee—or, for that matter, any computer—and the decision is best made by the physician in charge of the case. He has learned, without being taught, to imagine himself in the patient's position, and to do for the patient what in similar circumstances he would wish done for himself. This remains the most reliable guide, and the patient's best safeguard, since the physician who is giving his mind to the individual problem in all its aspects is the only person who can assess the situation in its totality and who can appreciate especially its unspoken uncertainties. It is something every doctor concerned with the management of serious illness does consciously every day, and that unconsciously informs the whole of his professional thinking.

I have said that today's problems are more vivid because they are contemporary, and more acute because of the pace of change, but that they are unchanged in essence. Let me look at a few of them in more detail.

INTENSIVE TREATMENT.—The nature of intensive therapy is such that its evaluation by carefully controlled trials presents considerable difficulties—difficulties that its proponents have for the most part made little effort to solve. To treat a random sample of patients by a new method and leave a similar group untreated is the only reliable way to measure the effectiveness of a new treatment. But it is not the usual way in which such developments occur. More often than not, innovations of this

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kind are developed by enthusiasts who cannot deny their putative benefits to any patient; and it is not long before ethical difficulties in the way of objective assessment become almost insuperable to anyone in the field who would prefer to be certain that his interference is really doing more good than harm. Even today, for example, we have no reliable measure of the change in prognosis induced by the treatment of coronary thrombosis in a fully monitored specialist cardiac unit rather than in bed at home. However, there are some instances where the benefits of intensive care are unequivocal. The transformed prognosis of severe head injury treated with specialised nursing, careful attention to the remarkable changes in body chemistry that accompany prolonged unconsciousness, and the careful supervision of breathing (often with assisted respiration) has ensured the survival of many patients who would certainly have died ten years ago; and many of these young and otherwise healthy victims of traffic and industrial accidents ultimately make a splendid functional recovery. Nor can there be any doubt that the same applies to many who would otherwise succumb to one of the complications of coronary thrombosis, or to the terrifying respiratory failure encountered in some sudden but entirely recoverable acute inflammatory diseases of the nervous system.

Intensive therapy is open to misuse, and it is unkind as well as unintelligent to subject the very elderly or chronically decrepit to what is undoubtedly a harrowing experience. Like most physicians, I have had well-informed patients of my own profession who specifically asked that such treatment should be withheld. These methods of treatment must be the servants and not the masters of the clinician, and the decision whether or not to resuscitate a gravely ill patient must be a deliberate decision taken at the most responsible level. In cases where recovery is possible resuscitation must undoubtedly be undertaken. Again, this is well illustrated in head injury, when 48 hours of assisted respiration may buy time for definitive assessment of brain damage. If this shows that the damage is clearly irreparable—and this usually means that there is incontrovertible evidence of massive destruction of brain substance visible at operation or on X-ray—the responsible clinician must steel himself not to prolong artificial life beyond the point at which the patient's interests are served. We must learn to overcome our reluctance to disconnect the respirator when there is no hope of recovery. It is noteworthy that the patient's family usually accepts this situation less unwillingly than his nurses.

CHRONIC DIALYSIS.—About 7,000 people die each year in Britain from chronic kidney disease. In many this is an untreatable complication of an inevitably fatal general disease, but probably at least 2,000 lives would be saved each year if long-term dialysis were made generally available- Many of these are young and useful lives, and the sufferers are often parents of young families. In each case it costs between £1,000 and £3,000 a year to maintain life with an artificial kidney. To treat all those who could benefit would cost about £30 million a year. This sounds a great deal of money, but it is in no sense an impossible sum. It is only a little more than half of what we spend each year on the care of the mentally defective.

In relation to dialysis the problem of hospital space is not serious, and the provision of adequate equipment is the least of our anxieties. But such a programme would require about 10,000 highly trained personnel. It is running costs and staffing problems that often make the gift of an artificial kidney an embarrassment to a hospital. At the present time personnel on this scale is not available. Work on the artificial kidney is exacting and tedious. Even if new money were provided to pay new staff—and emphatically it is not, and must come from annual hospital revenue always designedly less than that regarded as necessary by those on the spot—its recruitment at every level would still present difficulties. But successive Governments of both parties have continually procrastinated in furnishing facilities to ensure an output of doctors that will enable the Health Service to keep pace with new methods of treatment that have so much to offer their patients. Even today the Ministry excuses the snail's pace at which we proceed towards a national dialysis service on the grounds of staff shortage—and (as I write) leaks hints that the Royal Commission's estimate of the increased number of doctors needed is "excessive," with of course the usual grandmotherly platitude about improving professional productivity. How many doctors are needed depends on the kind of medical service the Minister can persuade the British public to regard as satisfactory. In this connection the present national performance furnishes no

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grounds for self-congratulation by international standards, and as the potentialities of modern medicine increase its inadequacy is becoming increasingly evident.

The public rightly takes the view that when scientific progress has developed a life-saving procedure as effective as chronic dialysis, with all its problems and difficulties, it must be made generally available as quickly as possible. Even allowing for these difficulties our rate of progress is unimpressive and will be improved only by continuing public pressure. I stress public rather than professional pressure. Mr. Enoch Powell is not the only politician who finds it difficult to believe that the doctor demands facilities for his patients rather than his personal advantage.

THE SERIOUS REVERBERATIONS of the delay between scientific advance and its general application are neatly epitomised by long-term dialysis, and it is this particular situation above all others that saddles the doctor with the difficult and emotive decision—*who should be saved?* So long as the value of a new form of treatment remains problematical, the physician's anxieties can be stilled by the need for certainty, but the life-saving effectiveness of dialysis is now beyond question. The doctor does not find it easy to acquiesce in the view that the pace must be set—with little apparent sense of urgency—by administrative considerations that accept the inevitability of a delay of years, if not of decades, in making a therapeutic advance of such significance available to the many for whom it could mean life rather than death.

In the meantime the group of dedicated physicians directly concerned do their agonised best to deal the cards. Clinical assessment of technical suitability for dialysis takes first place: the expert in renal disease will not waste his scanty resources on barren ground. Age and family responsibilities cannot be ignored. But when it comes to four people all technically competent to benefit from this scarce national commodity, what then? One may be an atomic engineer, one a democratic politician, one a distinguished violinist, and one a devoted mother of four. Which is non-expendable? Such a predicament would be even more alarming if doctors had never faced it before; but of course they have faced it for centuries. Not long ago the decision as to who should and who should not be treated was a simple decision based on the length of the patient's purse. It is a happy irony that during this stage of social and medical advance fashionable treatment was almost certainly more hazardous than healthy neglect. Today the decision is both more difficult and more civilised.

Those of us who served in World War II recall anxieties concerned with the allotment of precious supplies of penicillin as between various casualties and various categories of casualty. Such decisions are inevitable in any period of dramatic medical advance. But it is the duty of the physician to ensure that choices of this kind are posed only when there is no conceivable alternative, and not to excuse either political ineptitude or public apathy. It is wrong to be patient with a system of priorities that does not put the saving of human life in first place.

ORGAN TRANSPLANTATION.—Recent progress in organ transplantation has been more rapid than was anticipated by practically any British scientist except Sir Peter Medawar, who accurately predicted present developments nearly a decade ago. Kidney transplantation has made such strides that apart from its important employment in acute as opposed to chronic renal failure, dialysis will probably soon be employed mainly to prepare the chronic patient for transplantation and to tide him over any subsequent interval when a new transplant may be needed. The patient with a successful renal transplant is more comfortable as well as more effective than one chronically dependent on the artificial kidney. Furthermore, the gain is economic as well as clinical. In the United States renal transplantation costs about 15,000 dollars per case. Although the subject of successful kidney transplantation needs long-term drug treatment to suppress his rejection mechanisms, he enjoys good general health, and is in no need of the frequent and complicated supervision required by the patient undergoing chronic dialysis.

The present position in relation to organ transplantation is that the kidney transplant for chronic renal failure must become a routine operation within the next year or two in a score of our major hospitals. Renal transplantation is of course not always successful, but a present success rate of more than 60 per cent represents a most dramatic advance in the treatment of a disease otherwise certainly and rapidly fatal.

There seems to be little doubt as to the prac-

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ticability of liver transplantation for congenital narrowing of the bile-ducts (usually an isolated anomaly in an otherwise healthy infant) and for some forms of cancer; this field deserves vigorous exploitation. Another intriguing possibility is the control of haemophilia (the "bleeding disease" of the Romanovs) by transplanting a normal spleen. The medical maintenance of the patient with chronic haemophilia is difficult, expensive, and precarious; and if recent claims are substantiated, the suppression of the bleeding tendency by a single surgical procedure would represent a very significant advance.

Cardiac transplantation attracts more public interest than any of these developments. After all, the heart actually beats, and is a more interesting and more animated organ than liver, spleen or kidney, to say nothing of its symbolic significance. However, the demand for cardiac transplantation may be less than in the case of the organs already mentioned. The reason is simple. Most heart disease today results from a generalised degenerative process—atherosclerosis—and in the patient with coronary artery insufficiency degenerative changes often affect blood-vessels elsewhere in the body, including the brain. Patients with very advanced atherosclerotic heart disease have so little to lose that it is reasonable to develop the technique of cardiac transplantation by experimental operation in desperate cases of this kind; but it is unlikely that such patients will be the main beneficiaries of the method in the future. This is more likely to be useful in younger and otherwise healthy patients in whom congenital heart disease cannot be cured by orthodox cardiac surgery.

IT IS ONLY A FEW YEARS since Medawar described routine organ transplantation as "just around the corner," a prediction that was greeted with some of the scepticism shown by the Astronomer Royal in relation to space travel. We should of course have known better; and when he tells us today that most of the problems of organ transplantation are immunological and therefore soluble, we must pay serious attention to his statement. Limb transplantation is clearly a possibility. The absence of spontaneous regeneration in the central nervous system, and the dependence of brain activity and conscious awareness on incoming impulses from the widespread network of nerves in the limbs and the internal organs render brain transplantation improbable in the measurable future. Maintenance of cerebral circulation and activity in an exceptionally valuable brain by the use of a mechanical pump is imaginable. But recent evidence has shown that aging is probably a widespread intimately cellular process involving change and decay in the chemicals of which we are constituted, and that the increasing rigidity of the elderly mind is not merely a matter of cerebral blood-supply.

The problems of organ transplantation and the dilemmas it poses to the doctor are many. The first is the entirely practical one of the provision of organs for transplantation. This militates against routine cardiac transplantation even when its scientific and technical difficulties have been overcome, since there is no potential supply of donors to meet the needs of the 15,000 patients below the age of fifty-five who die each year in Britain from degenerative heart disease. In the case of patients requiring renal transplant, too few are fortunate enough to have an identical twin to make an appreciable impact on the situation. Furthermore, the effects on health and life expectancy of removing one kidney in the normal subject have never previously demanded appraisal, and have been the subject of no systematic investigation. The chances are that loss of a single kidney is innocuous, but the surgeon's squeamishness about operating on an entirely healthy donor for purely altruistic reasons is both understandable and creditable.

The problems of transplant rejection are probably on the way to solution by technical improvements in suppressive treatment. If certain difficulties of toxicity can be overcome, the use of biological suppressants such as ALS (antilymphocytic serum obtained from animal sources) will furnish a valuable addition to current methods. Furthermore, present legal difficulties in obtaining cadaver organs will be overcome by public demand when it is generally realised how much transplantation already has to offer to at least one group of gravely ill patients. But perhaps recent developments in cross-species transplantation will solve some of these difficulties, and the helpful chimpanzee may rescue us from some of our ethical problems.

AS A MATERIALIST I can feel little sympathy for those who value the inviolability of their carcases above the posthumous contribution they might make to ensuring life for others. How-

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ever, the neurotic fantasy of being buried alive is so common that public concern about the possibility of organs being removed from patients before death demands serious consideration.

This poses difficult and unanswerable questions as to that legal fiction "the moment of death," and it seems likely that this will be the subject of a good deal of fruitless discussion —among laymen rather than doctors—during the next few years. Since the disconnected heart can resume normal function more than an hour after death on appropriate stimulation, and since some body cells certainly survive for even longer periods, discussion is academic rather than practical.

Public fears in this connection are irrational rather than real. Every major hospital today contains a few patients in whom what is euphemistically termed "life" is maintained entirely by artificial means, usually for good reasons. First, there are some catastrophic acute diseases in which full recovery remains on the cards until the last moment, and in these cases it is perfectly reasonable to extend the "last moment" for a few days, in the hope that intensive treatment may push the patient round the corner to recovery. Secondly, there are patients in whom the cause and hence the outlook of a desperate illness were uncertain at the time of admission to hospital and who were resuscitated to permit definitive diagnosis and assessment of the future. But when recovery is no longer in question and a fatal outcome is inevitable, there is no excuse for maintaining the existence of a physiological vegetable. Some of these patients dying from head injury, brain tumour, or cerebral haemorrhage may have otherwise healthy bodies, and at the present time they furnish the best possible source of transplants. It is comforting to observe that in the event common sense outweighs both fear and superstitition as well as doctrinal qualms, and a distinguished prelate recently gave instructions that his organs should be made available for transplantation if they were required. The mean age of bishops is such that his particular offer may not be taken up; but his feelings are undoubtedly shared by many of the younger people of Britain.

THE DETERMINATION OF DEATH is of practical importance, and deserves consideration. The first thing is that the decision must of necessity be made by the doctor in charge of the patient, who must decide for example the moment when his precarious maintenance of such physiological functions as respiration and circulation by artificial means can no longer be justified by any remaining hope of survival and recovery. In the case of prolonged coma due to head injury or any intracranial catastrophe positive visible or radiological evidence of gross destruction of brain substance, dilated pupils, absence of all reflex activity, and a complete absence of detectable electrical activity in the brain for forty-eight hours can be taken as evidence that recovery will not occur, and that there is no justification for the continued artificial maintenance of circulation and respiration. This view is already accepted in France; and indeed the French have gone further, regarding irrevocable brain damage as tantamount to death irrespective of the more automatic function of respiration and heart-beat.

I have so often seen surgeons wrestling against palpably hopeless odds that I have entire and unreserved confidence that not one of them would ever terminate the life of a patient with even the most remote chance of recovery.

CONGENITAL ABNORMALITIES.—It should by now be clear to the reader that I am firmly in favour of every medical and surgical measure that is calculated to prolong effective life and to improve its quality. The view of some administrators that there should be a moratorium on research in favour of the more extended application of existing knowledge is anathema to me. The insatiable curiosity of the scientist survived the Spanish Inquisition, and is unlikely to be inhibited by the efforts of the British Civil Service. Nor is the rather surprising recent suggestion of no less eminent a scientist than Sir Macfarlane Burnet impressive, in relation to genetic engineering, that some knowledge may best be left unknown. The trouble is that the possible implications and applications of new knowledge are never known to its discoverer; social responsibility in application is more relevant than interdiction of research.

Priorities must of course be taken into account. The critic in such a field must often be thankful that he is not the administrator charged with making such decisions, who must reconcile himself to receiving more brickbats

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than bouquets. In this connection what can reasonably be asked by the public and the profession is that the issues and the reasons for the orders of priority decided should be made clear, and not fudged by the quotation of comforting but irrelevant statistics directed to demonstrating that there is "no cause for concern," and that all is being managed for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

The problems of priority raised by the treatment of the congenital abnormalities of early life differ in many ways from those I have already discussed, and it is perhaps surprising that they have not yet been the subject of more extended and authoritative discussion within the profession. At a time when necessary treatment must so often be postponed for lack of beds, surgeons, and (above all) theatre time, it is difficult to feel that operations for congenital heart disease in a mongolian idiot can be reasonably justifiable by any standards.

There are, of course, some congenital abnormalities that occur in isolation and can be relieved to produce a normal growing infant instead of a dead baby. These represent the triumphs of the paediatric surgeon. However, the problem under discussion is raised in its most vivid and topical form by the problem of surgery in *spina bifida*. This congenital defect in the spinal column poses fascinating problems of operative technique, and is the subject of intensive surgical exploitation in several centres here and abroad. Unfortunately, such treatment is carried out mainly by dedicated surgical enthusiasts who can quote individual triumphs, but who are in fact conducting large-scale uncontrolled surgical experiments and who cannot reliably predict the long-term outcome of their efforts. As in the case of cardiac transplantation, there is a case for such investigations, but on a limited scale and under conditions of careful control and measurement. The conditions of professional life in Britain are such that every doctor who reaches the career grade of consultant is entirely responsible for the treatment of his patients. The danger that any form of direction or control from above would stultify talent and paralyse innovation is such that few would wish to see this situation changed. However, society is under no obligation to furnish facilities for the general employment of treatment that carries with it grave and unconsidered implications both for the patient and for society.

The position with regard to *spina bifida* is that surgery can undoubtedly maintain life in some infants who would previously have died, usually within twelve months of birth. Without surgical treatment there is a 20 per cent survival rate and a subsequent need for two special school places per 1,000 live births. Early operation on all viable children would triple the number of disabled survivors and raise the demand for such institutional places to seven per 1,000 annual births. The course favoured by most uncommitted surgeons is to operate only on affected children without paralysis, which could probably halve the number of disabled children and might reduce the demand for special school places to one per 1,000. The most expert surgery evidently offers a prospect of normal survival to only a small proportion of those severely affected infants who would otherwise either have died or remained disabled. There is a serious danger that society may find itself saddled with a distressing and potentially formidable problem of welfare and continuing care in exchange for questionable benefit to the patients and especially their families.

As in most such instances, the doctor's most reliable guide is probably his own feelings and his informed judgment as to what he would wish done if he were the parent of an infant affected by serious congenital deformity. In this particular instance the choice is especially difficult because it must be made within hours if operation is to be worth doing at all. There is no time for extended consideration. Furthermore, the request for a surgical opinion may in itself sometimes be interpreted as a plea for operation. Such parents are often torn between a conscientious desire that no stone should be left unturned to ensure survival, and horrified apprehension as to the infant's future. In my view, we are under no obligation to take exceptional measures to ensure survival in the presence of any form of severe congenital anomaly insusceptible to genuine surgical cure. Many doctors and their wives share this view, and are grateful to the wise practitioner who refrains from organising elaborate measures of surgical treatment that will leave them with a seriously crippled child.

THESE ARE a few of the medical problems that agitate professional and public opinion at present, but there are, of course, many others.

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The recent *Abortion Act* represents a triumph of common sense over the unscrupulous exploitation of emotional issues by a small and noisy element in the profession, as well as over the indefensible attempt of a religious minority to impose its particular rules on a community uncommitted to its authoritarian beliefs. Although, in essence, the Act does little more than regularise a situation that has obtained in practice in many parts of Britain for a decade or more, it probably went as far as was manageable under present conditions of public opinion and education. Some of us regard the battle as not yet won and consider that it did not go far enough. I share the view of one great British judge that no woman should be forced to bear a child against her will, and I believe that the barbarous insistence that she should do so will go within the next decade or two. As in the case of termination of pregnancy on medico-social grounds, this change of attitude is likely to come about by erosion of existing practice and progressive bending of the Law, before abortion on request is made legally available.

Euthanasia is a much discussed but, to my mind, less important issue. The only strong argument against its legalisation at the patient's request in hopelessly fatal disease is that knowledge that the procedure was permissible might fill a patient's last days with terror. Furthermore, my own experience suggests that such a patient is often so desperately ill that clouding of consciousness would jeopardise his competence to decide. I agree with the supporters of euthanasia that the physician's main duty is to relieve pain and to sustain and improve the quality of life by the relief of suffering rather than primarily to prolong it. But in my experience there are few fatal illnesses in which the last weeks or months cannot be made tolerable by the generous use of such drugs as heroin and cocaine which not only relieve pain but also cloud consciousness and induce euphoria. There are very occasional exceptions—patients clearly conscious but humiliated, for example, by the progressive erosion of their bodies from such destructive diseases as pelvic cancer, without hope of recovery and all too clearly aware of being a burden to others as well as to themselves. In such a case the surgeon who ends the patient's life in relieving unbearable distress by an intravenous injection of morphia is acting in the best traditions of his profession. But this is a most exceptional situation between doctor and patient and one that is unlikely to be affected one way or the other by legislation.

One unusual variant of this dilemma has recently been the subject of professional discussion. In the few cases where a woman dies towards the end of pregnancy a viable infant can often be rescued by Caesarian section. In some such cases the father has rejected the baby he has regarded as the cause of his wife's death, and certain obstetricians have questioned the wisdom of the procedure. That such matters can be seriously discussed indicates an increasingly humane and thoughtful professional attitude. But the consensus of opinion is that the outlook for such a motherless child is as unpredictable as for any other, and that it should undoubtedly be saved.

THE PROBLEMS RAISED BY new knowledge in genetics deserve an article to themselves and cannot be covered here. The successful treatment of patients with diseases that are handed on from generation to generation raises considerable and entirely justifiable fears that unfavourable hereditary characteristics will become more widely and generally distributed, since many of those affected now survive to reproduce. There seems to be little doubt, for example, that familial tumours of the large bowel which are precursors of cancer will become more widely distributed because of successful surgical treatment, and that successful Caesarian section in one group of hereditary dwarfs is likely to increase their number in the population. Both these anomalies are due to dominant genes. In the field of recessive disorders the problems are different but no less serious. The rescue of infants with the biochemical anomaly of congenital phenylketonuria from gross mental defect means an increased harvest of serious congenital abnormalities in their offspring. The question is what can be done about this and similar problems?

The answer can lie only in a positive and deliberate eugenic policy comprising early recognition of congenital abnormalities (in which the new technique of sampling uterine fluid in a search for chromosome abnormalities may help), expert birth control advice, and voluntary abortion where necessary. Many patients from affected families are eager for such advice and more than willing to follow it. In this they contrast with the often psychopathic members of social-problem families, whose ability to act

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sensibly on advice is even less conspicuous than their willingness to seek it.

THE EXISTENCE OF A STILL SMALL but much-publicised group of people addicted to hard drugs such as heroin, especially in the metropolis, has made addiction a matter of serious public concern. Official alarm on this score has evoked panic-stricken legislation permitting unprecedented invasions of privacy and persecution of users of *cannabis indica*, a drug with no confirmed serious effects and with no authenticated tendency to lead to more serious addictions. The spectacle of the youthful users of this drug being hounded by older people, many of whom are themselves hardened subjects of more indubitably harmful dependence on cigarettes and alcohol, is as unedifying as the imprisonment of a succession of wretched working-class housewives for illegal possession of the *Drinamyl* that is freely available to their more fortunate sisters on the prescription of a friendly doctor.

The situation is made more ludicrous by the common knowledge that many members of the general population, especially in the middle and upper classes and in public life, take drugs habitually to dispel sleeplessness, to counter fatigue, or to elevate mood. It is hardly surprising that an increasing proportion of medical and legal expert opinion favours the removal of legal restrictions on *cannabis* and a more realistic and liberal attitude to drugs in general.

Little more than thirty years have passed since amphetamine was introduced as the first effective drug for the control of depressive symptoms. Since this time the triumphs of drug treatment in psychiatric illness have been truly remarkable. Depressive illness itself has already lost many of its terrors, and it is increasingly clear that many gravely disordered schizophrenics can be greatly improved and often maintained in tolerable health simply by swallowing a few tablets each day.

The next decade is certain to see a considerable extension of the regular use of drugs by "normal" people to influence mood and dispel fatigue. At the present time many find the idea alarming as well as distasteful, but in fact the main difference between the newer psychotropic drugs and alcohol is that the former are less dangerous as well as more effective. Much has been made of addiction to amphetamines, but the problem is trivial by comparison with that of alcoholism. There is no evidence whatever that drug-induced sleep is any less restorative than the natural variety, or that the deliberate and highly convenient pharmacological control of sleep and wakefulness has any harmful consequences whatever.

THERE IS ONE FINAL PROBLEM which I must briefly discuss if only because it is so topical. I refer to the attitude of the physician to chemical and biological warfare. Here the profession finds itself in a dilemma to which no easy solution is evident. In every country physicians whose training was directed to treating the sick and safeguarding the public health are engaged in measures that employ medical skills with a view to the dissemination of poison and disease as agents of warfare. In every country those engaged plead that their activities are purely defensive, that they are engaged in protecting the health of their populations from real prospective risks, that any government that did not prosecute such activity would be neglecting its duty, and that to liberate poisonous gases or to disseminate pneumonic plague is neither more nor less moral than any other war-like activity, the aim of which is to destroy as many of the enemy as possible. To those engaged in this work it is not only professionally respectable but of the highest national importance.

I have no concern here with the position of the non-medical scientist, because his training has no ethical component and because, as he is often at pains to point out, he has no responsibility for the applications of his findings, which are a matter for society to decide. But does this really apply in the case of the physician engaged in research into chemical and biological warfare? Unlike some of his colleagues in the Americas and on the continent of Europe, the British medical graduate does not swear the Hippocratic oath. But there can be no doubt that its humane essence informs medical practice everywhere. Not only is the army medical officer forbidden to carry arms, but by tradition he exerts his utmost skill for the wounded enemy just as for his own casualties. Perhaps the deliberate dissemination of anthrax is no less moral than the Anti-personnel bomb. Perhaps it is even less immoral than the Atomic Bomb, with its doom-laden genetic aftermath, so irresponsibly used by statesmen in the hands of whose successors our fates now lie. But physicians are not concerned in the making or designing of high explosives or Atomic Bombs. Some of them *are* concerned in studying the

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dissemination of viruses and bacteria amongst civil populations as weapons of war. The politicians' sophistry that "our" activities are concerned entirely with defence and everybody else's with preparation for offence carries less than no conviction; and if Porton really is no more than a public health institution devoted to protecting populations against deliberate infections it is a serious contravention of medical ethics to deny such life-saving knowledge to any community. In every country there are physicians who make chemical and biological warfare their life's work. If an appropriate complaint were laid, it would be interesting to hear the General Medical Council's deliberations as to whether such employment constitutes infamous conduct in a professional respect.

REGRETTABLY, medicine and politics are inseparable bed-fellows. In fact, Rudolph Virchow, the greatest medical Panjandrum of the 19th century, said that "politics is just medicine on a big scale." Never has this been truer than at the present time, and implicit in everything that I have said is the burning question of national priorities. Little is heard about this at political meetings—even during those few weeks before a General Election when the politicians claim to instruct us as to the alternative political possibilities we are invited to enjoy during the subsequent five years. Nor are we likely to learn much about it from the columns of Hansard. The virtues of British parliamentary democracy do not include much opportunity for the public to give its views on such issues as whether it prefers nuclear submarines to new hospitals. Only the parliamentarians are well enough informed to be entrusted with these crucial decisions, and it would be ungracious to suggest that recent performance calls their wisdom into serious question.

However, the physician must accept it as a very important duty to keep the public fully informed about the directions in which medicine is moving, the advances that are continually being made on so wide a front, and the enormous benefits to health and happiness that can so easily be achieved as well as the risks involved. He must also state the cost of such developments clearly and firmly, so that the public can make an intelligent choice as to how much it is prepared to devote to medicine in the widest sense. Given the facts, I believe that biological self-interest will dictate a policy much more generous than in the past. Nor is such a development in any way impracticable. If we look beyond the present national mood of inspissated gloom and simulated penury to the impending technological developments of the next twenty years, we can see that they will not only bring a staggering increase in productivity, but that they will accelerate the present diversion of resources and personnel to "service industries." Amongst these, medicine must be counted one of the most exciting and rewarding.

Poem

I shall be he who walks into a field
Making it become neither more nor less,
A field with a man walking into it.

And with the same perplexed affection looks
On the acorn's skull and the woman's brow
But learns to look on hers more sensibly.

I shall be he who deeply happily
Could stay awake. Or deeply happily
Go sound to sleep and stay there wide asleep.

Cherish yourself. Sometimes quite late at night
Pretend that you could take off your own head
And hold it, weather-beaten, in your arms.

Nicholas Snowden Willey

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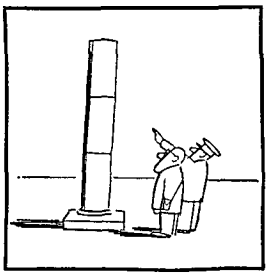

Column

IN HIS NEW book of essays, *Secondary Worlds,* W H. Auden gives a friendly plug to Terminus, "that most admirable of Roman deities." Intellectually speaking, Terminus is not just the station into which all trains of thought endeavour to steam, he is also the lord of circumference who establishes the boundaries of our fields and sets limits to our aspirations: this is the aspect of him that has drawn a genuflexion from Mr. Auden. I am always pleased to see any good god get a pat on the back after centuries in the dog-house, but for the last month I have been in the rehearsals of a play and, though Terminus, of course, is the proper objective of rehearsals, one reaches him by way of Mercury. As the god of roads—particularly, devious, twisting, roads—Mercury is quite as important as Terminus, though he is wholly without the dignified stature and moustaches that we associate with the sturdy station-master. Mercury is the means to the end that is Terminus, and as such he is infinitely adaptable, very resourceful, and not too scrupulous. As always in rehearsals, I have learnt a vast amount from him in the past month and have developed enormous respect for the fluid qualities that we associate with his name.

The terminus that is the first night of a play is separated by miles of winding mercury from the play's beginnings. The playwright sits at a table in a flat or cottage that is not remotely connected with any theatre; but because he knows that a theatre is his destination, he is obliged to invent one. I don't know if all playwrights work the same way, but personally I couldn't write a line if I didn't carry in my mind's eye a supposed stage, complete with wings and what used to be footlights. The stalls I see, too, packed from side to side with people who can never stop laughing. The angle of vision at which I see all these things suggests that I am writing from the front row of the dress circle—the best seat in any theatre, George Devine used to say. But I would like to know more about this choice of an angle. I have a feeling that the natural position for an audience *is* above the actors—that an actor's natural address is not to the stalls but to the circles, the gallery, the hidden sky. Perhaps this is because I am more interested in their voices than in their faces. Walking on my imaginary stage, they look rather vague and small to me, but their voices float up to my level with perfect clarity.

Certainly, it is their voices that pursue me. Often, when the dialogue is getting intense, the image of the stage fades out completely and I am left chivvying sounds about with the sharp end of a pen. There is hardly any character that I can imagine myself acting, but there is not one character that I can't hear myself speaking. I know every stress and intonation in every line of every speech, and speak them aloud to myself with movements of the face and grimaces that would make me a fortune if ham acting were considered a glory of the theatre. Deep inside, I know I have a tender place for ham.

I would like to know how many playwrights work mainly in terms of voices. I am sure there must be a great many—and perfectly good ones at that—who only see where I hear. To be too obsessed with voices is certainly a bad thing, simply because the theatre is as much a moving spectacle as it is a vocal symphony. And how many audiences care about what they hear? They come to the theatre to see dramatic situations. They go home with pictures, not sounds. Considering the sort of lines they are usually asked to listen to, I am sure they are right in preferring to let the eyes have it.

Still, with all this vocal excitement, I never quite lose my imaginary picture of a stage. It becomes clearer and stronger as the characters I am making grow into proper creatures—with real faces instead of blurs and very decided movements instead of shambling vagaries. There are many happy moments when the visual and the vocal whirl into action together and I can enjoy the illusion of real actors performing on a real stage.

THERE ARE TWO THINGS I can never be bothered with. One is stage furniture. I see vague tables, armchairs, sofas, chests-of-drawers on my imaginary stage, but there is nothing "real" about them and my characters never have to walk round them or pay them any attention. This is one reason why the second thing I can't be bothered with is those awful prefatory descriptions with which some playwrights begin their work—you know the sort of thing:

"The curtain rises on John Masterson's living-room in fashionable Stepney. It is evening, and the last of the summer sunlight falls to the left, on his priceless Buhl cabinet. Before it lies an orange pouf. The Astrakhan carpet. . . ."

Poof! I doubt if playwrights do this any more, but not long ago it was the done thing. Shaw loved doing it so much that one wonders sometimes why he bothered to go on with the play. Chekhov loved doing it too. Everybody has his favourite bit of Chekhov, and mine has always been the furniture instruction reading: "On the bookcase—cigarette-holders, boxes, sticks, rifle barrels."

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Included in my dislike of furniture is the long description of characters. "Masterson is a man in the prime of life; fond though he is of his whisky, one never feels that he drinks it to excess. . . ." "Julia Masterson must once have been a pretty woman, but. . . ."

The curious thing is that directors have never paid the slightest attention to such stuff. They have always taken it for granted that playwrights were prone to it and must be allowed to reel it off, but it has never had the smallest effect on their productions. They have all my sympathy, because I am sure they are quite right. One glance at that instruction of Chekhov's, for example, shows how completely his stage and his furniture existed only in his mind's eye.

EXIT and ENTER are a pair whom I am also at pains to leave as nature made them. If I were an *actor*-playwright, I would worry dreadfully about them; as it is, I have not the slightest interest in whether they come on down stage L. or go off up stage R. I enjoy making them dramatic, of course, and imagine them, vividly, sweeping on and off my make-believe stage. But how and where they do so is a boring subject, like furniture.

In short, the text I hand to the director is an absolute model of self-restraint and uncluttered speeches—what is called "clean copy" in the newspaper world. The only failing—apart, of course, from the play itself—is that I still cannot resist giving an indication in brackets where necessary—usually only one word—as to the tone of voice in which a line should be spoken. Let the actors crash into the Buhl, let them booze to excess, let them enter through a brick wall —I really care very little provided their vocal progress is immaculate.

ALL THE ABOVE, it will be seen, constitutes ideal theatre—that happy realm where stage, actors, sets, voices, even audiences exist gloriously in the imagination and march to Terminus by eye and by ear without meeting a single problem on the way or running into any kind of criticism. The playwright has done his work—or, at least, the conviction that he has done his work has taken its proper place in his imagination. All that remains now is for the director to put it on properly.

Before this can be done, I do expect one small, trifling nuisance. The director is certain to come to me and say that although the text is clearly a glorious work, would I mind making it a bit shorter? I know from long experience that all directors like all plays to be shorter, just as all playwrights like all plays to be longer. But the directors are always right. Mr. Tony Richardson laid it down as a rule long ago that all plays without exception should be twenty minutes shorter. This may sound arbitrary, even despotic, but it is quite true. The other day I saw two one-act plays, each of which was only twenty-five minutes long and would have been much tighter and better if the Richardson principle had been applied. So, I am never upset by having to chop bits out of my plays. In fact, I quite enjoy it. All fat people should fall victims to the sword.

The next reality is the place known as the rehearsal room. One is always told that this place is in fact a church hall, or a club gymnasium, or an exercise room for Territorials, but I never have believed that churchmen or clubmen or Terriers could ever endure, as actors do, the rigours of a rehearsal room. The perfect rehearsal room has a high ceiling, fifty yards of stone floor, and one gas-fire or oil-stove or radiator. It is shaped like a banana, or a dog, or a concrete poem, or a Roman bath—any shape, in fact, so long as it is not the shape of a stage. It only exists during the winter, when refrigeration can be kept at the maximum. All directors love rehearsal rooms because they love actors to suffer.

Here, again, they are quite right. When I was a little stumblebum in stage matters, I used to try and improve the actors' lot. I used to say that they should be kept warm and given quite long holidays. If I had had my way, there would be no stage left today. Actors detest any holiday that is longer than a week-end: it gives the public (they believe) a golden opportunity to forget them. As to warmth, they never trust any director who exudes it, let alone supplies it. Suffering is their real forte, because they have no self-confidence. That is why they make a career of pretending to be other people.

MY FIRST PRAYER to Mercury goes up when, with the mercury at zero, I first meet these poor, smiling beasts in scarves and overcoats congealed together in the hoarfrost of the rehearsal room. It is not their suffering I mind, or even the impression they all give of being dressed to play Falstaff. It is the fact that they are always the wrong colour, like immigrants to Britain. The blonde ladies who have floated on my imaginary stage for weeks past smile sombrely at me through black ringlets and kohl-coloured eyes. Julia Masterson, who, it will be recalled, must have been pretty once, but . . . has not only refused to fade but done everything in her power to imitate the complexion of the tiger. Masterson himself is at least one foot shorter than the colossus who bestrode my writing-table, and as I shake his five icicles, I note privately that the speech in Act II beginning: "A man of your

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bulk . . ." is going to need changing to: *"A dwarf like you. . . ."* But, Mercury be praised, I am an adaptable man, and a tolerant one. I never blame human beings for being of the wrong colour, or for having the wrong shape. Clearly, I have had one conception of them, and their mothers have had another. I would rather re-write than succumb to bigotry.

But the writing on the wall has now appeared, though it has taken place on the floor. This is in the form of chalk-marks, or tabs, which delineate exactly the size of the stage which is to be our terminus. Into this sacred playing area, the director now brings every available obstacle —chairs, deck-chairs, stools, rifle barrels, virtually anything the Territorials have been silly enough to leave behind. These represent the pieces of furniture I have been so careful to leave out. As for my EXIT and ENTER—those fine open vistas of the ideal stage—they have been cheesepared by chalkmarks to two or three mouseholes.

All this has been done for the sake of what is called "moves." I can think of nothing that separates the theatre of dreams more from the theatre of reality than "moves." How anyone moves is of no interest to me at all: so long as they do it with the necessary grace or energy, they can move heaven or earth for all I care. In fact, they need never move at all, for my money, speeches being delivered best from a fixed position in mid-stage. But really professional people, like directors and actors, so dote on "moves" that it is a wonder to me that they never became footballers or admirals. There is nothing a director loves more than to oblige three or four heavily overcoated figures to squeeze their way through an ENTER mousehole, pick their separate ways round mountains of chairs, and end at last juxtaposed in pre-arranged fixed positions. Here, they are allowed to utter their inaudible lines—and then instantly begin to weave in and out of the furniture once more, continuing to weave unwearyingly until they have won their right to an EXIT mousehole.

BY FAR THE LARGEST PART of rehearsals is devoted to "moves." Sometimes I feel I have lived half my life in Territorial halls, dreaming of voices but only seeing "moves." Often, I have the feeling that all "moves" are a colossal fraud—a sort of psychological cook-up. Practised with immense earnestness as if they were of crucial importance to the play, they are in fact only a way of defrosting the actors and inspiring the director with self-confidence. That actors should accept "moves" so tamely is not merely because actors will accept almost anything but kindness and warmth, but because they are haunted day and night by the ghastly nightmare of being hidden from the audience by another actor while delivering a line. Readers who go to the theatre a lot will agree that they have never seen this catastrophe actually happen. Weeks of unremitting "moves" is the reason why.

I advise all playwrights younger than myself to add "moves" to the long list of theatre things with which they have no business. Only when the "moves" are perfect will any real attention be paid to the voices. And even this attention is only given, at least at first, because without voices there can be no "cues." And "cues," of course, are absolutely vital, because they indicate the next "moves." I have met playwrights who never realised this and thought there was an intrinsic value in the lines they wrote. It took rehearsals to show them that many of their most passionate outbursts were of value only in signifying the moment at which somebody must move up-stage and open the window, or sit down to the chewing of a Mars bar.

THE STAGE OF DREAMS, in short, has soon been shown up for what it is. It has had to exist because unless there is a theory first there can be no practice. The author can help this practice by sitting on the sidelines and helping along all the bits he left out—the "cues" he never thought about, the "moves" he never foresaw, the ENTERS and EXITS that he placed in a timeless world devoid of furniture and chalkmarks. Scribbling-in and cutting-out are his mercurial contributions—and strange to say, they can be most enjoyable to do and very interesting.

But only, of course, if the author and his director are in sympathy. For the director, too, has begun with a dream stage—with a theory of production that must be modified mercurially as the practice develops. Thus, rehearsals should proceed by means of never-ending adaptation, and do so with such naturalness and commonsense that when Terminus comes into view, Mercury will have worked miracles. The author, watching the play on the real stage, will have forgotten long ago that all those blue eyes were born brown, that the dwarfs were giants, the squat skinny, the "moves" non-existent, ENTER and EXIT a mere Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Provided his precious voices float up loud and clear—and needless to say, they are precious chiefly because each one is his own—he will have the happy illusion that what he is seeing is exactly what he wrote.

That is the nicest dream of all.

Nefastus Dies

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Herbert Marcuse

By Maurice Cranston

IN THE YEAR 1955 Professor Herbert Marcuse published a book of radiant optimism. It bore the modest title *Eros and Civilisation: a Philosophical Enquiry into Freud*,[1] but what it contained was a spirited rejoinder to Freud's belief that civilisation depends on repression. Marcuse argued that a non-repressive civilisation is a possibility. We had only to remove the repressive elements which belong to political domination, he suggested, and men could live peaceably together in freedom. Moreover, once the unnecessary repressive forces were eliminated, human instincts would be transformed and lose their destructive features. Indeed, Marcuse not only used the word "would," he sometimes used the word "will," notably towards the end of his book. For instance, having predicted that the Freudian death-wish would vanish in a non-repressive culture, Marcuse wrote:

> Death would cease to be an instinctive goal. It remains a fact, perhaps, even an ultimate necessity—but a necessity against which the unrepressed energy of mankind *will* protest, against which it *will* wage its greatest struggle [my italics].

The optimism of this treatise is not marginal, for the central purpose of its argument was to reverse Freud's pessimism. What Marcuse set out to do was to refute the implication of Freudian theory "that the humanitarian ideals of socialism are humanly unattainable." He resisted the use of the word "utopian" as a word of condemnation, whether by psycho-analysts or anyone else:

> Theology and philosophy today compete with each other in celebrating death as an existential category; perverting a biological fact into an ontological essence, they bestow transcendental blessing on the guilt of mankind which they help to perpetuate—they betray the promise of utopia.

Marcuse himself in *Eros and Civilisation* upheld the promise of utopia. Only he did not sustain his buoyant optimism. In his next book, *One-Dimensional Man*,[2] his mood was lugubrious and his conclusion despairing. This book is a study of, or more exactly an attack upon modern and especially American industrial civilisation. On the last page Marcuse wrote:

> The critical theory of society possesses no concepts which could bridge the gap between the present and its future; holding no promise and showing no success, it remains negative. Thus it wants to remain loyal to those who, without hope, have given and give their life to the Great Refusal.... *Nur um der Hoffnungslosen willen ist uns die Hoffnung gegeben* [Only for the sake of the hopeless is hope given to us]....

In an essay written at about this same time for a book on Babeuf,[3] Marcuse employed the word "utopian" in its pejorative sense. He did not dispute Babeuf's belief that the political sentiments held by a "misled, indoctrinated and ignorant populace are not to be regarded as the people's real will, and that the establishment of a 'real Republic' involved acting (and writing) against the majority." Indeed, as I shall presently show, this is very much Marcuse's own opinion. Even so, Marcuse wrote at the end of this short essay: "a theory and strategy which was quite unrealistic but not utopian in 1796 appears as utterly utopian today."

Utterly utopian. And yet not too utterly utopian to prevent Marcuse's taking it up, and promoting it in his subsequent writings. The

[1] *Eros and Civilisation: a Philosophical Enquiry into Freud* (Beacon Press and Vintage Books, 1955).
[2] *One-Dimensional Man* (Beacon Press, 1964).
[3] *In Defense of Gracchus Babeuf.* Edited by J. A. Scott, with an essay by Herbert Marcuse (University of Massachusetts Press, 1967).

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curious thing is that in the past few years, Marcuse's old optimism has returned to him. Fortified, perhaps, by the acclaim of rebellious students throughout the world, if not by the interest of the press, which he despises, Marcuse has recovered the spirit which animated *Eros and Civilisation*. But with optimism and utopian aspiration, there has also appeared in Marcuse's writings a new vein of impatience, intolerance, and the will to violence, such as often seems to go together with the more hopeful kind of left-wing yearning.[4] Evidence of Marcuse's recent state of mind we find in *A Critique of Pure Tolerance*,[5] published in 1966 in a peculiar format, bound in black like a prayer book or missal and perhaps designed to compete with *The Thoughts of Chairman Mao* as devotional reading at student sit-ins. This is Marcuse's most popular work so far, and his most disturbing.

THE ARGUMENT IS simple. The ideal of tolerance belongs to the liberal, democratic tradition which has exhausted itself. What Marcuse likes to call liberalist society is based, he says, on a form of domination so subtle that the majority accept and even will their servitude. In such a condition tolerance as traditionally understood serves the cause of domination. Therefore, Marcuse concludes, a new kind of toleration is needed—tolerance of the Left, tolerance of subversion, tolerance of revolutionary violence, but intolerance of the Right, intolerance of existing institutions, intolerance of any opposition to socialism. His words are beautifully candid:

> As to the scope of this tolerance and intolerance, it would extend to the stage of action as well as of discussion and propaganda, of deed as well as of word.... The whole post-fascist period is one of clear and present danger. Consequently, true pacification requires the withdrawal of tolerance before the deed, at the stage of communication in word, print and picture. Such extreme suspension of the right of free speech and free assembly is indeed justified only if the whole of society is in extreme danger. I maintain that our society is in such an emergency situation, and that it has become the normal state of affairs.

Marcuse is eager to see this policy of intolerance adopted without delay:

> Withdrawal of tolerance from regressive movements before they can become active; intolerance even toward thought, opinion and word, and finally, intolerance in the opposite direction, that is, toward the self-styled conservatives, to the political Right—these anti-democratic notions respond to the actual development of the democratic society which has destroyed the basis for universal tolerance. The conditions under which tolerance can still become a liberating and humanising force have still to be created.

I WANT to examine the stages by which Herbert Marcuse reached the point of uttering these aggressively illiberal propositions. From one perspective they are not what might have been expected of him. For Marcuse is a scholar, a thinker, and a German Jew, a blood brother of the millions who fell victims to political intolerance in the gas chambers. Enough, one might have supposed, to breed some appreciation of that "liberalist" society which resisted Nazism, and by giving Marcuse asylum, saved him from the same fate. But no. Marcuse has a singularly lofty attitude to the gas chambers: "The world of the concentration camps was not an exceptionally monstrous society.... What we saw there was the image, and in a sense the quintessence, of the infernal society into which we are plunged every day."

There may be readers who would find nothing in Marcuse surprising. For Marcuse is, or claims to be, an Hegelian; and in the historical accounts of Hobhouse, Popper, Camus, and Talmon, Hegel is the central figure in the tradition of German totalitarian fanaticism, so that the Hegelian Marcuse simply takes his place with Fichte, Marx, Bismarck, Hitler, in that sinister succession. I do not myself believe that Hegel can properly be seen as a forerunner of Hitler. He was a constitutional monarchist, with a firm belief in reason and law. But there is undoubtedly a vulgarised "Hegelian" tradition which contributed something to the success of both Nazism and Fascism, though little compared to the wholly anti-rational, anti-philosophical passions of the *popolo* and the *Volk*. Marcuse himself published in 1941 a book, *Reason and Revolution*,[6] intended to defend Hegel against the charge of being an originator of "fascist ideas"; but what price that defence now, when Marcuse himself proclaims opinions more extreme than any that have been ascribed to Hegel by Hegel's most uncharitable critics?

But let us return to the evolution of Marcuse's theories. Of his biography I know little but what is to be found in books of reference: that he was born in Germany in 1898, studied philosophy at Berlin and Freiburg, was active

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[4] See Karl Popper's essay, "Utopia and Violence," in *Conjectures and Refutations* (Routledge, 1962).

[5] *A Critique of Pure Tolerance*. Essays by Robert Paul Wolff, Barrington Moore, Jr., and Herbert Marcuse (Beacon Press, 1966).

[6] *Reason and Revolution* (New York, 1941; 2nd edn., Beacon Press, 1960, and Routledge, 1968).

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in the revolutionary movement of Rosa Luxemburg, helped to found (with Max Horkheimer and T. W. Adorno) the "Frankfurt School" of Marxist sociology, left Germany in 1933 to work at the Institute of Social Research in Geneva, then emigrated to America, where he has been either a research fellow or a professor at Columbia, Harvard, Brandeis, and California universities. In this article I am concerned only with the ideas set forth in his published works. The earliest one to which he himself appears to attach importance, naming it in the bibliography of *Reason and Revolution*, is one entitled *"Der Kampf gegen der Liberalismus in der totalitären Staatsauffassung"* which was published in Paris in 1935 in the *Zeitschrift für Sozialforschung*,[7] a journal connected with the "Frankfurt School" of sociology.

This is an essay which throws an important light on Marcuse's subsequent thinking. In the course of it he notes that exponents of Nazi, fascist, and related "heroic-*völkisch*" irrationalist political ideologies all write bitterly against liberalism. But Marcuse suggests that these attacks are deceptive. For liberalism, he alleges, is deeply connected with fascism and the related creeds. Not only is liberalism "at one with fascism in its fight against Marxian socialism," which is the common enemy of both liberalism and fascism, the relationship is in truth more intimate. Liberalism, Marcuse writes, has to be understood as the ideology of capitalism in its competitive phase; when capitalism reaches the monopolistic stage, its ideology changes; and fascism is nothing other than liberalism transfigured to meet the need of an altered economic situation. Elsewhere, in his exposition of Hegel's political theory, Marcuse asserts that "the gist of Hegel's analysis" of the development of the several stages of government is that "liberal society necessarily gives birth to an authoritarian state." (Hegel said nothing of the kind.) In this German essay, Marcuse advances as his own conclusion that "it is liberalism that 'produces' the total-authoritarian state out of itself, as its own consummation at a more advanced stage of development"; and he gives as "evidence" in support of this conclusion what he does not blush to describe as "a classic document illustrating the inner relationship between liberalist social theory and the (apparently so anti-liberal) totalitarian theory or state: a letter addressed to Mussolini by Gentile when the latter joined the Fascist Party, [saying] 'a genuine liberal . . . must enrol in the legion of your followers.' "

This view of the relationship between liberalism and fascism, perverse as it is, and jejune, and at variance with all the testimony of history, Marcuse has never retracted, and his continued adherence to it does much to explain the peculiarity of his later theories.

ANOTHER SIGNIFICANT CLUE to the working of Marcuse's mind may be found in the pages of *Reason and Revolution*, towards the end of the book, where he discusses the Victorian English Idealist philosopher, Bernard Bosanquet, and his *Philosophical Theory of the State* (1899):

> The principles of liberalism [Marcuse writes] are valid; the common interest cannot be other in the last analysis than the product of the multitude of freely developing individual selves in society. But the concrete forms of society that have developed since the nineteenth century have increasingly frustrated the freedom to which liberalism counsels allegiance. Under the laws that govern the social process, the free play of private initiative has wound up in competition among monopolies for the most part. . . . Bosanquet's *Philosophical Theory of the State* appeared when this transition from liberal to monopolistic capitalism had already begun. Social theory was faced with the alternative either of abandoning the principles of liberalism so that the existing social order might be maintained, or of fighting the system in order to preserve the principles. The latter choice was implied in the Marxian theory of society.

This last sentence is crucial. Marcuse is saying that the principles of liberalism—freedom, individuality, progress—are good principles, but that liberalism which has always been willing to sacrifice them to defend property and the *status quo*, has now, in turning fascist, abandoned them entirely, while Marxian socialism has taken them over, and, unlike liberalism, is willing to do what is needed to uphold liberal principles in the 20th century, namely, to overthrow existing society.

It is interesting to notice the date of the book in which Marcuse said all this. *Reason and Revolution* was written in 1940 and published in 1941, the years of the great Nazi-Soviet embrace, when *Humanité* tried to obtain a licence to publish in Paris under German auspices, the *G.P.U.* was handing over Jews and other anti-Nazis to the Gestapo in Poland, and the only state effectively resisting Hitler and Mussolini was the homeland of liberal capitalism—and of Bernard Bosanquet—the British Empire. To have asserted *at that time* that Marxian socialism was the true custodian of liberal values, and to have repeated that Marxian socialism not liberalism

[7] This essay, with other early writings of Marcuse, has been reproduced in translation in *Negations* (Beacon Press and Allen Lane, The Penguin Press, 1968).

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was fascism's real enemy was surely to betray a remarkable unresponsiveness to the realities of the external world. However, such an unresponsiveness is, as we shall see, an enduring characteristic of Marcuse's mind and method.

IT SHOULD BE said at once that Marcuse's Marxism is not that of the Communist Party. In his book *Soviet Marxism*[8] he describes the prevailing Russian ideology as a genuine form of Marxism. "The Stalinist reconstruction of Soviet society based itself on Leninism, which was a specific interpretation of Marxian theory and practice," Marcuse writes, but he criticises that "reconstruction" because of its totalitarianism and its repressiveness. There are times when he seems to regard the Soviet Union as simply another modern industrial society like the United States, objectionable for the same reasons. Now and again he suggests that the Soviet Union as a totalitarian system is even worse than America, or any democratic system, however defective:

> ...for the administered individual, pluralistic administration is far better than total administration. One institution might protect him against the other; one organisation might mitigate the impact of the other: possibilities of escape and redress can be calculated. The rule of law, no matter how restricted, is still infinitely safer than the rule above or without law.

Marcuse's hostility[9] to totalitarian socialism goes together, reasonably enough, with his belief that Marxism has taken over from liberalism the principles that liberalism has forsaken, notably freedom and individualism. Indeed Marcuse's "Marxism" embodies principles even more advanced than these. His optimistic belief that a non-repressive civilisation is a possibility belongs less to liberalism than to anarchism. If a name had to be chosen for Marcuse's politics it would have to be "Anarcho-Marxism."

The reader who can relish irony as well as paradox may venture to consider what Marx himself might have thought of such a conjunction. For Marx met anarchism in the person of Michael Bakhunin, his greatest rival for leadership of the Workers' International, and he hated it; he spoke of anarchism with the liveliest scorn. Bakhunin believed in the possibility of a non-repressive civilisation, and he anticipated much that is to be found in the writings of Marcuse. Anarcho-Marxism is a fusion with Marxism of views that Marx himself regarded as wholly antithetical to his own. Marx in his tomb can have felt no qualms when the Spanish Communists in 1938 turned their guns on the Spanish Anarchists; if he was disturbed when the black-and-red flag was unfurled beside the red flag above the Sorbonne in 1968, he could doubtless forgive Daniel Cohn-Bendit and his friends for voicing the eternal desire of youth to have one's cake and eat it; but what Marx would say of Marcuse is something to baffle the imagination.

A certain discretion, or delicacy of feeling, prompts Marcuse to expound his anarchist views most fully, not in his writings on Marx, but in his book on Freud. His argument in *Eros and Civilisation* is a revision of Freud which Marcuse takes care to distinguish from the fashionable "revisionist" or Neo-Freudian theories. Thus, whereas Erich Fromm, Karen Horney and the others seek to add a sociological dimension to the Freudian image of man, Marcuse claims to find the sociological and historical insight in Freud's own theory. He accuses the Neo-Freudians of distorting and emasculating Freud; of taking the sting out of Freud's own judgment on civilisation. The aim of their therapy, he says, is to make the patient adjust himself to the world as it is, and even though they may assign to society some of the blame for what is wrong, they treat the individual as the one who is really at fault. Marcuse adds: "to the Neo-Freudian revisionist, the brute fact of societal repression has transformed itself into a 'moral problem'—as it has done in conformist philosophy of all ages."

I shall not go into the question of whether this attack is just. Erich Fromm, in particular, being himself a New Left personality, might well consider it unjust. I shall simply note that Marcuse addresses to the Neo-Freudian revisionists the same objection that ordinary Marxists use against Freud himself. Freud, they assert, fails to see neurosis as evidence of a sick society; but finding the defect in the individual, seeks to correct it by changing the individual while leaving society untouched. The ordinary Marxists reinforce this criticism by reference to Freud's known political views: Freud was as conservative as Thomas Hobbes, and for much

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[8] *Soviet Marxism: a critical analysis* (Routledge, 1958).

[9] "Hostility" is perhaps too strong a word. In a television interview recently (*Listener*, 17 Oct.), R. T. McKenzie asked Marcuse: "Is it of concern to you, as a kind of neo-Marxist, that there doesn't seem to be any society based on Marxist-Leninist principles which so far has gotten near the idea of complete freedom of inquiry and debate?"

Marcuse replied: "It may sound fantastic, but I do not take that as an invalidation of the idea of socialism. We can very well explain the reasons why this has been: under the conditions of so-called peaceful co-existence the construction of socialism is burdened with a huge defence budget which makes it practically impossible to take the direct route to socialism."

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the same reasons, namely that men were in such danger from the violence of human aggression that they would be wise to cling to whatever traditional defences they had. On this view, Freud's own psycho-analysis is, in Marcuse's phrase, "a conformist philosophy."

MARCUSE OFFERS a different reading of Freud; and by a method which he calls "extrapolation," or an unfolding of the "hidden implications" of Freud's theory, he attempts to develop a synthesis of psycho-analysis and socialism. It is Freud in his most cheerless moments that Marcuse fastens on to sustain his most optimistic conclusions. He protests that everyone takes for granted Freud's view that civilisation is based on the permanent subjugation of the human instincts, but that no one takes seriously enough Freud's question whether civilisation is worth what it has cost in suffering inflicted on individuals. Marcuse quotes Freud's words "Happiness is not a cultural value." Happiness lies in the free gratification of men's instinctual needs, which is incompatible with civilised society. The methodical sacrifice of libido, its rigidly enforced deflection to socially useful activities, *is* culture.

Because Freud speaks in these terms, Marcuse sees him as a profound and far-reaching critic of civilisation *as we know it*. At the same time Marcuse argues that Freud's theory provides reasons for rejecting Freud's own conclusion that culture as such necessarily depends on repression as he defines it. Briefly Marcuse's argument is as follows: Freud establishes that some degree of repression is necessary to any civilisation, but the extent of repression employed in the actual cultures known to history is far in excess of the amount that Freud shows to be necessary for civilisation as such to exist. In fact, Marcuse suggests, "repressiveness is perhaps the more vigorously maintained the more unnecessary it becomes." Marcuse then goes on to divide the concept of repression into what he calls *basic* repression and *surplus* repression. The *basic* repressions are the modifications of the human instincts that are necessary (and Marcuse agrees with Freud that some modifications at least are necessary) for the preservation of the human race in civilisation. *Surplus* repression comprises the restrictions needed for another purpose. And it is not difficult to guess what that purpose is. It is to maintain the social or class domination which characterises known societies. On the basis of this distinction, Marcuse puts forward both as realistic and as good Freudian sense his own belief that a non-repressive culture is possible—a non-repressive culture being understood as one from which surplus repression has been eliminated. And if anyone should suggest that civilisation would still be, in a very real sense, repressive so long as basic repression remained, Marcuse's answer is that once surplus repression is removed, human instincts themselves will begin to change, so that even basic repression will lose its importance.

THE SECOND MODIFICATION that Marcuse introduces into Freudian psychology concerns the reality principle. Freud himself contrasted the reality principle with the pleasure principle and suggested that as the original animal instinctive man (seeking immediate satisfactions, joy, and liberty) is transformed by culture into a self-controlled mature human (seeking security, accepting delayed satisfactions, restraint, and work), so the reality principle takes the place of the pleasure principle as a man's governing value. Now Marcuse argues that this reality principle is not something biological or universal, but something to be understood in sociological and historical terms, for it is society, he says, which dictates the sacrifices and restraints that the individual must accept.

"The external world faced by the growing ego is at any stage a specific socio-historical organisation of reality, affecting the mental structure through specific societal agencies or agents," Marcuse writes, and he goes on to insist that however much Freud may justify the repressive organisation of the instincts on the grounds that the primary pleasure principle is irreconcilable with the reality principle, Freud at least "expresses the historical fact that civilisation has progressed as organised *domination*."

Marcuse continues: "The 'unhistorical' character of the Freudian concepts thus contains the element of its opposite: their historical substance must be recaptured, not by adding some sociological factors (as do the 'cultural' Neo-Freudian schools) but by unfolding their own contents." This task of unfolding—or extrapolation—Marcuse executes with the aid of a terminology unknown to Freud, but based on Freudian language. And just as he divides repression into "basic" and "surplus," so he now distinguishes the reality principle from what he calls the *"performance principle."* His suggestion is that the reality principle takes different forms in different types of society (depending, as he puts it, on the "mode of domination"); and he calls the form of reality principle which has governed the growth of our own civilisation, the "performance principle" in order (as he explains) "to emphasise that under its rule society is stratified according to the competitive economic performances of its members."

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Thus, with a brisk audacity, Marcuse uses this notion of a performance principle to marry psycho-analysis to socialism:

> The performance principle, which is that of an acquisitive antagonistic society in the process of constant expansion, presupposes a long development during which domination has been increasingly rationalised; control over social labour now reproduces society on an enlarged scale and under improving conditions. For a long way, the interests of domination and the interests of the whole coincide; the profitable utilisation of the productive apparatus fulfils the needs and the faculties of the individual. For the vast majority of the population, the scope and mode of satisfaction is determined by their own labour; but their labour is work for an apparatus which they do not control, which operates as an independent power to which individuals must submit if they want to live. And it becomes the more alien the more specialised the division of labour becomes. Men do not live their own lives, but perform pre-established functions while they work; they do not fulfil their own needs and faculties, but work in *alienation*.

THIS MARRIAGE, OR SYNTHESIS, is not intended to yield any therapeutic technique. As the author explains, his aim is to contribute to the philosophy of psycho-analysis, not to psycho-analysis itself, and in his preface he suggests that the traditional frontiers between psychology and political or social theory have been "made obsolete by the condition of man in the present era." To put it rather more plainly, Marcuse's purpose is ideological. He holds that most of the repressions sustained in existing society are "surplus," serving only the interests of political domination; further, that men can not only *afford to* throw off these surplus repressions, but their own condition is one of such hellish alienation that they *ought* to do so. What Marcuse holds out is a promise of liberty.

MARCUSE not only thinks this revolutionary development conceivable, he even indicates the manner of its realisation. Very much like Fourier, to whom he addresses a word of acknowledgment, Marcuse envisages the transformation of labour into pleasure as the solution to the problem of alienation. Again, like Fourier, Marcuse believes that this can be achieved only by a complete change in social institutions, a distribution of the social product according to need, the assignment of functions according to talent and the provision of "attractive labour." Marcuse praises Fourier for having noticed that the possibility of *le travail attrayant* "derives above all from the release of libidinal forces," but he criticises Fourier for having proposed an authoritarian socialist community which retained the repressive element. Marcuse's objection to Fourier is Bakhunin's objection, enlivened with a dressing of sex. Marcuse suggests that *le travail attrayant* is possible only if work is transformed into play; and work as free play "cannot be subject to administration." He continues:

> If pleasure is indeed in the act of working and not extraneous to it, such pleasure must be derived from the acting organs of the body and the body itself, activating the erotic zones or eroticising the body as a whole; in other words, it must be libidinal pleasure.

It is necessary at this point to remember that Marcuse sees as one essential feature of a non-repressive civilisation a change in the nature of sexuality itself. He thinks it important to demonstrate that the sexual instincts can, by virtue of their own dynamic, generate under changed social conditions lasting erotic relationships and even promote progress towards higher forms of civilised freedom. He is careful to explain that the social changes he has in mind involve not simply a release, but a transformation of the libido, a transformation "from sexuality constrained under genital supremacy to erotisation of the entire personality."

> It is a spread rather than an explosion of libido—a spread over private and societal relations which bridges the gap maintained between them by a repressive reality principle. This transformation of the libido would be the result of a societal transformation that released the free play of individual needs and faculties. By virtue of these conditions the free development of transformed libido *beyond* the institutions of the performance principle differs essentially from the release of unconstrained sexuality *within* the dominion of these institutions. The latter process explodes *suppressed* sexuality; the libido continues to bear the mark of suppression and manifests itself in the hideous forms so well known in the history of civilisation; in the sadistic and masochistic orgies of desperate masses, of "society élites," of starved bands of mercenaries, of prison and concentration-camp guards. Such release of sexuality provides a periodically necessary outlet for unbearable frustration; it strengthens rather than weakens the roots of instinctual constraint; consequently, it has been used time and again as prop for suppressive régimes. In contrast the free development of transformed libido within transformed institutions, while eroticising previously tabooed zones, time, and relations would *minimise* the manifestations of *mere* sexuality by integrating them into a far larger order, including the order of work. In this context, sexuality tends to its own sublimation: the libido would not simply reactivate pre-civilised and infantile stages, but would also transform the perverted content of these stages.

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Here, assuredly, is the voice of optimism; and it is an optimism based entirely on faith, for Marcuse offers no evidence whatsoever to justify his conclusions. The optimists of the 18th century at least gave some empirical grounds for their belief that a removal of religious taboos would produce better sexual relationships. They quoted the discovery by Bougainville and other voyagers of primitive societies where sexual freedom and happiness went together. But Marcuse offers nothing of the kind. His method is purely aprioristic. Like Hobbes, "shut up in his cabinet in the dark," he has no need to study nature; he works everything out in his head. It is a little sum: basic repression plus surplus repression yields a troubled and destructive libido; take away surplus repression and the libido retains only its creative and satisfying elements. The magic word is "transformation," which is oddly like "conversion" to religious revivalists of the Puritan tradition. It does not just mean change. It means a total alteration from something thoroughly bad to something thoroughly good. And, of course, this "transformation" is not an empirical concept at all. It is an intellectual construction, and what it entails depends entirely on the manner in which it is defined.

MARCUSE PROCLAIMS his attachment to the dialectical method; and the dialectic, in his use of it, turns out to be a kind of conjuror's hat out of which truths can be produced like rabbits: "When historical content enters into the dialectical concept and determines methodologically its development and function, dialectical thought attains the concreteness which links the structure of thought to that of reality. Logical truth becomes historical truth."

Fortunately, we are not here concerned with Marcuse as a technical philosopher. Indeed he scarcely attempts to assume this role. He offers, admittedly, a defence of the Hegelian metaphysical style of philosophy against the rival tradition of empiricism and positivism. But his criteria are ideological, rather than philosophical. For example, his main objection to positivism is that it serves the interest of conservatism. "The protagonists of positivism," he writes, "took great pains to stress the conservative and affirmative attitude of their philosophy; it induces thought to be satisfied with the facts, to renounce any transgression beyond them, and to bow to the given state of affairs." Correspondingly, Marcuse praises Hegel for holding that "the facts in themselves possess no authority," and thus preparing the way for what Marcuse considers a truly critical or negative philosophy.

His objections to contemporary logical positivism and linguistic analysis are equally ideological. He even goes so far as to assert that the current techniques of linguistic analysis "spread the atmosphere of denunciation and investigation by committee. The intellectual is called on the carpet. What do you mean when you say...? Don't you conceal something...?" But, alas, this wild thought is all he adds to stock accusations of methodical triviality against analytic philosophy, and therefore need not detain us.

THE NINE YEARS which separate *Eros and Civilisation* from Marcuse's next substantial book mark a decline in his spirits. In *One-Dimensional Man*, published in 1964, he is no longer concerned with the possibility of a non-repressive civilisation, but rather with the repressiveness of existing, and especially American civilisation. Julius Gould reviewed the book in ENCOUNTER (September 1964), under the title "The Dialectics of Despair," and Allen Graubard's recent review in the American Left journal *Dissent* was headed "One-Dimensional Pessimism." And it is assuredly a bleak and depressing book; that it has also been a U.S. best-seller may suggest, however, that Americans "can take it."

At the heart of this book there lies the belief of Babeuf which I have already mentioned, that "the political sentiments held by a misled, indoctrinated and ignorant populace are not to be regarded as the people's real will and that the establishment of a 'real Republic' involves acting (and writing) against the people, against the majority." Marcuse in *One-Dimensional Man* sets out to show just how misled, indoctrinated, ignorant and indeed corrupted are the people, the majority, in modern industrialised societies. The only society he describes is America, and although he nowhere distinguishes between industrial society in general and the United States in particular, he may be assumed to consider America to be the archetype of such civilisation, and the model towards which all other industrial societies are moving.

Just as he elsewhere attacks liberalism for betraying its own principles, he here attacks modern democracy as a fraudulent system of popular government, vitiated by the perversion of people's minds, and even their souls, by modern techniques of domination. We are never told precisely who dominates, but there are various vague references to vested interests, the Establishment, the ruling classes and the rich. Domination in the abstract is what is usually complained of. However, domination is seen as a characteristic of all known societies, and Marcuse's particular objection to the modern

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democratic system is that it makes the people mistake their servitude for liberty, and like it.

Affluence itself has corrupted men. Today 'people recognise themselves in their commodities; they find their soul in their automobile, hi-fi set, split-level home, kitchen equipment." The very productive apparatus, the goods and services which modern society produces "sell" or impose the social system on the people:

> The means of mass transportation and communication, the commodities of lodging, food and clothing, the irresistible output of the entertainment and information industry carry with them prescribed attitudes and habits, certain intellectual and emotional reactions which bind the consumers more or less pleasantly to the producers and, through the latter, to the whole.

In this way, as Marcuse puts it, the spread of the material products of industrialisation to more and more people means that "the indoctrination they carry ceases to be publicity; it becomes a way of life."

He is ready to admit that this way of life may seem to be *better* than that which preceded the rise of industrialisation even as the Welfare State may seem to be an improvement on previous arrangements. But Marcuse holds that neither form of betterment is genuine because each diminishes the desire for revolution, each "militates against qualitative change." Indeed Marcuse goes so far as to speak of "those whose life is the hell of the Affluent Society" and he asserts that such people are "kept in line by a brutality which revives medieval and early modern practices." He enlarges on this last remark by describing the inhabitants of the Affluent Society as slaves:

> The slaves of developed industrial civilisation are sublimated slaves, but they are slaves, for slavery is determined neither by obedience nor by hardness of labour but by the status of being a mere instrument, and the reduction of man to the status of a thing.

In the Affluent Society, moreover, liberty itself is made into "a perfect instrument of domination"; for the freedom it affords is no more than free competition at administered prices, a free press that censors itself, free choice between brands and gadgets. "Free election of masters," he adds, "does not abolish the masters and the slaves. Free choice among a wide variety of goods and services does not signify freedom, if those goods and services . . . sustain alienation." As for the equality of which modern American society at any rate boasts, it is just as spurious, according to Marcuse, just as inimical to real equality as its so-called liberty is inimical to real liberty:

> If the worker and his boss enjoy the same television programmes and visit the same resort places, if the typist is as attractively made-up as the daughter of her employer, if the Negro owns a Cadillac, if they all read the same newspaper, then this assimilation indicates not the disappearances of classes, but the extent to which the needs and satisfactions that serve the preservation of the Establishment are shared by the underlying population.

In the "hell of the Affluent Society" people have lost the spiritual qualities they possessed in simpler and less prosperous societies, lost even the capacity they had for sexual experience: "compare love-making in a meadow and in an automobile, on a lovers' walk outside the town walls and on a Manhattan street. In the former cases the environment partakes of and invites libidinal cathexis and tends to be eroticised. Libido transcends beyond the immediate erotogenic zones—a process of non-repressive sublimation. In contrast, a mechanised environment seems to block such self-transcendence of libido."

To Marcuse the so-called sexual freedom of modern permissive society is simply another fraud; it is even worse than the old taboos because such "greater liberty involves a contraction rather than extension and development of instinctual needs . . . it works *for* rather than *against* the *status quo* of general repression."

Worst of all, industrial society has killed the urge to resistance. The class war between bourgeoisie and workers has ended not only in "collusion" between the labour unions and the employers, but in a reconciliation of the workers to their own condition; they are all so well off in their own eyes that they can no longer act as "agents of historical transformation." Workers and bourgeois, united by their desire to preserve existing institutions, suffer from the same disease, the Hegelian "Happy Consciousness," a form of comfortable self-deception about their own true interests; they believe that productivity, industrial output, more and more consumer goods are to everyone's advantage. "The technological controls appear to be the very embodiment of Reason for the benefit of all social groups and interests —to such an extent that all contradiction seems irrelevant and all counteraction impossible." Moreover, "the intellectual and emotional refusal to go along appears neurotic and impotent." This is the most lamentable feature of the present era: "the passing of the historical forces which, at the preceding stage of industrial society, seemed to represent the possibility of new forms of existence."

The corrupted mind of the modern man allows him, Marcuse notes with bitterness, to

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accept without protest preparations for nuclear war, the falsehoods and vulgarity of advertising, and the built-in obsolescence of automobiles. Intellectuals are as much affected by the process as the rest of society. The *homo conformans* of modern society is a "one-dimensional man," one who follows "a pattern of one-dimensional thought and behaviour in which ideas, aspirations and objectives that by their content transcend the established universe of discourse and action are either repelled or reduced to the terms of this universe." The missing dimension is the dimension of critical awareness or "negative" thinking.

LANGUAGE ITSELF is corrupted. Marcuse speaks of the illogicality and ugliness of style in a typical *Time* news item, and contrasts it (somewhat as he contrasts love-making in a meadow and in cars) with the classical literary and logical qualities exhibited by (of all things) *The Communist Manifesto*. The style of modern journalism and publicity has, and seeks to have, a hypnotic effect. Its aim is not communication from mind to mind, but the "overwhelming" of the reader's consciousness. And in its most sophisticated form, the effect of this hypnotic language is that "people don't believe it, or don't care and yet act accordingly." *Homo conformans* is not a fool; he is not deceived by others; his misfortune is that he deceives himself. One-dimensional man is his own creation.

In such a situation, the difference between modern democratic and totalitarian systems diminishes:

> By virtue of the way it has organised its technological base, contemporary industrial society tends to be totalitarian. For "totalitarianism" is not only a terroristic political co-ordination of society, but also a non-terroristic economic technical co-ordination which operates through the manipulation of needs by vested interests. It thus precludes the emergence of an effective opposition against the whole. Not only a specific form of government or party rule makes for totalitarianism, but also a specific system of production and distribution which may well be compatible with a "pluralism" of parties, newspapers, "countervailing powers," etc.

Here presumably is another dialectical transformation: as liberalism turns itself into fascism, democracy turns itself into totalitarianism.

WHAT ARE the prospects of redemption? In *One-Dimensional Man*, Marcuse scarcely considers them. It follows from his diagnosis that modern industrial civilisation is getting worse and not better, and that the most charmless features of the most advanced of modern societies are likely to be reproduced in the others as they catch up. Even so, Marcuse does discern one faint ray of hope, one slender possibility of a revolutionary movement emerging. On his penultimate page, he writes:

> Underneath the conservative popular base is the substratum of the outcasts and outsiders, the exploited and the persecuted of other races and other colours, the unemployed and the unemployable. They exist outside the democratic process, their life is the most immediate and the most real need for ending intolerable conditions and institutions. Thus their opposition is revolutionary even if their consciousness is not. Their opposition hits the system from without and is therefore not deflected by the system; it is an elementary force that violates the rules of the game.... The fact that they start refusing to play the game may be the fact which marks the beginning of the end of a period.

Marcuse adds candidly: "Nothing indicates that it will be a good end." And his book closes on a mournful note. But since he published *One-Dimensional Man* in 1964 this idea that salvation might come through "outsiders" has evidently blossomed in his mind. It is, of course, the same idea that Sartre and others hold of a "new proletariat" being constituted by the *damnés de la terre*, the coloured races, "the victims of neo-colonialism" and such-like to perform the historic revolutionary mission which the prosperous Western working classes have abandoned. This "New Proletariat" of Outsiders is also one with which *déraciné* intellectuals and students[10] readily identify them-

[10] Discussing student protests on television recently, R. T. McKenzie had this exchange with Marcuse (*Listener*, 17 October): "I have the uncomfortable feeling that a certain section of the student movement is committed to a wrecking operation." "I think that is a minority. I do not identify myself with it, although I would not discard their activities as merely a wrecking operation." "Are you arguing there can be no enemy to the left?" "The left is such that an enemy on the left is rather hard to imagine. We have so many enemies on the right."

In general, however, it would appear that his influence on, as well as his enthusiasm for, Student Revolution has been exaggerated. As Diana Trilling has written in her study of the Columbia revolt (*Cambridge Review*, 22/29 November), "it was Che Guevara far more than Herbert Marcuse, prime ideologue of the non-ideological revolution of our time, whose spirit presided over the boiling campus—this is no doubt explained by the unwillingness of Marcuse, a product of the German professorial tradition, to encourage the application of his revolutionary teachings to the universities. In New York at the time of the uprising, Professor Marcuse stayed disapprovingly away from an insurrection wholly consonant with his view of a correct and vital democratic process...."

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selves; for it is a proletariat which is at the same time an *élite*. On Marcuse's analysis it must be one, since the majority is in such a pitiful condition. The "vast majority accepts, and is made to accept" prevailing values; and does not know the difference between "true and false consciousness."

Marcuse's argument is neatly summed up in this paragraph:

> In the last analysis, the question of what is true and false needs to be answered by the individuals themselves, *but only in the last analysis*: that is, if and when they are free to give their own answer. As long as they are kept incapable of being autonomous, as long as they are indoctrinated and manipulated (down to their very instincts) *their answer to this question cannot be taken as their own.*

Marcuse's theory of toleration, as set forth in *A Critique of Pure Tolerance,* follows logically from this position. Toleration, as one need hardly say, is regarded as a virtue in all liberal and democratic societies. And Marcuse professes his assent: tolerance *is* a good thing, it is an end in itself. "The elimination of violence, and the reduction of suppression to the extent required for protecting men and animals from cruelty and aggression are preconditions for the creation of a human society." Only, alas, he adds, such a society does not yet exist. In the societies which do exist what is proclaimed and practised as tolerance "serves the cause of oppression." Things are tolerated which ought not to be tolerated, and what ought to be tolerated is not tolerated.

Once again Marcuse protests about the hell of the Affluent Society where evil is accepted and even thought to be good so long as it serves the cause of affluence: "The tolerance of the systematic moronisation of children and adults alike by publicity and propaganda, the release of destructiveness in driving, the recruitment for and training of special forces, the impotent and benevolent tolerance towards outright deception in merchandising, waste and planned obsolescence, are not distortions and aberrations, they are the essence of a system which fosters tolerance as a means for perpetuating the struggle for existence and suppressing the alternative."

Toleration is historically a progressive idea, Marcuse agrees. But, he asserts, "within a repressive society even progressive movements can have a reactionary effect if they accept the rules of the game." For example, he suggests that the exercise of citizens' rights in modern so-called democracies, by voting, writing letters to the press, and taking part in *protest-demonstrations with a prior renunciation of counter-violence* (I shall return to this question of violence later), in effect simply "serves to strengthen repressive administration" by testifying to the existence of non-existent liberties. It is worth remembering that this proposal that socialists should hold aloof from established politics was one of Bakhunin's policies, and one which annoyed Marx exceedingly.

Marcuse believes that the only tolerance worth having is what he calls "partisan tolerance." Any kind of impartial, or non-partisan tolerance simply "protects the already established system." The chief characteristic of partisan tolerance is that it is intolerant towards the "repressive status quo." Marcuse adds:

> Tolerance cannot be indiscriminate and equal with respect to the contents of expression, neither in word nor deed, it cannot protect false words and wrong deeds which demonstrate that they contradict and counteract the possibilities of liberation. Such indiscriminate tolerance is justified in harmless debates, in conversation, in academic discussion; it is indispensable in scientific enterprise, in private religion. But society cannot be indiscriminate where the pacification of existence, where freedom and happiness themselves are at stake; here, certain policies cannot be proposed, certain behaviour cannot be permitted without making tolerance an instrument for the continuation of servitude.

Marcuse recalls that the theory of toleration, as put forward by its most philosophical exponents, is based on the assumption that men are rational creatures, capable of seeing the truth for themselves and of discerning their own rights and interests. Such, Marcuse continues, is "the rationale of free speech and assembly." But "universal toleration becomes questionable when its rationale no longer prevails, when tolerance is administered to manipulated and indoctrinated individuals who parrot, as their own, the opinions of their masters, for whom heteronomy has become autonomy. . . ."[11]

Precisely because people are thus indoctrinated by the very conditions under which

[11] In his B.B.C. television broadcast, Marcuse gave another reason for favouring "discriminating tolerance," or "intolerance towards movements from the right, intolerance of movements from the right." Marcuse explained (*Listener*, 17 October): "You see, I believe that we have the discriminating tolerance today already, and what I want to do is redress the balance. The Left, and especially the militant Left, lacks the funds that are necessary to be heard in the mass media. They have no newspapers of large circulation, they cannot get any of the larger television networks. So you have a perfectly legal discriminating tolerance already."

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they live, the only way for them to be enabled to distinguish the truth is for them to be freed from this indoctrination. And this, Marcuse does not hesitate to say, means *counter-indoctrination*.

HERE WE MEET the crucial part of his argument. Marcuse does not accept the classical notion that ye shall know the truth and the truth shall set ye free. Biased information can only be corrected by information equally biased. Freeing men from the prevailing indoctrination, Marcuse explains, "means that the trend would have to be reversed; they would have to get their information slanted in the opposite direction. For the facts are never given immediately and never accessible immediately; they are established, 'mediated' by those who made them; the truth, 'the whole truth,' surpasses these facts and requires the rupture with their appearance."

Having said this, Marcuse protests that he does not wish to introduce any dictatorship, but only to replace totalitarian democracy with a genuinely free society which would not allow itself to be subverted by a manipulated majority. The "apparently undemocratic means"—as he calls them—likely to be necessary to promote such a transformation,

> include the withdrawal of toleration of speech and assembly from groups and movements which promote aggressive policies, armament, chauvinism, discrimination on the grounds of race and religion, or which oppose the extension of public services, social security, medical care, etc. Moreover, the restoration of freedom of thought may necessitate new and rigid restrictions on teachings and practices in the educational institutions which, by their very methods and concepts, serve to enclose the mind within the established universe of discourse and behaviour.

But who is to articulate and impose these "rigid restrictions"? Marcuse is disappointingly vague: "While the reversal of the trend in the educational enterprise could conceivably be enforced by the students and teachers themselves, and thus be self-imposed, the systematic withdrawal of tolerance towards regressive and repressive opinions and movements could only be envisaged as results of large-scale pressure which would amount to an upheaval."

"Upheaval" is presumably another word for "revolution." But what kind of revolution? Again Marcuse cuts off his narrative with these difficult questions unanswered: "The author is fully aware that, at present, no power, no authority, no government exists which would translate liberating tolerance into practice; but he believes that it is the task and duty of the intellectual to recall and preserve historical possibilities which seem to have become utopian possibilities—that it is his task to break the concreteness of oppression in order to open the mental space in which this society can be recognised as what it is and does."

The one thing that Marcuse does reveal about the upheaval or revolution he desires is that it entails violence. I have already quoted his condemnation of those who participate "in protest-demonstrations with a prior renunciation of counter-violence." Marcuse is frank in his scepticism towards the beliefs of the Gandhis and Martin Luther Kings in non-violent resistance.

"To refrain from violence in the face of vastly superior violence is one thing; to renounce *a priori* violence against violence, on ethical or psychological grounds (because it may antagonise sympathisers) is another." "Non-violence," he adds, is "a necessity rather than a virtue," and "normally it does not harm the cause of the strong."

Like Sartre, Marcuse claims that violence is a feature of all existing régimes. "Even in the advanced centres of civilisation," Marcuse writes, "violence actually prevails." And this to his eyes is bad violence. But violence used *against* the established system is another matter altogether.

> In terms of historical function, there is a difference between revolutionary and reactionary violence, between violence practised by the oppressed and by the oppressors. In terms of ethics, both forms of violence are inhuman, and evil—but *since when is history made in accordance with ethical standards?* To start applying them at the point where the oppressed rebel against the oppressors, the have-nots against the haves, is serving the cause of actual violence by weakening the protest against it.

What Marcuse means by "actual violence" is that force which reinforces law in existing societies; and he goes on to make the bold suggestion that the chances of human progress seem "to involve the calculated choice between two forms of political violence; that on the part of the legally constituted powers . . . and that on the part of potentially subversive movements." He asks: "Can the historical calculus be reasonably extended to the justification of one form of violence against another?" There is not much doubt in his answer:

> With all the qualifications of a hypothesis based on an "open" historical record, it seems that violence emanating from the rebellion of the oppressed classes broke the historical continuum of injustice, cruelty and silence for a

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> brief moment, brief but explosive enough to achieve an increase in the scope of freedom and justice and . . . progress in civilisation.

In short Marcuse holds that so long as violence comes from below, from the "oppressed," it is acceptable. And he thinks history gives him rational grounds for this conclusion. His conception of what actually happened in history is admittedly odd. Our modern civilisation, he fancies, "was painfully born in the violence of the heretic revolts of the 13th century and the peasant and labourer revolts of the 14th century." But Marcuse's history is less worrying than the conclusions, the moral conclusions, which he uses his history to sustain.

I HAVE BEEN concerned in this essay more to expound Marcuse's theories than to criticise them, although I will confess that I think that one has only to set forth clearly the main lines of his thinking to reveal it as being at once nugatory and dangerous. It is nugatory because its rests on premisses which cannot be justified, and because it is developed by arguments which serve only to enlarge its defects. It is dangerous because it advocates intolerance and confers a blessing on violence. While paying lip-service to reason and truth, Marcuse appeals continuously to passion and recommends what can only be called the bending of truth to the service of a revolutionary end.

The analytic devices he introduces are worthless. His distinction, for example, between basic and surplus repression is no aid to understanding because he gives us no means of telling what surplus repression is. There is really no room for discussion here. Nobody believes in surplus repression, because the word "surplus" means, by definition, that which is in excess of what is needed. And even a Stalin could say he did not believe in having any more repression than was needed even though he had different ideas of what was needed than others might have. Assuredly, Marcuse offers some explanation of what he himself considers surplus repression, namely that repression which is needed to uphold "class domination." But this does not help us, because the most repressive societies known to history have either been wholly classless, as in the case of the U.S.S.R., or almost classless, as was the Third Reich. The most class-dominated societies, such as England in the 18th century, have sometimes been the least repressive. Of course, the word "repression" is itself so loaded, so pejorative, that it sounds odd to speak in favour of any kind of repression at all. And this was one of Freud's misfortunes, that writing in ordinary language, he had to use words that were not scientific or neutral or *wertfrei* as he would have liked them to be, but which had a heavy evaluative content, so to speak, built into them. Freud met this difficulty, not altogether successfully, by developing a quasi-technical vocabulary of his own. Marcuse, by contrast, ignores the difficulty. And as a result his style is a formless mixture of quasi-technical terms and ideological jargon, of rhetoric and everyday language.

And then, in addition to the distinctions that Marcuse makes uselessly, there are the distinctions that he refuses to acknowledge. For example, violence is never distinguished from force. The only difference that Marcuse recognises is that between revolutionary and reactionary violence. He thus banishes the simple, but very important, distinction between the force, or strong arm, seldom actually used, of the law and that aggressive infliction of injury or damage which is violence as the dictionary defines the word. "Violence" is another word which has an element of censure incorporated in its meaning; "force" is a word with a distinctively different use; force is not by definition immoderate. And Marcuse's manner of lumping together legitimate force and terrorism in the same category of violence is to make nonsense of the whole conception of the rule of law, which is nevertheless a phrase that he himself employs.

IN A SIMILAR WAY, Marcuse's indiscriminate use of the word "totalitarian," whether for such countries as the Soviet Union or for the United States, robs the word "totalitarian" of any utility. For quite apart from the relative merits of Russia and America, their objectively verifiable methods of government are so vastly different that any one word which describes them both equally well is bound to be a word that tells us very little about either.

But what is perhaps the most ruinous defect of Marcuse's whole Anarcho-Marxist theory is that it combines the worst features of both Anarchism and Marxism, with few of the merits of either. This comes out most clearly in the means he recommends to achieve his libertarian ends. For it is not that he proposes, in the manner of Bakhunin and the 19th-century anarchists, simply to destroy the old system by burning down government buildings and so forth. Such destructive *élan*, however lamentable one may personally consider it, is not inconsistent with a demand for the abolition of all government. But Marcuse asks for more than this. He calls not only for terror, but for a reign of terror. He asks for the suppression of conservatives, for the suppression of conservative speech, even of conservative thought.

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This calls for the creation of institutions of suppression which must exist for as long as conservative thoughts are likely to continue to exist in anyone's mind. Marcuse is therefore calling for something uncannily like the State-that-is-to-wither-away (but not wither away very soon) which is at once the most conspicuous and the most charmless feature of orthodox Marxist ideology. For all his attacks on Stalinism, Marcuse himself is calling for the very things that make Stalinism odious. And let us not be led astray by Marcuse's constant avowal of his attachment to the idea of freedom; as Milton and Locke remarked in the 17th century, the people who talk most about liberty are frequently its greatest enemies.

IN SEEKING to distinguish the main lines of his argument and the principle of coherence which unifies his work, I have withheld attention from one feature which ought not to be neglected. Marcuse presents himself so determinedly as a Hegelian rationalist, he goes on and on so much about reason, that one almost forgets to remark how much he is a man of feeling. *Eros and Civilisation* is a highly romantic work. The best chapters are those devoted to poetry and aesthetics, where the author speaks of the need for "the self-sublimation of sensuousness" as the way to creation of a free culture, the same idea that was advanced with such valiant repetitiveness by the late Sir Herbert Read, who recognised that it belonged to romanticism and not to rationalism. Marcuse writes with a remarkable sympathy about Schiller, Rilke and Baudelaire; in the world of literature and mythology, he is clearly at ease and at home.

This is not to say that he gives the impression of exercising to a marked degree the faculty of imagination. In all his strictures on the Affluent Society and the welfare state, he never enters for one moment the mind of the working man in the real world, to whom the dawn of prosperity after years of unemployment and recession meant an immense step forward from woeful deprivation to a decent condition of life; or the minds of those afflicted and needy people to whom the welfare state has brought such signal relief. To Marcuse the past means making love in meadows in an age when a gentlemanly life was still possible. His attitude to the present world is often indistinguishable from that of any elderly Blimp or Junker:

The degree to which the population is allowed to break the peace wherever there is still peace and silence, to be ugly and uglify things, to ooze familiarity, to offend against good form is frightening. It is frightening because it expresses the lawful and even organised effort to reject the Other in his own right, to prevent autonomy even in a small, reserved sphere of existence. In the over-developed countries, an ever-larger part of the population becomes one huge captive audience—captured not by a totalitarian régime, but by the liberties of the citizens whose media of amusement and elevation compel the Other to partake of their sounds, sights and smells.

I have put this paragraph in italics because I conceive it to be the key passage not only to *One-Dimensional Man*, but to Marcuse's whole attitude. He often uses the word *alienation*. Alienation is the central theme of the Marxism he expounded as long ago as 1941 in *Reason and Revolution*; he might even claim with Georg Lukács the honour of having introduced the word into Left-wing conversation. But it is also a word that can be aptly applied to Marcuse's own predicament. His feelings about the real world, towards the "repressive civilisation" which is the only kind of civilisation we know, towards "domination," which is the only kind of political order we have, are manifestly alienated. Far more than his divine discontent and moral disapproval towards the inhabitants of the modern world, one is conscious of a simple disgust. The people, the populace, the majority, are manipulated, indoctrinated, enslaved; Marcuse cannot bear their sights, their sounds, their smells.

AND HERE, OF COURSE, he is very unlike Bakhunin, the Russian nobleman who adored the simple people, and detected in the honest sweat of labourers the true scent of human excellence. Marcuse has more German instincts, recoiling from the *Untermenschen*. In a recent interview in Venice given to an Italian magazine Marcuse said that Venice ought to be reserved for high-class tourism only (*un turismo di qualità*), and that the *hoi polloi* who disturbed its solemn beauty should be kept out. (*Il Tempo*, August 1968, p. 17). The idea of mankind appeals to him; real men—most of them—sicken him. For this reason it is as difficult to believe in his anarchism as it is, for other reasons, to believe in his Marxism. Marcuse's "negative philosophy" is assuredly negative; his "negations" are real negations, and not in the fanciful sense for which he claims the authority of Hegel; but in the ordinary sense of rejection or denial of the positive. Ideologists march, like soldiers, on their stomachs; and Marcuse has the stomach of a very high-class aesthete, queasy, fastidious, and misanthropic.

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NOTES & TOPICS

History as Instant Replay

"Licht wird Alles, was ich fasse,
Kohle Alles, was ich lasse...."
NIETZSCHE, *"Ecce Homo"*

ACCORDING to a recent dispatch in the Washington *Post,* Lyndon Johnson's presidency will be the most scrupulously, or, at least, most completely recorded of all presidential administrations. There are enough personal and official papers to fill 2,000 four-drawer filing cabinets, histories of every federal department and major agency, a collection of photographs of the President at work and play which in the administration's first seven weeks included more than eleven thousand shots (the eight-year total for Eisenhower's administration was 9,500), and newsreel coverage of the President and his family which resulted in a monthly documentary prepared by a special Naval detachment of twenty men. All of this, plus the President's "countless memoranda," Mrs. Lady Bird Johnson's diary and whatever comes afterward will be stored in the ten-storey Lyndon B. Johnson Presidential Library on the campus of the University of Texas. The *Post* further quotes an official saying that "nothing like this has ever been done before... the value to history is likely to be priceless."

We have heard moans for years about the dearth of historical documentation in the time of the telephone and jet plane. Oral History Projects compensate for the historical vacuum supposedly left by the resistance of modern political figures to pen and paper. It is surely true that fewer political arrangements are made by letter in our time than was the case in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; and it is unlikely that we will have a President who matches, say, John Quincy Adams for interrogating his conscience and putting the results on paper.

It was the history-soaked Harry Truman who revived the presidential memoir which had accounted for such first-rate works as the autobiographies of Ulysses S. Grant and Martin Van Buren. Truman's volumes were followed by Eisenhower's, and one could be sure that the history-minded (if not -dominated) John Kennedy would have added his own to the various works he suggested be written (by people as varied as Paul Fay and Arthur Schlesinger).

When, though, did the gigantesque element creep into this Respect for History? When indeed did presidential action itself include the simultaneous recording of that action? Those who watched the political conventions in July and August saw in October that the nominees had allowed the filming of their reactions to their nomination. As they experienced victory, so they experienced the recording of their experience. In July, we watched Romney congratulate the Republican nominee from the convention floor but refuse to say what the nominee told him; by October, we saw the nominee thanking Mr. Romney for his call. In August. we saw Mrs. Humphrey smile in her convention box; in October CBS Television showed Mr. Humphrey kissing the image of his wife on the glass screen.

The old Adams family seems to have acted in private as in public; their dignity was generally of a piece. They would probably not have been ashamed of being observed at any time, but it is most unlikely that they would have tolerated it. Their self-confidence was intimately connected with a sense of privacy.

Naturally, one cannot expect the "communications media" to starve for presidential news. Modern Presidents have learned to regard "the media" as important conditions of their administration. Crises rise and—in the case of Khrushchev's key despatch in October 1963—settle with their aid; elections are won and lost "through" them. Yet the pressure of events and the hunger of men to know about them quickly is not something new. Wordsworth, a contemporary of John Quincy Adams, discussed it in the Preface to his poems of 1800:

> ...a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind.... The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident, which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies.

It is not, therefore, Marshall McLuhan's tribalised electronic society which has created the appetite for that "being in the know" which we think of as "news." Indeed, the immense accumulations of material and the ubiquity of the recorders of that material work in a sense against the news. The news turns out to be the wrapping of the package which will not be opened for certain specified periods, several weeks in the instance of the televised nominations, several years or decades in the case of the Johnson papers.

The enormity of the materials amounts to the eventual justification of what in the present, as

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likely as not appeared unjust. There are few public men so brutal as to allow themselves to be photographed doing something horrendous. The very mass of the material, therefore, is a guarantee that there was no (or almost no) time for the President to act badly. It is the accumulated evidence of a Clear Conscience.

How deformed are decisions more or less conditioned by the instantaneous presence of History? (Will the coat and tie be on the neck of the decision as well as the person?)

I suggest that the deeper the historical culture of the man recorded and the less concerned he is about his place in history, the less he needs and the more he will reject the presence of the Historical Justifier at his elbow. The mountain of physical evidence to be scaled by future historians bespeaks the historical flatness of the actor. The intrusiveness he endures for the sake of this monumental mountain of justification (in the name of the Sacredness of History) marks a carelessness not only of his own privacy but of the Present itself.

The contrast between the petty secretiveness of President Johnson and the mountainous frankness of his record is less paradoxical than may at first appear. Both spring from that mixture of egoism and uncertainty which is so common to the powerful weak. The Presidential Library at Austin, Texas, will generate a veritable Schneider-Creusot of scholarship, but it is not at all certain that it will provide a reliable guide for the future or useful illumination of the past. It may only show that such investment in the future has meant a considerable sacrifice of the present.

Richard Stern

The Moral Responsibility of the Scientist

By Karl R. Popper

THE TOPIC I am going to discuss was not of my choosing, but was suggested by the organisers of this conference. I say this because I do not think that I can make any significant contribution to the solution of the grave problems involved. Why I nevertheless accepted the invitation to speak about it is that I believe that in this respect we are all more or less in the same boat. I take it that our topic, "the moral responsibility of the scientist", is a kind of euphemism for the issue of nuclear and biological warfare; but I shall try to approach our topic with some wider issues in mind.

One may say that the problem has become more general especially because all science, and indeed all learning, has tended to become potentially applicable. Formerly, the pure scientist or the pure scholar had only one responsibility beyond those which everybody has; that is, to search for truth. He had to further the growth of his subject as well as he could. For all I know Maxwell had little reason to worry about the possible applications of his equations; and perhaps even Hertz did not worry about Hertzean waves. This happy situation belongs to the past. Today not only all pure science *may* become applied science, but even pure scholarship.

For applied science the problem of the moral responsibility is a very old one, and like many other problems, it was first posed by the Greeks. I have in mind the Hippocratic Oath, a marvellous document even though some of its main ideas may be in need of renewed scrutiny. I myself have taken an oath which no doubt historically derives from the Hippocratic Oath when I graduated from the University of Vienna. One of the most interesting points about the Hippocratic Oath is that it was not a graduation oath but an oath to be taken by the apprentice to the medical profession. Essentially, it was taken at the beginning of the student's initiation to applied science.

The Oath consisted in the main of three parts.

SIR KARL POPPER'S *paper was read recently to a special session,* "Science and Ethics," *at the International Congress of Philosophy, held in Vienna. "I am greatly indebted," the author writes, "to my friend Ernst Gombrich for his help in the preparation of the final version." Karl Popper is Professor of Logic and Scientific Method in the University of London. Among his books are* The Open Society and Its Enemies; The Logic of Scientific Discovery; *and* Conjectures and Refutations. *His article, "On the Sources of Knowledge and Ignorance," appeared in the September 1962* ENCOUNTER.

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First, the apprentice undertakes to recognise his deep personal obligation to his teacher. By implication, this obligation is considered to be mutual. Secondly, the apprentice promises to carry on the tradition of his art, and to preserve its high standards, dominated by the idea of the sanctity of life, and to hand on these standards later to his students. Thirdly, he promises that to whatever house he will go, he will enter it only in order to nelp the suffering, and that he will preserve silence about whatever may become known to him in the course of his practice.

I have stressed the fact that the Hippocratic Oath is an apprentice's oath, because in many discussions of our topic the situation of the apprentice, that is of the student, is not sufficiently considered. However, prospective students are worried about the moral responsibility which they will have to carry once they become creative scientists, and I feel it may be of considerable help if they have an opportunity to discuss these issues at the beginning of their studies. Ethical discussions, unfortunately, tend to become somewhat abstract and here is an opportunity of making the issues more concrete. My proposal would be to try and hammer out a modern form of an undertaking analogous to the Hippocratic Oath, in cooperation with the students.

It is obvious that no such formula should be imposed upon the students. If they object, they would thereby show a most welcome interest and they should be asked to offer an alternative version or give reasons for objecting. The main purpose would be to draw their attention to the significance of the issues and to keep their discussions going.

I should propose to invert the order of the Hippocratic Oath, according to the significance of the various points. Thus my own points *1*, *2* and *3* will somewhat correspond to the points *2*, *1* and *3* of the Hippocratic Oath, as I have summarised them. Also, the main issues of the Oath might have been generalised, perhaps somewhat along the following lines.

1. Professional Responsibility. The first duty of every serious student is to further the growth of knowledge by participating in the search for truth—or in the search for a better approximation to the truth. Of course, every student is fallible, as are even the greatest masters; everybody is bound to make mistakes, even the greatest thinkers. Though this fact should encourage us not to take our mistakes overseriously, we must resist the temptation to look upon our mistakes leniently: the establishment of high standards to judge our work by, and the duty constantly to raise these standards by hard work, are indispensable. At the same time, we must constantly remind ourselves (especially in connection with applications) of the finitude and fallibility of our knowledge, and the infinity of our ignorance.

2. The Student. He belongs to a tradition and to a community, and he owes respect to all who have contributed, or are contributing, to the search for truth. He also owes loyalty to all his teachers who freely and generously share with him their knowledge and enthusiasm. At the same time, he has a duty to be critical towards himself and to others, including his teachers and colleagues; and, most important, he has the duty to try not to succumb to intellectual fashions, and to beware of intellectual arrogance.

3. The Overriding Loyalty. This he owes neither to his teacher nor to his colleagues, but to mankind, just as the physician owes his overriding loyalty to his patients. The student must be constantly aware of the fact that every kind of study may produce results which may affect the life of many people, and he must constantly try to foresee and guard against possible danger and possible misuse of his results, even if he does not wish to have his results applied.

THIS IS A VERY TENTATIVE RESTATEMENT of the Hippocratic Oath, at best a proposal for a renewed discussion, and I must stress that all this is merely peripheral to our topic. But I have started with this practical proposal because I believe both in traditions and in the need for their continuous critical revision. One of the few things we can do about our main issue is to try to keep alive, in all scientists, the consciousness of their responsibility.

I know, of course, that even the beautiful tradition of the Hippocratic Oath can be misused, and that it has been misused or misunderstood by interpreting it as establishing a special ethical obligation towards one's professional colleagues; in other words, it has been interpreted as a kind of guild morality. It is precisely the serious discussion of issues like the gulf between (1) ethics and (2) etiquette ("professional ethics") which, we may hope, may lead us to some much needed advance of our moral awareness. My hopes are modest: I do not think that by such discussions any of the great problems with which we are faced can be solved. But discussions centering on a revision of the Hippocratic Oath may lead to reflection on such fundamental moral problems as the priority of the alleviation of suffering.

MANY YEARS AGO I proposed that the agenda for public policy should consist, in the first place, of finding *ways and means of avoiding suffering,* so far as it is avoidable. Contrasting this with the utilitarian principle of maximising happiness, I proposed that, in the

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main, happiness should be, and that it can only be, left to private initiative, while the alleviation of avoidable suffering is a problem of public policy. I have also indicated that at least some utilitarians, when speaking of the maximisation of happiness, may have had in mind the minimisation of misery.

Of course, I never suggested raising the minimisation of suffering to the status of the highest general moral principle. In fact I do not believe in the existence of such a thing as the validity of one single highest general moral principle. What I suggested was that, in matters of public policy, we have constantly to reconsider our priorities, and that, for drawing up a list of priorities, avoidable suffering rather than happiness is to be our main guide. Perhaps not for ever: there may come a time when the alleviation of avoidable suffering will be less important than it is today.

Today the avoidance of war is, I should say by general consent, the overriding problem of public policy. There is no doubt in my mind that we all, whether as scientists, scholars, citizens, or mere human beings, should do everything we can to help to end war; it is part of this effort that we must try to make clear to everybody what war means, not only in terms of death and destruction, but also in terms of moral degradation. In this context it should be stated very clearly that one of the most disturbing aspects of recent events is the cult of violence. We all know that one of the horrible things in our entertainment industry is the constant propaganda for violence, from allegedly harmless Westerns and crime stories to displays of cruelty, pure and simple. It is tragic to see that this propaganda has had its effects even on genuine artists and scientists, and unfortunately also on our students (as the cult of Che Guevara shows).

However, it is my conviction that neither the first nor the second World War, nor the present tragedy of Viet Nam, can be explained in terms of human aggressiveness. At least today the main danger of war comes from the need to resist aggression, and from the fear of aggression; these, combined with muddleheadedness and lack of intellectual flexibility, and perhaps megalomania, are the main sources of danger, in the presence of the tremendous means of destruction which are at our disposal.

Some people have thought that it is therefore the moral obligation of the scientist to withdraw from all military work, and to propagate disarmament at any price, even unilateral disarmament. I think that the situation is by no means as simple as that. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that atomic war has so far been prevented by the danger of mutual destruction. So far the deterrent has been successful in deterring. This is why I do not believe that we should support unilateral disarmament. The fact that Japan did not have atomic arms did not prevent us from using them. I do not think that this happened because we are morally worse than our competitors in the armament race. The question whether we should have ever dropped the bomb on Japan is a very difficult one. The scientists who were in favour of its use were, I am sure, highly responsible people. Where I think they were wrong is that they did not insist that the bomb should have been dropped, in spite of the greater risk involved, on a *purely* military target, such as a concentration of warships (and such concentrations did exist at the time). However, we should realise that decisions like these are frightful. It is all too easy to talk about such matters, but terrible to be involved and to have to make up one's mind which decision would ultimately lead to a lesser amount of suffering. Nor must we forget that the politicians who were responsible for the ultimate decision were acting as trustees for those who elected them. This may be a reason for you or me not to become a politician, but it should not be a reason for you or me glibly to pass judgment on them.

One cannot back out altogether of the general involvement which is part of human life: everything has to be done to avoid a war and, if there is a war, to bring it to an end. This does not mean that I believe that there cannot be something like a just war, a defensive war. There is a world of difference between attack and defence, even though it may not always be easy to decide who has attacked. Who believes that Switzerland or Sweden would nowadays wage an aggressive war? Who can believe for a moment that it was Serbia who attacked Austria in July 1914, or that it was Finland who attacked Russia on 30 November 1939, rather than the other way round? Or that Czechoslovakia has been threatening Russia?

A scientist who feels that his country is threatened by an attack cannot be blamed for working to defend his country. However, even a just war may get utterly out of hand, and it seems to me unlikely that there can be, or that there has ever been, a war without war crimes on both sides. Thus, once a war has started, the scientist, like any other citizen, is caught in a terrible moral difficulty, and nobody can give him advice.

One point can be made clear. It was the politicians and the law officers of the various Allied countries who staged the Nuremberg Trials which established the status of war crimes and thereby recognised that the conscience of every human being is the ultimate court of appeal with respect to the question whether a certain

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command is, or is not, to be resisted. Without contradicting themselves it is impossible for these same politicians and law officers now to assert that it is the duty of the citizen, and of the scientist, not to ask the reason why and to obey any command. The freedom for which we must be prepared to fight is precisely the freedom to resist a command which we feel it would be criminal to obey. It is, I believe, the inescapable duty of every loyal politician in a democracy to understand the terrible situation in which a scientist may find himself, and to champion the rights of the conscientious objector, whether he is a scientist or a soldier.

The trouble with the present legislation concerning conscientious objectors in the United States is that a man, in order to plead conscientious objection, has to declare that he objects for religious reasons to *all* wars. But there are people who would feel it their duty to fight for the United States, provided they can see that the war is waged for the defence of the United States, but who feel that they cannot conscientiously fight in Viet Nam. Clearly such moral scruples should be respected as much as any that fall under the present definition of conscientious objection. Here, as always, I believe in the critical discussion of the issue involved, rather than in facile slogans from either side.

I DISCUSS THESE VERY GRAVE issues not because I believe in my ability to solve them or to say anything new about them, but mainly because I feel that they should not be dodged. I am convinced, however, that the moral responsibility of the scientist is not confined to his responsibility in connection with war or armament.

The late Dr. Robert Oppenheimer is reputed to have said: "We scientists have been on the brink of presumptuousness in these years. We have known sin. . . ." But this, again, is not a recent issue. When Bacon tried to make science attractive by saying that *knowledge is power*, he too was on the brink of presumptuousness. Not that he had much knowledge or much power, but he wanted knowledge because he wanted power—or at least he gave the impression that he did so.

I do not intend to philosophise about the wickedness of power in general, although my experience corroborates Lord Acton's saying that power corrupts and that absolute power corrupts absolutely. As far as science is concerned, there is no doubt whatsoever in my mind that to look upon it as a means for increasing one's power is a sin against the Holy Ghost. The best antidote against this temptation is the awareness of how little we know and that the best of those little additions to our knowledge which we have achieved have shown their significance precisely by the fact that they opened up some new continents of our ignorance.

The social scientist has a particular responsibility here, because his studies concern more often than not the use and misuse of power pure and simple. I feel that one of the moral obligations of the social scientist which ought to be recognised is that, if he discovers tools of power, especially tools which may one day endanger freedom, he should not only warn the people of the dangers but devote himself to the discovery of effective counter-measures. I am confident that in fact most scientists, at least most creative scientists, value independent and critical thinking very highly. Most of them hate the very idea of a society manipulated by the technologists and by mass-communication. Most of them would agree that the dangers inherent in these technologies are comparable to those of Totalitarianism. Yet although we built the atom bomb in order to combat Totalitarianism, few of us regard it as our business to think of means to combat the dangers of mass-manipulation. And yet, there is no doubt in my mind that much should and could be done in this direction, without censorship or any similar restriction of freedom.

IT COULD BE QUESTIONED whether there is a responsibility of the scientist which differs from that of any other citizen or any other human being. I think the answer is that everybody has a special responsibility in the field in which he has either special power or special knowledge. Thus, in the main, only scientists can gauge the implications of their discoveries. The layman, the politician, does not know enough. This holds for such things as new chemicals for increasing the output of farming products as much as for new armaments. Just as in former times *noblesse oblige*, so now, as Professor Mercier has put it, *sagesse oblige*: it is the potential access to knowledge which creates the obligation.

Only scientists can foresee the dangers, for example, of population increase, or of the increase in the consumption of oil products, or the dangers inherent in atomic waste, and thus even in atoms for peace. Do they know enough about it? Are they conscious of their responsibilities? Some of them are; but it seems to me that often they are not. Some, perhaps, are too busy; others, perhaps, are too thoughtless. Somehow or other, the unintended repercussions of our heedless general technological advance seem to be nobody's business. The possibilities of application seem to be intoxicating. Though many people have questioned whether technological advance does always

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make us happier, few people make it their business to find out how much avoidable suffering is the unavoidable, though unintended, consequence of technological advance.

The problem of the unintended consequences of our actions, consequences which are not only unintended but often very difficult to foresee, is *the* fundamental problem of the social scientist.

Since the natural scientist has become inextricably involved in the application of science he, too, should consider it one of his special responsibilities to foresee as far as possible the unintended consequences of his work and to draw attention, from the very beginning, to those which we should strive to avoid.

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Red Books, Golden Profits

Literary Letter from Germany — By DIETER E. ZIMMER

THE LAST Frankfurt Book Fair plainly showed the nature of the unrest affecting the German publishing industry which, so far from being bypassed by social and political tensions, displays them with particular clarity. That has become a central fact, though the notables of the industry would still like to deny it, dismissing the symptoms as distasteful fringe phenomena.

The industry is plagued by a deep conflict. It—or, at all events, a not inconsiderable part of it—disseminates Left-wing ideas of many shades, ranging from reformist to revolutionary, but in any case radically critical of existing society. As this kind of subversiveness is big business at the present time, the worthiest publishers are involved. Thus, the conservative Munich house of Klaus Piper publishes Ho Chi-minh (and consequently has to put up with being called a *Schwein* by Cohn-Bendit when he fails to show Left-wing solidarity in other respects); and the mass-production firm of Bertelsmann advertises a book in the sex-and-revolution fortnightly *konkret* with the words: "After the first thirty pages you know more . . . than is convenient to the Establishment."

But while publishers concern themselves mainly with the saleability of their products and publish books intended to promote the democratisation of society with varying degrees of belief in what they are doing (or, actually, in spite of their beliefs), democratisation stops firmly short at the doorstep of the industry itself.

Only recently has there been talk of founding an organisation to represent the interest of book trade employees. Notwithstanding the claim made in the constitution of the *Börsenverein* (the association of German publishers and booksellers) that it represents the whole of the German book trade, it is nothing but an employers' association, an organisation of heads of firms.

The question younger booksellers and publishing office staff in particular are breaking their heads over throughout the Federal Republic is whether they should join an employees' organisation within the *Börsenverein*; after some prodding from the Left the formation of such a body would very likely be agreed to. Or whether it would be condemned *a priori* as "yellow," *i.e.*, lacking in independence and unable effectively to represent their interests as against those of the employers, with the consequence that it might be better to opt for the trade union alternative and form a book trade and publishing branch of the general union (which includes commercial, bank, and insurance employees).

It looks as if the decision will be overwhelmingly in favour of the second alternative. It was recently supported by a resolution backed by a large number of authors; and the hesitant moves of the *Börsenverein* in the direction of admitting employees may well come to nothing. The *Börsenverein* seems hardly aware yet that a real problem exists and that in the long run appealing to the "special idealism," *i.e.*, special selfishness called for by "cultural employment," in the book trade is not enough.

A widely circulated book for apprentices in the trade states that it should be counted an honour "to belong to a calling in which satisfaction is not measured by the amount of the hourly rate of pay. The bookseller does not have to open the Bible in his shop to discover that man does not live by bread alone, but by satisfaction, honour, worth, poetry, the spirit, and unrecompensed service to others." The employers will scarcely be able to get away with such pronouncements much longer.

DIETER ZIMMER *is the literary editor of the Hamburg weekly "Die Zeit."*

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IN THE EXCITEMENT of the Frankfurt Book Fair, when most of those concerned were gathered together in one place, such ideas seemed to be proliferating. In particular, an opposition group seemed to be forming within the *Börsenverein* consisting of publishers united by indignation at the police intervention against student demonstrations at the Fair. Since then they have dispersed to the towns and villages from which they came, taking their indignation with them; the various factions inside the individual publishing houses have been cancelling each other out; and the bogy of rebellion has been subsiding and is now only slowly being resurrected.

Recently a number of discontented publishers, publishers' readers, and authors have formed a committee to persuade the *Börsenverein* of the necessity of some internal democratisation. Its immediate aims are surprisingly clear and not unreasonable: (*a*) a new statute for the Frankfurt Book Fair which would refer all important decisions to a larger controlling body, including German and foreign exhibitors as well as *Börsenverein* functionaries; (*b*) a new statute for the Peace Prize so that it would be awarded by the whole of the German book trade and not by an *ad hoc* jury; (*c*) a reform of the *Börsenverein* itself, opening it to the employees of the trade. The question is whether this committee will not soon fall apart because of ideological differences (its programme, after all, is "reformist"); and whether the *Börsenverein* will be approachable at all. If it is not, however, it is to be expected that even the most fearful threats—such as "never in any circumstances whatever to come to the Fair again," or to resign from the *Börsenverein* altogether and, to clinch the matter, drop price-fixing for one's own books (a step which, if taken, would be enough to give the whole *Börsenverein* management committee a heart attack)—will remain mere threats, that things will remain more or less as they were, and that everyone will meet again at Frankfurt next year as usual, though in a slightly more bitter frame of mind.

NEVERTHELESS the dilemma remains. The capitalist publisher publishes and sells books aimed ultimately at his own abolition. He earns money from products that demonstrate the doomed untenability of his position. A whole literature aimed at democratisation is disseminated by firms run on patriarchal (the word currently favoured is "authoritarian") lines. The publishers who not only publish Left-wing books but to a certain extent are men of the Left themselves are faced with a conflict of roles which is getting too much for them. This has been observable recently, for instance, in the Frankfurt case of Siegfried Unseld, the head of Suhrkamp, or in Hamburg at H.M. Ledig-Rowohlt's radical *avant-garde* firm.

Consider the recent case of "Spartakus," in all its triviality and absurdity. "Spartakus" is a small Hamburg book store, crowded with Marxist books and subversive posters; it was set up a few months ago with the aid of the Rowohlt directors. When they proved unable to pay the Rowohlt bills, however, the Rowohlt sales department became nasty, and pressed for payment. "Spartakus" retaliated. A poster went up in the shop window calling the Rowohlt crowd *"Hosenscheisser."* They felt seriously offended and instituted legal proceedings; they also handed over their claims to a bill-collecting centre which promptly set a deadline of three days, thus bringing the shop to the point of bankruptcy, for as long as these bills remain unpaid, "Spartakus" will have trouble obtaining any books whatsoever. The Spartakists defended themselves by persuading a number of Rowohlt's Left-wing authors to send telegrams of protest. What was Rowohlt to do? Ledig-Rowohlt and his assistant, Fritz Raddatz, blamed their own sales department; and Ledig paid part of the bill himself. Of course, everyone is right in his own way. The "Spartakus" people detest the capitalist "shop-keeper's mentality"; they are not out for profits themselves, and only follow the line of innumerable books published by Rowohlt; and now they find themselves harassed by the very same publisher in a typical "capitalist" way. What is not paying one's bills but an act of revolutionary consistency? Right, too, are the Rowohlt managers, for if their books are not paid for, their progressive firm is ruined. Ledig-Rowohlt and Raddatz, however, are in a real fix. They must try and have it both ways, running with the revolutionaries and hunting with their own salesmen. Will they always be able to buy themselves out of the dilemma? How will they cope—ideologically, financially—if other New Left book-dealers decide to go "Spartakus"?

Left-wing anger is directed at them and not at their colleagues further to the Right. One of the slogans painted on the wall the other day at the Hamburg book week was "Stop the Rowohlt swing to the Left"; and during the Book Fair, Unseld was booed by the students whenever he was seen. A leaflet distributed at the Fair said that "the bourgeois Left-wing publishers are out for nothing but maximum profits from books without concern for their content" and "*merde* to all the suppliers of the bourgeois production and publishing machine."

Another leaflet from the same small Left-

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wing press called for a "counter-syndicate of the Left" to be set up in opposition, with its own organisation and printing works, and declared that bourgeois publishers who earned money from the Left-wing movement should be "boycotted, and worse," and that there "should be pirated editions of socialist literature" (as Castro has promised in Cuba).

The radical Left, however, still seems to have a long way to go before it gets to that stage. Most of its publishing firms are small and rickety enterprises whose output hardly circulates beyond its own conventicles ("*merde* to all bourgeois who read our books!"), though there are some exceptions, such as Trikont at Munich or the *Neue Kritik*, which belongs to the *S.D.S.* The young publisher Nikolaus Neumann failed in Berlin last year and now works for Rowohlt, and his titles (issued under the "Edition Voltaire" imprint) went to the Heinrich-Heine-Verlag in Frankfurt, which is financed by a bourgeois-capitalist firm *par excellence*, the Frankfurt *Behörden und Industrieverlag*.

Even a recent attempt to set up a joint selling organisation for small Left-wing publishers (to say nothing of a more ambitious project for, somehow, more rationally dividing up the various publishing fields between them) came to nothing, though incidents such as the banning from its "quick delivery service" by Germany's biggest book wholesaler, Lingenbrink, of Kommune I's *Klau-mich* (because of an obscene photographic supplement) show how useful to them a distribution service of their own would be.

There is nothing whatever to show that the Revolution can dispense with the aid of the "bourgeois Left-wing publishers," the Hansers, Rowohlts, Suhrkamps and Wagenbachs. The Left is neither willing nor able to do without the money to be earned from the bourgeois publishing machine. On the contrary, if a policy of systematic pirating were adopted, it is obvious that Left-wing publishers would soon be warring with each other in the repressive courtrooms of the Establishment. Trikont has already applied for an interim order against von Maikowski, and Klaus Rainer Röhl, the editor of *konkret*, is complaining that Trikont did not (as allegedly agreed) give the pre-publication rights of the Guevara Memoirs to him, but to the *Spiegel* (which pays better). He is also at odds with the Heinrich-Heine-Verlag about the copyright to a short work by Rudi Dutschke, and is appealing to the comrades to "stop firing in the wrong direction." A small firm in Hamburg has had to withdraw a work by Wilhelm Reich, now so popular as a dialectician of liberation. There are many further examples.

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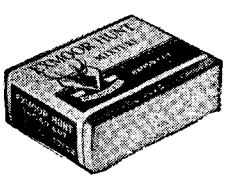

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THE PROBLEM DOES NOT, of course, exist only in Germany. True, during the May troubles in Paris none of the intellectuals who took to the barricades seemed to raise the cry of *"Expropriate Gallimard!"* but Daniel and Gabriel Cohn-Bendit were planning to set up a publishing firm of their own in Paris with the 50,000 marks paid them by Rowohlt for the world rights of their first book.

In Sweden a large group of Left-wing authors (whose spokesman is Sandro Key-Åberg) is threatening to set up a cooperative venture to sell its members' books outside the ordinary trade channels if they are not allowed to exercise important influence on their regular publishers. Bonniers—a family firm that controls not only much more than half the Swedish book market but a large part of the press and other industries as well, and would be the chief sufferer from an Authors' Revolt—has countered by offering a number of writers very generous terms. Whether this will or will not buy off the rebellion is not yet clear. Meanwhile the situation is being investigated by a government commission.

In the Netherlands a cooperative publishing organisation, a unique venture, has existed and prospered in the midst of the capitalist market

The Uses of Dialectics

Hamburg

THE dialectical method gives the enemies of "rotten bourgeois culture" invaluable assistance in the running warfare they wage upon it. In these parts the argument run as follows:

Theatre A *does not put on Author* X*'s class-struggle play. This shows how the progressive forces are suppressed—a clear example of how society exercises its repressive influence in contemporary capitalist culture. This can, however, manifest itself in a different way. Theatre* B *puts on author* X*'s class-struggle play. But that's not good either, because it serves only the purpose of concealing the truth, i.e., the repressive nature of society. For the play is merely absorbed into the general culture industry, put as it is into the repertoire between* The Merry Widow, *Brecht, and Sophocles, thus increasing the department-store effect of the theatre, offering something to everyone and thus creating a façade of tolerance where none exists.*

There is, finally, a third possibility. Theatre C *puts on only critical and enlightened plays by critical and enlightened authors. But that is the worst of the lot. It is merely an alibi, a fig-leaf with which a grimly hostile society barely succeeds in concealing its nakedness, for its alleged tolerance is a sham.*

So is the theatre that puts on no progressive plays, in other words, the most "reactionary" theatre and the best from the dialectical point of view? Yes, *because it exposes the system most plainly, and reveals its true nature most conclusively.* No, *because it buttresses the tyranny most directly, and much more wholeheartedly than if it presented itself in more tolerant guise.*

But if it puts on a show of tolerance, then it more effectively masks and apparently reconciles the contradictions, thus reinforcing the system even more directly—because this method is more cunning and harder to see through.

THE SITUATION *can be stated more simply. If a policeman uses his truncheon, it is a bad thing, because he is using violence. But if a policeman does not use his truncheon, because he is only play-acting, pretending that he would not like to use it, then he is a still greater obstacle to progress, because he is only trying to take the wind out of your sails.*

Thus a policeman should both use and not use his weapons, and a theatrical producer both should and should not put on revolutionary plays.

When a policeman uses his truncheon, he reminds the public that policemen use truncheons—but then he sometimes uses it to incapacitate those who alone are able to tread the path into the future for us all. So perhaps it would be better if he did not use his truncheon, or best of all if he did not so completely refrain from using it as to make the undecided feel he was really a liberal.

The ideal would be: the policeman who presented at once two different faces of State authority—the theatrical producer who was red on Monday and dead on Tuesday—the writer who wrote because he could not ignore Viet Nam and at the same time did not write because if he did he would be ignoring Viet Nam. And what of the intellectual who debates whether one should debate whether debate is a masking or an unmasking? For isn't the man who debates missing something "more important," although he who doesn't debate is just as hopeless? And what of the man who debates whether he is or is not being repressive when he is either debating or not debating? Is he really a class enemy or a sitter-on-the-fence or, perhaps, a militant progressive? It all depends which—really a bit of all three—and hence everything or rather nothing at all.

Obviously you must keep your eyes very wide open these days, for the price of practically everything is eternal vigilance.

Hellmuth Karasek

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for two decades. This is the Amsterdam Provo and *avant-garde* publishing house of *De Bezige Bij*. Its proprietors are all the Dutch authors who have published more than two books with it, and altogether there are more than seventy of them. In addition to their (normal) regular fees, the authors share in the profits and the capital of the firm. All decisions are made at fortnightly editorial meetings in which the managers take part with equal voting rights. A large proportion of young Dutch writers are members of *De Bezige Bij*, and a number of them have been published elsewhere, including Jan Cremer, Hugo Raes, Jan Gerhard Toonder, Esteban Lopez and Willem Fredrik Hermans.

ALL THESE DEVELOPMENTS must be taken into account if one is to make anything of a press statement recently put out by the publishing firms of Suhrkamp and Insel. This said that a Readers' Committee had been formed for the purpose of devising "new working methods." "This committee of readers, which consists of Dr. Unseld and the readers of both firms, has now adopted new rules of procedure," the statement went on.

> In accordance with these, the reading department committee will discuss questions of publishing policy and ideas and prepare decisions in a democratic manner. The committee regards itself as consisting of members enjoying equal rights. Chief editors will consequently no longer exist. The duty and the right of the head of the firm to independent decision are a consequence of his position under company law....
>
> These rules of procedure, adopted by Dr. Unseld and all his readers, set aside all previous proposals that have been discussed, including Dr. Unseld's proposal to some of his readers that they should establish a new firm with his financial aid to take over authors and staff of this firm.

The smoothness of this announcement can stand comparison with that of any diplomatic *communiqué*. That in reality it was the outcome of an outright revolt by his ten editors against the head of the firm, and of a conflict that was as wearisome and nerve-wracking as it was sensational, is hardly evident from it; at most a hint is given in a concluding sentence, which indicates that in spite of the agreement four editors resigned.

The events that led up to the publication of this statement were surrounded by the wildest rumours, but to understand what happened it should be borne in mind that Suhrkamp is more intimately associated with contemporary German literature than any other publisher and, with authors on its list such as T. W. Adorno, Ernst Bloch, Hans Magnus Enzensberger, Roger

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Garaudy and Herbert Marcuse, is the furthest to the left of the "bourgeois Left-wing publishers." Also, its editorial department is not, as is the case in many other big publishing firms, an appendage whose work is largely confined to ill-humouredly sending back unusable manuscripts. Its readers, who are underpaid and overworked, do responsible and (in varying degrees, depending on their specialities) independent work. Any one of them can calculate what the firm would miss without him, and this leads to "self-consciousness," one of the famous prerequisites of the class struggle. So it is not in the least surprising that the demand for "participating democracy" arose urgently in such a firm, and earlier than elsewhere.

It would be easy enough, of course, to play all this down. It could be dismissed as a storm in a tea cup in which personal antipathies were ideologised, and it could be pointed out that relations between the ironical and aggressive chief editor (Walter Boehlich), whose agreement to anything whatever in this world is not easy to obtain, and the head of the firm, who is building up a reputation for dynamism, had for a long time been so strained that to outsiders the situation could be only a matter for amusement.

Personal factors certainly played a part. But that does not alter the fact that this was an historic instance of editors wanting to put into practice what their books preached. And the publishing boss fell into line. Henceforth there is to be a weekly conference at which the participants will be informed of all the firm's future plans. So ends, at least in this pocket of bourgeois culture, the repressive mechanism.

But, alas, what also emerge clearly are the limits of the democratisation possible within a commercial firm. The management retains the right and duty of "ultimate decision"; it retains its "sovereignty." In present conditions it is no doubt inconceivable that an *entrepreneur* who remains personally liable if his business should fail should formally commit himself to accept the majority decisions of even the most highly qualified members of his staff—unless, of course, he expropriated himself. In the event of disastrous decisions the readers would at worst lose their jobs; he would lose much more. Unseld argued that he has responsibilities towards his authors and his hundred employers which he cannot put at stake.

At one point in the dispute Siegfried Unseld announced his willingness to grant three of his readers a loan (600,000 marks)—to set up a publishing house of their own to be run cooperatively with its own authors and editors. Two days later the offer was declined, on the ground that the conditions imposed (*e.g.*, that the new firm should not publish plays) condemned it to inevitable failure. The readers considered the conditions unacceptable and the whole offer merely a cunning stratagem to silence them. It seems legitimate, however, to suspect that the three may have shrunk back from the role of "personally responsible employers." It would, at any rate, have caused them a few ideological difficulties.

Also they cannot have been unaware that most of the important older Suhrkamp authors, if they had been given an opportunity to opt for the new firm, would hardly have agreed to involve themselves in "the experiment." Not only because of long-standing personal loyalties and a canny unwillingness to hazard their monthly royalty payments, but also because of the new dangers of the total politicalisation of literature.

Enzensberger's path from poetry to anti-parliamentarianism is considered exemplary. To put it in the appropriate jargon, "a degree of revolutionary cultural awareness has been reached which now makes it difficult for literature to prove sufficient progressiveness." The advanced revolutionary theoreticians have become impatient with merely sympathetic *Literaten*. Bourgeois literature (and bourgeois literary criticism) is now being severely attacked and virtually abolished; as all sorts of literature are considered "bourgeois," even the anti-bourgeois ones, it is hard to see what would

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be allowed to remain, except perhaps mural inscriptions and poster slogans. The last issue of Enzensberger's review *Kursbuch* publishes a new manifesto by Dr. Boehlich proclaiming, yet again, the death of literary criticism.

THE REVOLT WAS TRIGGERED OFF by Unseld's behaviour during the Book Fair, and this too leads to some instructive conclusions.

The key incident took place on a Monday. On the Sunday the Frankfurt police had intervened against demonstrators, arrested several students, and twice cordoned off the Fair buildings. A large number of German and foreign publishers found the presence of the police intolerable, as intolerable as a far larger and only temporarily speechless proportion of them had found the tactics of the shouting demonstrators. The result was that for the first time an excited protest movement arose against the management of the Fair.

After a meeting had threatened to boycott the Fair in future (which would have the effect of making it useless to the unprotesting publishers also), Unseld, who is a member of the Fair's executive committee, took a principal part in persuading the management to issue a statement that must have struck those who recalled previous *Messeleitung* statements as remarkably progressive. But it contained no assurance that the police would be withdrawn from the Fair site completely and once and for all. Unseld, who was sent to face the excited meeting alone (obviously with the intention that he should take the consequences of what his Left-wing friends were up to), had to listen to a flood of denunciation, and the statement had to be withdrawn.

One side called him a *Kabinettspolitiker* who published Left-wing books but consorted with the Right-wing Establishment. The other side denounced him as a wild man of the Left and a long-standing disturber of the dignified harmony and peace that should prevail in the world of publishing. Therein lay the dilemma —the conflict between the Reformist who believes that by hard work within existing institutions he can gradually bring about changes and ends up having to put up with compromises, and the Intransigent who regards all compromise as abominable and has given up hoping or expecting anything of existing institutions. How can there be any reconciliation between the two?

In any case, the New Left Experiment in publishing is still to come. Will it finally be that practical working model illustrating the system the Left would like to persuade the rest of society to adopt? And will the Revolutionary Publisher elected from below prove to be the new utopian man free from all repressive and authoritarian tendencies?

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The Technicolor Wasteland

On Drugs & Literature — By KENNETH ALLSOP

"Let the Yogin contemplate that there is a sea of nectar in the region of his heart; that in the midst of that sea an island of precious stones, the very sand of which is pulverised diamonds and rubies... a beautiful Kalpa tree, having four branches representing the four Vedas, and that is full of flowers and fruits... a rich platform of precious gems, and on that a costly throne inlaid with jewels, and on that throne sits his particular Deity as taught to him by his Guru." (GHERANDA SAMHITA)

"...an illumination which shines on the spirit like the most dazzling cloud of light... a sublime knowledge is infused into the soul.... This supreme state of ecstasy never lasts long, but although it ceases it leaves the will so inebriated and the mind so transported out of itself that such a person is incapable of attending to anything but what excites the will to the love of God." (ST. TERESA)

"They will be led into the pure paradise realms by the Heroes and Heroines and the Knowledge-Holders. As a sign of this, the sky will be cloudless; they will merge into rainbow radiance; there will be sun-showers, sweet scent of incense, music in the skies and images."
(THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD)

"The state of calm and contemplative euphoria produced by the use of cannabis, and the more spectacular visual effects, synaesthesia and ecstatic states induced by LSD, must surely be the source of the hippie norms, dress and goal of perpetual existentialist 'be-in'.... The subjective effects of LSD are recreated artificially with coloured lights, concrete pop music, slides of liquid in which tints are injected and stroboscopes (which can induce hysteria in certain subjects in the technically controlled environments of little synthetic paradises)."
(MICHAEL INSTONE *in* CIRCUIT, *Winter 1968*)

"The main thing to do is to get yourself into the sort of state when you can see everything, where you can pick up all the vibrations that are going on all over the scene.... Knowledge will come in, it really will, if you've got any receptiveness. It's not to expand your mind, it's to expand your fingertips, your ears—listen, listen. You burn yourself out and that's what I want to do." (MARIANNE FAITHFUL)

HOWEVER the mystical experience is conjured (*via* contemplation, plants, chemicals or dancing, or mocked up with light shows, *art-nouveau décor* and amplified guitars, moreover whether it is interpreted as "the direct apprehension of God" or just as "a trip" or "freak-out") its similarity in all ages and all cultures is too repetitive to be ignored.

This, it should be made clear at the outset, is what Alethea Hayter firmly does.[1] Having demarcated her territory—a study of the action of opium upon the creative imagination of 19th-century writers—she sticks to it and ignores the temptation to track down in the present time the permeation of a much wider spectrum of the arts by a much larger range of drugs. Yet it is impossible to read this absorbing and illuminating investigation without making one's own extrapolations.

How's this, for instance, as a report of a performance by, say, the Pink Floyd of *A Saucerful of Secrets* at Middle Earth? "...the pageantry of an appalling dream; insurgent darkness, with wild lights flashing through it; terrible phantasms, insupportably revealed against profound light, and in a moment no more; on the earth hurryings to and fro, like insects of the earth at a sudden candle; unknown voices uttering out of darkness darkened and disastrous speech; and all this in motion and turmoil." Thus, in fact, Francis Thompson in *Revelation of St. Joan*. Baudelaire, it is interesting to note, cherished a particular trick of hashish, familiar in mechanised form to the audiences of today's electronic acid rock: the infusion of the senses one with another, Hoffmann in *Kreisleriana* set forth

[1] *Opium and the Romantic Imagination*. By ALETHEA HAYTER. Faber, 50s.

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his experience of mingling the colour crimson, the perfume of carnations, and the sound of a tenor clarinet. Gautier both heard and saw pianoforte notes gushing out in sparks of red and blue. And Crabbe's recurrent nightmare of being assaulted by a swarming mob immune to his flailing stick because they were made of leather—"The leather-lads have been at me again," he would say upon waking—could be from *Dead Fingers Talk*. If the counterpart of the heroin hell can be found in the opium heebie-jeebies of the Romantics, so can their initiatory beatific bliss be seen to be the same destination of those various route-guides at the head of this article. It is the dream landscape of *Kubla Khan,* the euphoria and paradisal beauty revealed in an opium reverie which Coleridge recalled in a private letter: "...how divine that repose is—what a spot of inchantment, a green spot of fountains and flowers and trees." It follows that many opium addicts have used ecclesiastical language when writing of their drugs and its initiates. De Quincy called himself the Pope of the true church of opium; many French opium-smokers call their drug holy and divine.

Although from the earliest times man has sought holiness, to reach sublimity by snapping "the earth-bound thong" by means of roots, bark, leaves, berries and seeds, as well as by prayer and respiratory disciplines, and now with scores of laboratory-produced magic mushrooms, this group and their period do form a distinct corporate case-history. Not that they shared much in common except their craft and their addiction. Miss Hayter's eight main guinea-pigs were a disparate lot.

De Quincey is pre-eminent among them in that he was the only one to analyse, from within his personal sophistication, the genesis of mental fantasies and images, opium's sorcery upon them, and their transference to conscious art, to "impassioned prose." His account of first tasting opium is well known: that rainy Sunday in London in the autumn of 1804 while still at Oxford. Suffering from toothache, on the advice of an undergraduate friend he bought a shilling's worth of laudanum—an alcoholic tincture of opium—at a chemist's. Not only did he gain relief from pain but also admission to "an abyss of divine enjoyment." It was his election to the "celestial pleasures" of "the Paradise of Opium-Eaters." For ten years he took it at only three-week intervals—treating himself to an "opium evening" in London, savouring its stimulus and serene glow while at the opera or drifting about the crowded streets. By 1815 it was a daily intake, "an article of food." At dinner he topped up with opium

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tablets from a snuff-box; on the table stood a decanter of laudanum from which he endlessly tippled, "ruby-coloured" libation, he fondly called it, and it was sometimes mistaken for port by guests helping themselves. He wrote, as Hazlitt contemptuously put it, "whilst the opium was trickling from his mouth." Despite periods when he struggled to reduce the amount (it reached the terrifying level of 12,000 drops a day) he never freed himself of the habit, or from the chaos of poverty and wretchedness it brought, yet he married, fathered a family, and lived to 74.

Coleridge was probably 30 before he began regularly imbibing: lacing it with brandy to kill the pain of gout during his first year in Westmorland. At his peak, in 1814, he was swigging two pints a day—nearly 20,000 drops—and although he cut this down (in "misery, sickness, despondence") he never broke away from his addiction. Francis Thompson was possibly set going with laudanum at 19 during his first attack of the tuberculosis which eventually killed him. He was certainly hooked during the 1880s when living in homeless destitution on the Embankment, under archways and in doss-houses, when (in romantic imitation of De Quincey's night wandering with Ann of Oxford Street?) he was befriended by a golden-hearted prostitute. On a summer day in 1897, after being rescued from his dereliction by the Meynells, Thompson was walking in a Suffolk meadow with the young Monica Meynell. The child picked a poppy and gave it to him, saying: "Keep this for ever." This spontaneous sweetness must have had a lacerating significance, for indeed that gaudy plant was entwined throughout all his life, and the incident surfaced in his poem *The Poppy* in the reference to being "drowsed in sleepy savageries." At the very end of his life, tottering around Wilfrid Blunt's Sussex garden, only one bloom caught his eye: "Ah, there's a poppy."

Keats may have taken laudanum (perhaps the source of the "indolence' mentioned in his famous 1819 letter and of his dream of being Dante's Paolo: "I floated about the whirling atmosphere") but there is no trustworthy evidence that he did so until after writing all his important poetry. Poe, if not an "opiomane" was undoubtedly an "opiophile": he was obsessed with all unusual states of consciousness, yet he recoursed oftener to brandy. Alcoholism was his problem. Baudelaire started experimenting with opium while a Sorbonne student, emulating Poe's saturation of his work with the fumes and furies of opium—the *"épouvantable mariage de l'homme avec lui-même"* was a constant theme of Poe's which Baudelaire found enthralling.

Among this company of unstable, reckless bohemians, Wilkie Collins and Crabbe were the most un-junkyish. Collins was solid, sociable and business-like. He began drinking laudanum in his 40s to deaden rheumatism, carried it about with him in a silver flask, kept it in a decanter on the sideboard, and took a wineglass of it at bedtime to ensure sleep. He quaffed it "to stimulate the brain and steady the nerves," and stoically weathered the blight that wrought destruction upon others, although Miss Hayter detects an atrophy in his skill at the tight construction of plots. At 36 Crabbe was instructed by a physician to resort to opiates for a digestive disorder, and dutifully did until his death at 78: a placid, drudging country parson whose verse, while not to be dismissed (as Hazlitt dismissed it) as flat and unimaginative, concerned mostly the seemly life of ordinary people in conventional surroundings, and was touched only thrice by the hallucinatory extravaganzas metamorphosed by opium.

There were innumerable others who used opium occasionally. Walter Scott was given it (and hated its "accursed vapours") for stomach cramp; Dickens took it for his cough; Branwell Brontë was an addict as well as a dipsomaniac; Elizabeth Barrett Browning took it—and morphine—regularly on prescription. One could extend the list almost indefinitely: Bulwer Lytton and James Thomson ("B.V.") and Byron (after he had left her Lady Byron found a phial of Black Drop, a popular anodyne, in his trunk with a copy of De Sade's *Justine*) and Rimbaud and Merimée—even Clive of India and William Wilberforce, the emancipator of the slaves, who dosed himself daily for 45 years to subdue a stomach ailment.

But Miss Hayter's object is to isolate one constituent of 19th-century literary sensibility, and she confines her examination to those works in which she has satisfied herself that doped hallucinations form a recognisable mosaic. It is, she submits, to be traced in its rapturous form in De Quincey's *Pleasures of Opium* and in Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*, in its later stage of hobgoblin horror in De Quincey's *Pains of Opium*, Crabbe's *Sir Eustace Grey* and *The World of Dreams*, and Coleridge's *The Pains of Sleep*. In both conditions the imagery is bathetically conformist. Mind-expanded, untethered, transcendentally heaven-sent, what symphonic visions does the supper of opium see? Fountains refracting iridescent colours—cities of pyramids and palaces and cathedrals—marble and rose-pink stone—huge vaulted spaces of coral—sapphire columns and silvery expanses of cloud—a halycon calm,

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infinite repose. It could be the florid frontispiece of the Holy City in a Victorian Bible Class rag-book. Then, as the narcotic secures domination, the same scene is subtly altered, petrified first into the architecture of Poe's *City in the Sea* and Baudelaire's *Babel d'escaliers et d'arcades,* in which the looming monuments recede into infinity, and the light is hard and glarey upon caves of ice above a lifeless ocean, all silent, freezing, desolate. Later still, it is the black Gothic necropolis portrayed by Piranesi in his *Imaginary Prisons*: networks of spiral staircases winding upward to nowhere, mazes of narrow passages and coffin-like dungeons, landing upon landing, flight upon flight, in a limitless dome of gloom. It is the interior of the addict's skull, the torpid, airless crypt of his own brain—"the underground temple of opium," in which the creative faculty is annihilated in "a buried-alive condition . . . vitrified under the debris of dead tissue."

What must be carefully distinguished is the authentic opium scenery from the standard imaginative furniture of the period, the lugubrious stage props of the Gothick romances with their sombre castles, stained-glass windows and phantasmagoria of candle-shadows and velvet curtains. As Miss Hayter is at pains to emphasise, opium confers nothing after that first listless complacent tranquillity. It was passionately claimed by many 19th-century writers (especially the French school) that opium stimulated artistic creation, brought to it a richness and profundity. This seems unverifiable and more than dubious. The "silken garment of the imagination," says the author, is woven from the strands already there; the dreams and reveries opium unfolds "will be mixed from the paints already on the palette" of the mind. Nevertheless, dreams were then considered an invaluable tool in the poet's kit, so they were simulated artificially—even if the gigantic murals were composed only of the pictures stored in the memory's warehouse.

AGAIN, IT IS DIFFICULT to resist drawing parallels with our own period. Nowadays the paradigm is not a *son et lumière* of a Babylonian hanging garden, a Pompeian terrace, or a hypogeum from Egypt. It is not built out of the ruins and melancholy crags of 18th-century painting, the grottoes and prefabricated arbours in the grounds of great houses. Today it is a different spell that is woven in stereo sound, reefer smoke, graphic poster art, and surrealist pop lyrics. It is a strange chain of explosions whose waves shimmer down into an eclectic rainbow

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collage showering cascades of all the neon and metallic glitter of an urban mass-producer society, together with oddments of childhood and beyond—the typography of comic paper strips and Van Rysselberghe's lettering plaited with morning glory tendrils, faces of film stars of the 1930s and Red Indian tassels, incense and Eastern cymbals, Pre-Raphaelite and Dada, Blake and op-art, all mobilised by the facsimiles of hallucinogen drugs for those who prefer the reproduction to the real.

As there may be a general belief that it's all happening for the first time, an exciting new invention of Brion Gysin and Andy Warhol in Paris and Manhattan, that it flowered in the past few years in the Velvet Underground of split-screens and flickering spot-lights, it is worth remembering that Aldous Huxley suggested in *Heaven and Hell* (1956) that both Keats and John Martin may have been reacting to developments in magic lantern techniques, to "the intense beamy quality of coloured images on a white sheet in a darkened room." The poetic imagination devoured and regurgitated the dioramas and "dissolving views," spectacles like Loutherbourg's *Eidophusikon* portraying a "vast temple of gorgeous architecture bright as molten brass, seemingly composed of unconsuming and unquenchable fire," and the kaleidoscopic lamp display Loutherbourg produced for a 21st birthday at Fonthill Abbey, that most magnificently grotesque of all the contrived follies.

One can, of course, go on zig-zagging about like a gun-dog sniffing out the analogies, but their most rewarding service in this context is as a reminder that this interest is not a constant, nor is it a continuously worsening problem. Obviously at this moment the West has a pandemic situation—perhaps it is even the "major medical emergency" recently diagnosed by an Oxford pharmacological professor on the basis of 500 to 600 more heroin addicts annually and the marked association between cannabis and college course drop-out. Also, both scientific studies and front-page police court proceedings have lately underlined the high contagion dangers: in one case 40 new heroin addicts stemming from a single source, in another the 571,000 purple hearts and Methedrine tablets said to have flooded into peddlers' stocks from one East End surgery. At the same time, one's "intuitionism"—the very rapport with one's surroundings, the "good vibrations," that pot-smokers feel they acquire—makes one doubt that we are really on the way to the turned-on society that the flower people were celebrating last summer. "Everyone high all the time!" exulted one hippie in a TV documentary on Haight-Ashbury. Trends come and trends fizzle out, and even tastes in other-worldly joys change. The Paris hashish-set of 100 years ago presumably thought they had established a permanent forward base for writers, but it proved to be barren country and the fashion passed.

This is not, I hope, lightly to brush aside the dreadful erosion of young talent and the dreadful cost in misery incurred while such a phenomenon runs its course. Yet one must employ considerable caution in laying down moral injunctions as a member of a tribe that is now, if not addicted to, habituated to and dependent upon, drugs. After all, annually in Britain alone we mechanically swallow 4,000 million tablets of acetylsalicylic acid, a modification of the juice of meadowsweet, known in the argot of this particular family of junkies as aspirin; and, apart from our designated 350,000 alcoholics, we consume an ocean of intoxicants. This is within an evolved "pattern of moderation"; but unarguably alcohol causes more crime, ill-health, and social disruption than drug addiction. Because of a rooted pattern of *mores* and economics, however, the consumption of tobacco and alcohol is respectable and that of marijuana or LSD is not. Who am I, a chronic drinker and nicotine-fiend, to pronounce upon the rights of a person to prefer other stimulants?—especially when legislation, such as the 1966 revision in our system of dispensing hard drugs (on the recommendation of Lord Brain's committee) is enacted in such a void of ignorance. Extraordinarily little is known about what drugs actually do to the metabolism—why an addict gets his jolt the moment the shot is administered although the heroin cannot circulate to the brain for 15 minutes—why, anyway, it becomes so integral to the physical apparatus, like a transfused hormone. Extraordinarily little is known about why addiction occurs at all: for every doctor claiming that the addict is archetypally immature, introverted, and insecure there is one to say that, on the contrary, the only common denominator in addiction is its fortuitousness, that there is a total absence of psychological predisposition. One curious finding of a Harvard Medical School test series is that, far from being fecklessly weak-willed, the addict needs a pronounced streak of persistence to battle on through the initiatory nausea and revulsion to achieve his own enslavement.

What, then, is the attraction? Mainly, man's poignant belief that there are ready-mix recipes for the spiritual new birth produced by the Holy Spirit in conversion; many would say his pathetically stubborn error in believing that

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there is a Holy Spirit there at all, to be released like a genie from a bottle. Miss Hayter's subjects and their like can articulate the hopes and aesthetic aspirations they place in their solution. Either they regard it as the bread and wine of a synthetic sacrament (just as the Aztecs called their fungi "God's flesh"), or, while secular searchers of lore, they are trying to break and enter with a blunt instrument Tolkien's "Secondary World" (re-interpreted by Auden as that interior lab of invention, fabrication and re-creation, distinct from the "Primary World," that "outside ourselves in which we are born, live, love, hate and die"). To put it inelegantly, they want to go mad: it is that psychotic threshold which is burst over into near-schizophrenia by those who have tripped too often on LSD, who have permanently "blown their minds."

Freud on cocaine, Cocteau on opium, Michaux on psilocybine and hemp, Trocchi on heroin—since the 19th-century boom in plugging into the cosmos, every generation has had advocates who, with subtlety and persuasion, have been able to suggest that beyond the bounds of dull normality, and *via* a change of reality, awaits a wondrous enhancement of sensitivity. He may not be able to put it with the same grace, but isn't this precisely what the scabby and crab-infested junky is doing when jabbing himself with a dirty needle in a Notting Hill derry or a City bomb-site? The intellectual's languorous contentment and magic carpet ride to "*is*-ness" and *All*-ness is no different to the junky's heroin coma or the acid-head's telly spectacular, his private VistaVision carnival. The distinction we too easily make is between the privilege of an educated and artistic mind to ceremonialise his illusions and the street addict's dismal little spin through his stunted inner space—the lunarnaut on National Assistance whose creed centres around vulgar and banal symbols, like the worst dreamscape shots in *Barbarella*. One has an exquisite, *trompe-l'oeil* shimmer. The other has a false heroic desperation: the ultimate rejection of the straight world, with the puncture marks as the badge of a secret ideology. "It's an exciting, dangerous life," one teenage junky explained. "It's the Wild West." Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory, in both cases. But isn't the crucial point that an artist, by definition, already possesses this heightened acuteness and that the non-artist, if he wangles it by a sort of alchemy, can do nothing with it when he's got it?

By now one ought perhaps to have declared one's own position more specifically. Journalistically and socially I have briefly orbited around all these levels and varieties of drug experimentation. I have been in an opium den

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and have been at reefer parties. I have known, and still know quite well, a number of people involved from lesser to larger degree—from those who occasionally smoke pot to others who are long-standing heroin users. The conspectus has left me personally untempted. Timorousness or built-in conservatism it may really be, but I like to see it as a preference for clarity rather than a cloud-cuckoo-land, as rationally choosing to keep conscious and lucid control over what cerebral cells are as yet not eaten away by natural rot and not befuddle them with concocted fancies. A few months ago I was picked up by a girl in the West Village in New York. She was 23, skeletal, grubby, pretty, flunked-out of university and panhandling for her next fix. I allowed myself to be panhandled because I thought she needed ten dollars more than I did and I took her to a restaurant. All she would eat was fruit cup while she talked vaguely about returning to her family in West Orange and getting herself "clean." How did she spend the day? Doing nothing—just kind of on the nod. She smiled. Her teeth needed filling. Her twig arms were dirty and were speckled with little red pin-pricks. There is nothing melodramatic, nothing unusual, in that incident in any urban interior today; but she was pitiful and horribly depressing. She came back vividly to mind as I read in Miss Hayter's book of De Quincey, "frail, opium-shattered," crying out to a friend: "Oh, my God, what tortures I have suffered and what tortures am I yet doomed to suffer...." The Greenwich Village girl couldn't have expressed herself in those words but my impression was that they were close in emotional experience. While agreeing with Miss Hayter that the pleasures or oblivion of addiction are a price "which no writer of integrity would ultimately be prepared to pay"—and, she stresses, she means not moral integrity but "the poet's responsibility to his own art"—surely no special dispensation can be made for the intellectual. Should we grieve more for the withering of a great creative mind than for the snuffing out of an anonymous hag in a city slum? Whether we should or not, in human terms we inevitably do. Yet we ought not to dramatise either, to inflict moral condemnation upon the second while allowing the first to get away with *apercus* of superior wisdom.

WHILE THE CONTEMPORARY psychedelic drug vision may appear tawdry and feverish against the grandiosity of the mausoleums and monuments in the opium mirages of De Quincey and Coleridge—a department store's Christmas papier-mâché wonderland against the relics of antiquity—the insight obtained is neither less nor different. As before, it is the available material from the immediate environment and the experience of an individual mind being high-lighted in a sort of hyperbolic distortion. The universal truth blazing in letters of fire can turn out to be poor Lear in the bring-down. William James, the author of *Varieties of Religious Experience,* wrote out an apocalyptical message received while under the influence of nitrous oxide; when he was sobered up, it didn't live up to expectations: "Higamus hogamus/Woman is monogamous/Hogamus higamus/Man is polygamous."

There is, however, one crucial difference between now and then: the context of public opinion. In the 19th century, opium was neither illegal nor opprobrious, and—until exotically enshrined by De Quincey's disciples—nor was it sinister. It was believed in limited medical circles to have addictive properties, but these were not rated as very dangerous. Miss Hayter, as I remarked earlier, is meticulously watchful not to mould her researches into neat patterns of behaviour and insists that her subjects had nothing in common. Actually they had one thing in common: bad health or suffering. In almost every instance this seems to have led to the first encounter with opium, although of course that does not wholly dispose of the interest in or dependence upon it. In that age it was Lily the Pink's medicinal compound, "efficacious in every case," the cure-all or at least the all-purpose palliative. It was bottled in a myriad dilutions and additives. Babies lolled in their prams whoozy on Godfrey's Cordial. Mother Bailey's Quieting Syrup, Dalby's Carminative, McMunn's Elixir, Batley's Sedative Solution, and a dozen others, were ladled out to children with coughs, colds, or tummy ache. Laudanum was cheaper than beer or gin in the Lancashire cotton-spinning districts and Midland industrial towns, and the little boxes of pills were a sell-out among the Cambridgeshire fen dwellers who held "opic" or "elevation" to be mortal good for ague. It is not too much of an exaggeration to say that the entire working-class population was fairly permanently stoned—to adapt Marx, opium was the opium of the masses. And James Baldwin was making a similar Marxist, but contemporary, statement when he said that were it not for junk and Jesus the streets of Harlem would run with blood. That is not to overlook that it could be equally well argued that the whole of the Western world today is one vast Valley of the Dolls, on the statistics of merely the quantities of barbiturates consumed. Nevertheless, opium is measurably more deadly and pervasive than your average tranquilliser or pep-

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pill, but in the previous century it was both simply obtained from any doctor or apothecary and far less reprehensible. Guzzling it as excessively as did Coleridge or Thompson was mildly frowned upon, just as was over-indulgence in spirits; but there was no stain upon the character of the addict nor guilt in his own heart.

De Quincey revealed both its mysteries and its allure: "O just, subtle and mighty opium." From the *Confessions* flowed consequences which cannot but give pause to all, including myself, who have spoken out against the accusation that books can be harmful. Although De Quincey later in life indignantly disclaimed responsibility for any evil influence spread by his *Confessions* ("Teach opium-eating! Did I teach wine-drinking?") he had originally agreed with the criticism that he placed too much emphasis upon its pleasures and insufficient upon its pains. Indisputably, Francis Thompson and perhaps Branwell Brontë were prompted to try opium by reading De Quincey; his name constantly recurs in case-histories of addiction; in addict circles he was revered as high-priest, almost invoked as a saint—the Timothy Leary of his time. His phantoms proliferated throughout the world. Baudelaire's *Paradis Artificiels* derived from De Quincey and hangs "like a sulphureous cloud" over French mid-19th-century literary mythology. In 1828 de Musset published an embellished translation of the *Confessions,* and that in turn spread its ripples into Berlioz's dabblings with the drug and his musical interpretation of fantasy and delirium in *Symphonie Fantastique.*

So it was the publication of De Quincey's *Confessions* which not only exposed what had until then been regarded as a workaday household remedy as being an insidious poison, but endowed it with the glamour of a vice and cult. Similarly the psychedelic mystery tour of the '60s does seem indisputably to have stemmed from Huxley's *The Doors of Perception,* published in 1953, when, through the prism of mescaline, the Californian suburb's "brick chimneys and green composition roofs glowed in the sunshine like fragments of the New Jerusalem" (there's the religious motif once more)—possibly not the actual outcome foreseen or desired by the Cassandra whose 1932 *Brave New World* forecast a populace brainwashed with drugs. Heroin addiction was common enough in America before Charlie Parker got on the needle, but it was his charisma as the most brilliant revolutionary jazzman of his time which set the criterion for a generation of younger musicians who thought they could inject into their veins the essence of Bird's

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genius. There is no reason to suppose that he or his neophytes played any better when high, and plenty of evidence that they eventually played worse. Miss Hayter's judgment is:

> Many of these writers felt that they had been endowed with an exceptional insight into the secrets of the universe, and could reveal its philosophical framework for the enlightenment of mankind; but the great work could never be finished, because the power to hold things together had gone, everything disintegrated, fell away into fragments.

MUCH OF THE chiaroscuro of today's Underground reflects the mystique of drug-taking, its alienation, its unlawfulness, its brotherhood—a metaphysical outlaw coven in which the thrills and drama are in ratio to its furtive rites and its element of wizardry: the chemical transmutation of the self in wreaths of sound and colours. Francis Thompson's impulsion seems to have been little different: in him, Miss Hayter declares, "the opium habit strengthened this feeling of being an elect outcast. . . ." Grasset's macabre lithograph of a woman shooting herself with a hypodermic, modelled upon Dürer's *Melancolia* which was charged with such fascinating meaning for so many opium-eaters, is, once again, that same image of "a private world of a terror that is almost enjoyed." The Romantic writers, she says, "revered dreams not only for their moral and psychological importance, but also as aesthetic experiences of intrinsic value," and the Club des Haschischins who gathered in Boissard's salon in the Hotel Lauzun tirelessly speculated about how their imagination and art might be enhanced under narcotics. Beyond an Egyptian sphinx, behind a door draped with velvet, in rooms lined with looking-glasses and whose ceilings writhed with allegorical paintings, they shared their trances and argued about drugs as a *machine à penser*—"Could one get into paradise by the back door?"

The answer implicit in all these cases is that when the doors of perception flew open it was on to a blind alley, finally a wasteland. But the crush to get through does become greater.

A Migration of Minds

By Goronwy Rees

WHEN HITLER came to power in Germany, he immediately began to put into effect the racial policy which was probably the only thing he really believed in; and the force of his conviction was sufficient to carry the great majority of his adopted countrymen with him. Future generations will find it difficult to understand how a great and civilised country could have succumbed to so grotesque and evil a superstition; they might as well have taken to a belief in witchcraft, with which anti-Semitism offers many analogies. The fact remains that an entire nation was deeply infected by the virus, and either actively or passively co-operated in bringing about that "final solution" which Hitler regarded as his greatest and most permanent historical achievement.

Yet of course it was no more final than any other solution; there are no final solutions in history, even at the cost of 6,000,000 deaths. But in one respect at least the measures applied by Hitler may seem to have achieved a finality which otherwise eluded him. It was not only a people but a culture which Hitler wished to destroy; our minds as well as our blood had to be purified from the poison by which they were infected, and a necessary part of the cure was to destroy root-and-branch the culture from which the contagion sprang.

As a convenient short-hand description one might call that culture the culture of Weimar, but in fact it had no single centre, was not confined to a single country, and had no precise geographical limits. Under different forms, it was as much at home in Vienna as in Berlin and in Budapest as in Prague. Hitler was wrong in thinking that it was a specifically Jewish culture; it was the product of a genuine process of assimilation that had taken place between Gentile and Jew, but the Jewish contribution to it was so strong and so fertile as to give it a very special character of its own. It was not geographically limited because it was not an exclusive culture but simply a variant, and a particularly fascinating one, of Western culture as a whole. Its influence extended far beyond the area in which it flourished most strongly and indeed for a time was so dominant that it left a permanent mark on the European consciousness. It would be hard to imagine what the European mind would be like today without it; we should have lost a whole intellectual dimension.

Indeed, in one sense we can feel that lack

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today, because the culture which Hitler attacked is now stone dead. For him it represented above all *der Geist der stets verneint*, something alien, subversive and dangerous. It was the very source of the poison in the blood which he so much feared, and he assaulted it so savagely and mercilessly that to study its remains today is like turning over the shards of Babylon and Tyre, things so dead and shattered, so pathetic in their ruin, that it is hard to believe there was ever any life in them; the culture they came from was as totally submerged by Hitler as Pompeii by the lava of Vesuvius.

THIS LOSS is a permanent one. Something has vanished from our intellectual life which cannot be replaced, a spirit which was both immensely destructive and immensely creative, hostile to established values yet desperately seeking to put new values in their place, deeply imbued with Marxism yet averse to the petrified form it assumed in Russian hands, introspective and self-absorbed yet committed to the empirical methods of science; a restless, disturbing, dialectical spirit, in whose absence our mind and our blood run more slowly, sluggishly and slowly, as if they lacked some essential chemical element, something sharp and bitter-sweet which was necessary to their health, like the limes which Nelson gave his sailors to protect them against scurvy.

YET THOUGH a culture may be destroyed or die, it is never completely lost. When Constantinople fell to the Turks in 1453, it meant the extinction of a civilisation that had lasted for a thousand years; but it also caused a migration of scholarship and learning which helped to renew Western civilisation and to enable the West, after many centuries, to recapture Byzantium for itself. Something of the same kind occurred when Hitler made himself master first of Germany and then of Central Europe; a migration not merely of individual artists, scholars and scientists, but of entire institutes, libraries and learned academies, which gave a new life and a new home in the West to the disinherited ghost of Weimar.

On 19 May 1933 the *Manchester Guardian* published a list of 196 professors who had been dismissed from their posts in German universities. By that time, committees had already been formed in England and the United States to assist the displaced scholars. In the following years, the exodus became a flood, and to the refugees from Germany were added those from Vienna, Prague, and Budapest. To trace the influence of this great migration on the arts and sciences of the West would form a subject

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for some marvellously learned and sensitive scholar. Who could assess how much we in London now owe, in the way we look at pictures and rediscover in them the iconography of the past, to the ghost of a great, imaginative, and eccentric man, Aby Warburg, and to the presence here of his great library?

Perhaps the time has not yet come when such a task could be usefully undertaken; we have still not yet recovered sufficiently from the shock of the volcanic upheaval which took place in Western civilisation between the two world wars. But this second volume of *Perspectives in American History*, published by the Charles Warren Center for American Studies at Harvard, has performed a valuable service in collecting, before it is too late, some of the materials which a future historian will find indispensable.[1] *The Intellectual Migration: Europe and America, 1933–1960*, consists of a number of essays and memoirs by various hands and describes the contributions made by the intellectual *emigrés*, primarily in the United States, in such varied fields as physics, biology, mathematics, the social sciences, psychology and psychoanalysis, architecture, *Kunstgeschichte* and philosophy; the list of contents alone is evidence of how wide that influence was. The essays themselves vary greatly in quality. The reminiscences of Leo Szilard, compiled from his own memoirs, notes and tape-recorded interviews with him, is a masterpiece, a worthy and deeply moving memorial to a great man. At the other end of the scale, T. W. Adorno's "Scientific Experiences of a European Scholar in America" is a marvellously silly piece of work, which reads like a brilliant parody of certain aspects of German scholarship.

Even so, the volume has a fascination to which I, certainly, have fallen a willing victim, and all the more so for two particular reasons. One is that it makes one very sharply aware of certain aspects of Weimar and its satellite cultures, which are normally overlooked. The second is that, in doing so, it throws an indirect, yet brilliant light, not only on the particular strength and weakness of Weimar itself, but on those of modern Western culture in general.

We normally take it for granted that the culture which developed in Germany and central Europe after the first World War was, in spite of its brilliant achievements and the many masterpieces it has left us, a defeated culture. It is of course quite natural to assume this because, in its political aspect, it met with total and crushing defeat. Whether it manifested itself in the form of democratic liberalism, as enshrined in the Weimar Constitution, of social democracy, as in the German or Austrian social democratic parties, of left-wing radicalism or dogmatic Marxism-Leninism, as in the *Spartakusbund* or the Communist parties of Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia or Hungary; in all these forms it met with failure and in the end was summarily executed by Hitler.

Nor can one say that, even in the field of literature and the arts, the spirit of Weimar proved to be one of enduring vitality. We must indeed credit it with one great and enduring achievement. It permanently altered the angle from which we see, or even hear, the world; the novels of Mann and Kafka and Musil, the music of Schoenberg and Alban Berg, the painting of Klee and Kandinsky, the semantic philosophy of the *Wiener Kreis*, have produced a significant variation in the modes by which modern man perceives the world, even if he himself is totally unaware of it. In architecture, perhaps, Weimar achieved even more, in that it invented a coherent style adapted to contemporary ways of living. In one sense Weimar can be said to have invented modernity itself, or at least one form of modernity, as a life-style which recognises, and accepts, the priority of the material conditions of existence, the style of Brecht's *Erst kommt das Fressen, dann kommt die Moral*. . . .

Yet with all this the art and literature of Weimar have proved incapable of reproducing themselves or of establishing a continuing tradition. They belong inescapably to their own short period, which for us today has the necrophilic charm of a period which is quite unmistakably dead. But what these essays make clear is that side by side with the artistic culture of Weimar there subsisted a scientific culture which was no less remarkable yet had precisely

[1] *The Intellectual Migration: Europe and America, 1930–1960*. (Perspectives in American History. Vol. II). Published for the Charles Warren Center for Studies in American History; Harvard University (1968), $5.00.

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the quality of enduring and reproducing itself even when the environment which produced it has been totally destroyed. That indeed is what the book is about. It had the toughness even to resist the ordeal of transplantation into an entirely different soil and there to develop new potentialities which might never have come to fruition in its native ground.

THERE IS A CURIOUS paradox here, and it is one which applies not only to the time and place of Weimar but to modern culture as a whole. It is hard not to think of Weimar except in terms of something which we must call decadence, as a phenomenon of an age of decline rather than of rebirth and indeed this phenomenon had an almost obsessive interest for its artists and writers. It is quite right that *Death in Venice* should stand as one of its most perfect and representative works. And in the same way it is hard not to think of our contemporary culture, with its rejection of reason, its perverted romanticism, its obsession with what is purely fashionable and ephemeral, except as a phenomenon of decadence; yet the culture of an age which is so deeply infected by the death-wish is also the age of a scientific efflorescence which is one of the wonders of history.

The very form of this volume impresses the paradox upon one. The editors have felt that there would be something seriously lacking in the transatlantic experiences of the cultural *emigrés* unless there were some definition of their common intellectual background. So the volume begins with a survey of the age of Weimar by Professor Peter Gay; it is in many ways an excellent and remarkably comprehensive one, though one sometimes has doubts about Professor Gay's judgments. Hölderlin is hardly to be dismissed as a "tendentious classicist" or Nietzsche as a "strident advocate of a new pagan aristocracy." But these are minor aberrations and in general Professor Gay is an admirable guide through the cultural maze of Weimar. Yet one suddenly feels that his introduction is not really germane to the body of the book. For what Professor Gay is describing is the literary, artistic, and political Weimar which Hitler really did destroy; it is as if the arts especially need a local habitation if they are to flourish, and wither away when their roots are torn up. The artists, painters, writers, musicians, whom Hitler drove into exile did not put down fresh roots in their adopted countries. They neither drew fresh inspiration and nourishment from them nor contributed anything very significant to them. A very large number of them committed suicide; they could take their art with them but somehow it could no longer sustain them.

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THE REAL HEROES, rather than martyrs, of the migration were the scientists, in the sense that their creativeness continued and even increased in exile. It is appropriate that the most fascinating contribution to this volume is the Szilard "Reminiscences." They bring us marvellously close to Szilard himself and to the workings of his mind, so that for a moment one almost has the illusion that one understands what it is to be a great scientist.

> I remember that I stopped for a red light at the intersection of Southampton Row. As the light changed to green and I crossed the street, it suddenly occurred to me that if we could find an element which is split by neutrons and which would emit *two* neutrons when it absorbed *one* neutron, such an element, if assembled in sufficiently large mass, could sustain a nuclear chain reaction.

This was in 1933. The contribution made by Szilard and other exiles to the development of nuclear physics in the United States in the 1930s was a decisive one, and the story of it as told here, culminating in the creation of the Atomic Bomb, vividly conveys the atmosphere of intense intellectual excitement in which the scientists worked. But what strikes one most is that the exiles were able to contribute so much very largely because the ground had already been prepared for them. After the first World War, a great effort had been made in the United States to raise scientific standards and improve scientific facilities, and as part of this programme to promote international cooperation in the scientific field and attract foreign scientists to America. Even before Hitler's triumph, there had already been a significant scientific migration from Europe to America, because of the superior facilities and opportunities which America was able to offer. The great mathematician, John von Neumann, who was perhaps as near to a universal genius as one can imagine in the present age, calculated in 1930 that there were in Germany 40 qualified candidates for the three professorial chairs that were likely to fall vacant within the next three years. He concluded that America was a better bet and went to Princeton.

The development of nuclear physics between the wars was a great and triumphant international enterprise in which differences of nationality were of little or no importance as compared with the common purpose. The speed of advance was so great that no one could keep pace with it unless he was in close and constant touch with what was happening in each country; like peripatetic philosophers, the scientists moved from capital to capital, from Berlin to Rome to Copenhagen to Paris to Cambridge, and more than anyone could say with Horace: *Coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*. By the time the scientific *emigré* from Germany or Central Europe arrived in the United States, he and his American colleagues were already fellow citizens of a wider and greater republic of learning.

But even the triumphs of nuclear physics, one of the human mind's greatest intellectual achievements, did not satisfy the restless search for new knowledge inspired by the spirit of scientific discovery. By the end of the war, some of the finest and most original minds had decided that not physics but biology now offered the greatest field for creative work; Szilard himself made the decision to change from physics to biology. By 1954, when the Watson-Crick model of DNA was revealed to the world, a revolution had taken place in biology, the work very largely of an Austrian, Erwin Schrödinger; a Hungarian Jew, Szilard; a German, Max Debbrück; and an Italian, Salvador Lucia. It culminated in the joint triumph of an American and an Englishman. And one can believe that in the future the human mind may take even more unexpected turns. Von Neumann thought that "the interest of humanity may change, the present curiosities in science may cease, and entirely different things may occupy the human mind in the future. . . ."

WHETHER THIS IS SO, and whatever those "different things" may be, the future will certainly not lose its interest in the revolution in the human mind which has taken place within the last fifty years. This volume records certain important incidents in that revolution and for that reason is an important contribution to the history of our own times and should be compulsory reading for everyone who is interested in it. But it leaves it to the future to solve the puzzle why an age which politically and culturally had come close to unmitigated disaster should also be the age in which the human mind has achieved some of the greatest intellectual triumphs in its history.

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Kolakowski

On Marxism & Beyond

By LEOPOLD LABEDZ

AT DIFFERENT periods of history, a philosopher comes to reflect in some particularly striking form the human predicament of the age. Leszek Kolakowski may be taken to be such a philosopher. Although his name has become vaguely famous, he is hardly known in the English-speaking world; and yet his personal career and that of his philosophy deserve the attention of all who are interested in contemporary intellectual life.

In 1956, Leszek Kolakowski, then a young philosopher, epitomised the revolt of his generation against Stalinism. In two essays which remained unpublished in Poland, "What is Socialism" and "The End of the Age of Myths," he summarised the widespread but pent-up feelings which led to the Polish "October." In the first of these essays Kolakowski defined in seventy-two ironic negations "what socialism is not." Among other things it is not a state

> in which a person who has committed no crime sits at home waiting for the police. In which there are more spies than nurses and more people in prisons than in hospitals. In which one is forced to resort to lies and compelled to be a thief, in which a person lives better because he does not think at all and which wants all its citizens to have the same opinions in philosophy, foreign policy, economics, literature, and ethics. In which the philosophers and writers always say the same thing as the generals and ministers, but always after them. In which one must each day refute what one affirmed the day before and always believe it to be the same.

Kolakowski concluded by saying that this was "the first point. But now listen attentively, we will tell you what socialism is—well then, socialism is a good thing." In his other essay he wrote about socialism as

> a society which will abolish the exploitation and oppression of man by man. The conviction that such a society is possible is the main treasure which we are able to rescue from the fire of New Jerusalem, the city of the Great King. This is not little despite appearances; it is not a treasure which it is easy to rescue. One can ask if we are not deluding ourselves again, blinded as always by the myth which we are unable to shed finally. We reply: there are myths which played a great and creative role in human history and contributed more to man's progress than the conviction that it is necessary to live always on the barren land, where man was born. Nobody knows if Colchis really exists, but one can be certain that on the way to it there are better countries than the one we are living in. Yet one thing is more important than anything: that the myths should not be the siren's voice leading nowhere; that they should not paralyse vigilant human reason—the best thing which has emerged on our sad Milky Way.

SINCE THESE SENTIMENTS were expressed a lot of water has passed under the bridges of the Vistula. The hopes of the Polish "October" were disappointed, and its "conscience," Kolakowski, was made the butt of ideological attacks and withdrew into academic life He devoted himself to teaching and abstained from any direct political writing. But in his essays written on a more esoteric level, he remained true to his basic convictions. He continued to fight for intellectual freedom within the constantly shrinking limits. He was subject to administrative chicaneries, prevented from travelling abroad, and threatened with expulsion from the Party. The philosophy department of Warsaw University, where he held a chair, was under increasing pressure and eventually its studies were drastically reorganised to curb the heresy of free thought.

On 21 October 1966—the tenth anniversary of the Polish "October"—at a student meeting organised in the history faculty of Warsaw University, Leszek Kolakowski made a speech in which he drew up the balance-sheet of the achievements of "October," and contrasted its hopes with the subsequent developments. He pointed to the restrictions on the freedom of speech, the growing stringency of censorship, the political interference with creative work in the humanities and social sciences, the growing gap between the Party and the public, the arbitrary application of the law.[1] On the follow-

A COLLECTION *of Kolakowski's essays, under the title* Marxism and Beyond *is shortly to be published in London by Pall Mall Press.*

[1] In saying this, charged the Minister of Education, Henryk Jablonski, who later expelled him from the university, Kolakowski "was not only defying truth, but also in his attitude he violated the principles obligatory to every teacher" (*Nove Drogi*, May 1968).

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ing day Kolakowski was expelled from the Polish United Workers' Party.

This decision was followed by a wave of protests in the university and intellectual milieux. Writers and university teachers demanded the reinstatement of Kolakowski as a Party member. The letters of protest were signed by many Party members, some of whom were subsequently suspended by (or resigned from) the Party. At the same time the Central Committee of the Party wished to deprive Kolakowski of his chair of philosophy at the university, but this demand was strongly opposed by the Polish Academy of Sciences (and, in particular, by the distinguished philosopher, Professor Tadeusz Kotarbinski, formerly his university teacher).

KOLAKOWSKI remained at the university. However, it was proposed that its autonomy should be further curtailed through the introduction of new disciplinary commissions. The intellectual life of the country was further stifled and when the authorities banned the performance of the play *Dziady* (*The Forefathers*) by the Polish national poet, Adam Mickiewicz, the Warsaw branch of the Polish Writers' Union held a meeting of protest on 29 February 1968. Professor Kolakowski was only one of the speakers among the most distinguished representatives of Polish literature and cultural life. Once again he spoke about the mechanism of growing repression:

> When the first timid repressive acts are not resisted, they encourage their initiators to an even greater scale of repression, which in practice begins to have no limit. Now in our country the scope of repression has spread so far that in fact all opposition has ceased. Few books are published and their authors no longer have the opportunity of reacting to and effectively counteracting the prohibitions. We observe the constant destruction of scholarship and the hampering of its rate of development, the limitation of the free investigation spirit. What we have now in our country is not socialism; it has nothing in common with Marxism.

The banning of *Dziady* also led to student disturbances in Poland, which were followed on 25 March 1968 by the expulsion from Warsaw University of six professors, among them Leszek Kolakowski. They had been accused of corrupting the young (no new charge in the history of philosophy). The official communiqué announcing this affirmed that "the highest interests of the state and the nation require that they should be barred from influencing the young" (*Trybuna Ludu*, 26 March 1968).

The general purge made on this occasion particularly affected persons of Jewish origin,[2] but was directed in fact against all those in Polish cultural life tainted not just with "Jewishness" but with liberal attitudes. Kolakowski, who is not a Jew,[3] was the most prominent of them. In the wake of his expulsion a great many university teachers including his assistants were deprived of their posts and expelled from the universities and scientific institutes.

ONCE AGAIN Kolakowski has become the target of a vicious press campaign. The official *Trybuna Ludu* (13, 14, 15 April 1968), not normally addicted to the discussion of abstruse problems of epistemology and ontology, devoted an inordinately long article to him, written by his old Stalinist opponent, Henryk Ladosz.

In this article, Ladosz was not concerned with the question of whether Kolakowski was right or wrong in his philosophical evolution; he simply attacked him for no longer being a Marxist. He declared that once he "was able to be a Marxist, but he has gradually lost this ability. This is a process which passes through the stage of philosophical revisionism and ends with anti-Marxism and anti-communism." History had traced an ironical circle. Kolakowski

[2] The head of the cultural section of the Central Committee of the Party, Andrzej Werblan, made the following contribution to the Marxist theory of internationalism: "No society can tolerate the excessive participation of a national minority in the élite of power..." (*Miesiecznik Literacki*, June 1968).

Later on Zenon Kliszko, Gomulka's right-hand man, said at the twelfth plenary session of the Central Committee of the Party that "the basic criterion of all the decisions about persons can only be the evaluation of political and ideological attitudes of the Party members. It is alien to our Party to differentiate between the Party members and the citizens of our country by national criteria or criteria of their origin.... A false and exaggerated conception of the struggle against Zionism would threaten the Party with a diversion of its attention from the main dangers, which are the forces of reaction and revisionism." Kliszko indicated that the struggle with revisionism must be the chief target of the Party ideological offensive and singled out Kolakowski as the main culprit in the past "escalation of revisionist pressure" (*Trybuna Ludu*, July 9, 1968).

[3] But, like Gomulka, he has a wife who is of Jewish origin. In his essay "The Anti-Semites" (*Swiatopoglad i Zycie Codzienne*', Warsaw, 1957), Kolakowski wrote: "Anti-Semitism is not a theory. ... It is anti-culture and anti-humanity, anti-theory and anti-science.... Anti-Semitism can only be an instrument of reaction.... There are no forms of oppression and of national or racial discrimination, which are not at the same time a negation of communism in the very heart of its existence."

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was originally a good young Stalinist philosopher and in his "revisionist" reaction against "dogmatism" he discovered the "young Marx," whom he used against the Stalinist orthodoxy. Twelve years later, a Stalinist philosopher coming back on the wave of repression praised the "young Kolakowski" in his attack on the mature Kolakowski. There is both political and Hegelian logic in this.

KOLAKOWSKI is not only the most brilliant and original among contemporary philosophers in any communist country, but his evolution is of more than parochial significance. his earlier essays mark some of the stages of his evolution, particularly his "revisionist" *Sturm und Drang* period. His later essays, like "In Praise of Inconsistency" and "The Priest and the Jester," reflect a further development of his philosophy. To give an adequate exposition of his ideas would require a volume; what I can do here is only to sketch his philosophical evolution.

Kolakowski's search began in disillusionment with the doctrinal certainties about historical progress, with a revolt against confusing myths with reality. As he explained in the articles on "Responsibility and History" his contemporaries were taught to believe in the great demiurge of history. However, to use the words of Zbigniew Jordan, "the demiurge turned out to be a figment of imagination created by a secular eschatology, cultivated under the name of scientific history."

Kolakowski was born in 1927 and was a schoolboy when the War broke out. He spent most of the period of the German occupation in Poland in a country house with a large library, which he used voraciously. After the war he finished secondary school, became a member of the Communist youth organisation ZMP, and later of the Party, entered the philosophical faculty of Lodz University, and graduated in 1950. He was already regarded as a kind of prodigy. He lectured and published philosophical articles even before graduation. He became assistant to Professor Tadeusz Kotarbinski, and later to Professor Adam Schaff, then still the leading orthodox Marxist spokesman in Poland. He received the degree of Candidate of Philosophy, lectured at the Party high school, and became a teacher in the Department of Philosophy at the University of Warsaw. He also became a member of the editorial board of the philosophical journal *Mysl Filozoficzna* (Philosophical Thought). He wrote a good deal, his early publications being mainly concerned with medieval philosophy and contemporary Catholic philosophy. He also published an essay on Avicenna. Later he became interested in Spinoza.

Although these early writings revealed too great an individual philosophical fervour for a good Party philosopher, they bear the marks of orthodoxy. His opinions of the "philosophical class enemies" conformed to Soviet shibboleths.

> With the help of lying formulas [he wrote] such as "man is the end of society," "society is for man, not man for society," social-democracy tries to achieve the same purpose as existentialist metaphysics: to oppose the freedom of the individual to the freedom of society, and as a corollary the "liberation of man" to the liberation of the social class. It tries to demonstrate that the genuine realisation of the rights of man is independent of the class struggle and of the objective laws of social development.

Nor did Kolakowski's disputes with Western analytical students of Marxism deviate from the then familiar pattern:

> Because the old methods of struggle failed and Marxism, drawing strength from the victories of the world revolutionary movement and from the successes of the Soviet Union, and confirmed by scientific developments, was expanding rapidly despite the united action of the police and bourgeois philosophers....
>
> The Atlantic philosophers, recruited to manufacture metaphysical justifications for the activity of the bourgeois police, and relying on the power of verbal mystification, believe that they can keep the working class in the West back from struggle by suggesting that they live in conditions of freedom and welfare and by substituting for the word "imperialism" the word "West."...
>
> The idea that a theory can be at the same time class-determined and objective passes the Western comprehension.... Every clear idea explained in Marxist writings becomes an obscure puzzle in the mind of an obscurantist. The philosophical opinions express class interest; that it is in the interest of the progressive class to strive for an objective knowledge of the world, that the proletariat is the only class which is interested in an absolutely objective knowledge of the world, without any class limitations deforming the picture of reality; that, in consequence, the ideology of the working class, precisely because of its origin, is free from all mystifications and distortions, and that, in contrast to the "Atlantic philosophers," the class character of Marxism is the source of and not a fetter on its objectivity—all these are truths familiar to every Marxist....
>
> We know what freedom of science means in bourgeois "democracies."... Everyone can dumbfound and deceive the people, the most anti-human theories are free to circulate...[4]

[4] These quotations are taken from Kolakowski's articles written between 1950 and 1954 and collected in *Essays on Catholic Philosophy* (Warsaw, 1955).

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Kolakowski's Expulsion

Warsaw

THE REVISIONIST TODDLERS *are still schoolboys. They are teenagers. Their contemporaries are playing football or sighing over film stars, but they are looking for contradictions. They are learning revisionism. They do not know the price of butter, bread or potatoes, but they are discussing the economic model, and the situation of the working class, and developing a programme of political action. They drive in their fathers' limousines, going around Europe on state money, planning the further direction of the revolution. They are correcting Marxism. With their heads high in the clouds, without seeing the reality around them, from which they take only those things which confirm their conviction of the rightness of their actions, they look at the revisionist sky in which the first-class stars shine: Professor Adam Schaff, Professor Wlodzimierz Brus, Leszek Kolakowski, Baumann, Baczko, Morawski, as well as the "creators of Polish culture", the masters of the word, Jerzy Andrzejewski, Stefan Kisielewski, January Grzedzinski, Pawel Jasienica (Lech Beynar), J. J. Lipski, Antoni Slonimski, Witold Wirpsza, and others.*

In this constellation the club of revisionist toddlers develops its activity, the breeding ground of the correctors of Marxism, the school of provocation. And this is the beginning of the plot, the plot against socialism, against Poland. Because there is only one step from ideological consideration of the faults of socialism to practical action aiming at the change of socialism. The toddlers took this step. This happened at a time when the Club of the Seekers of Contradictions had been liquidated and its members had become students at various departments of Warsaw University. At that time the crystallisation of the action programme of the group began, the plan and organisation were born. The name, "Commandos," was also born. It fits the character of the group very well. The "Commandos" are a subversion at the rear of the enemy. They are the pupils of Kuron and Modzelewski [each recently sentenced to three-and-a-half years imprisonment], enlightened and ideologically and politically prepared by the revisionist Areopagus, and they are to undertake action against the existing political and social order in Poland, action which can only be called subversion . . . .

THE FORMER RED SCOUTS, *the former revisionist toddlers, had no difficulty in getting admitted to the universities because of their influential parents and the support of their protectors. Is it an accident that all, or almost all, have found themselves at Warsaw University? Is it an accident that almost all have chosen Philosophy or Economics? It was emphatically the result of deliberate action. There was a strategy, a purpose, a plan behind it. Because in order to achieve the desired chaos, it was necessary to begin with small steps and small successes. The first aim in the plans of the "Commandos" was to acquire influence with the youth in the departments of Philosophy and Economics at Warsaw University and then extend this influence to the youth of other departments. Their first aim, with the active support of their protectors (Professors W. Brus, L. Kolakowski, Z. Baumann, and others) was very soon achieved. The departments of Philosophy and Economics became the strategic beach-heads of the "Commandos" in their adventurist plans. . . . A strong attempt by the "Commandos" was to organise various provocative acts on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of 1956. The action was opened by Leszek Kolakowski's lecture which was noisily advertised by the "Commandos." It was a political enterprise, particularly hostile to the Party and to the People's authorities. Nevertheless, the "Commandos" were doing everything possible to draw the youth of Warsaw University into this adventure and then, through escalation, the students of other higher educational establishments in Warsaw, particularly the High School of Planning and Statistics; but this adventurist purpose was not achieved as it did not acquire a proper momentum on the campus of the University and did not go beyond it.*

ONE OF THE "COMMANDOS" *admitted the following during the investigation: "The meeting with Professor Kolakowski was transformed in fact into a public demonstration. It was all staged beforehand with the tacit approval of Professor Kolakowski. In general, it was the expression of the protest against the imprisonment of Kuron and Modzelewski and against the cultural, social and political control of the authorities." The reaction of the University authorities was as usual weak and inadequate. A few students (Henryk Szlajfer, Adam Michnik, Andrzej Duracz, Seweryn Blumsztajn and others) were suspended [almost all of them have since been sentenced to various terms of imprisonment]. The "Commandos" replied immediately by issuing a protest which was signed by 1,045 students and 160 staff of the University of Warsaw. Did they know what they were signing and whom they defended? March 1968 has proved that the great majority had not the slightest idea of what a shameful affair they had let themselves become involved in by signing the protest. In January 1967 the suspension was revoked. It is worth adding that the disciplinary commission did not expel Adam Michnik from the University, despite the Rector's stand, and the appeal commission took a similar position. However, the Party authorities took a correct stand and so did the Union of Socialist Youth. L. Kolakowski (and his assistant, Krzysztof Pomian, as well as Aleksander Smolar) was expelled from the Party.*

RYSZARD GONTARZ *in* PRAWO I ZYCIE *(Warsaw), 17 November 1968*

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At the time these essays were published Kolakowski went to Italy to attend the congress of Thomist philosophers in Rome in 1954 as an observer—an indication of his curiosity and enterprising spirit.

BUT HIS WRITINGS WERE changing in character. They acquired a double meaning. When he attacked "religious obscurantism" his formulations could be applied to Stalinist dogmas and rituals. He became an early and prominent exponent of the mounting wave of "revisionism" among the young Polish Marxists, when the early Polish "thaw" presented an opportunity for more outspoken criticism. Although Kolakowski's evolution was a step ahead of his milieu, it was fairly representative of the ideological development of other Polish "revisionists." Kolakowski became their most popular exponent, almost a spiritual guide. His philosophical expositions became more subtle and more sophisticated. In passing through the cycle of disillusionment, he began to grasp and grapple with problems hitherto unsuspected or dismissed without understanding. The central theme of these spiritual struggles was the problems of ethics, and more particularly of conscience and history. His immediate concern was to rescue Marxism from what he termed its institutional degeneration. But at the same time he tried to find out how ethical questions could be solved within its framework.

IN A SERIES OF ESSAYS before "October," Kolakowski dealt with the major ethical and philosophical themes agitating the minds of the young communist intellectuals. "Kolakowski has made the first attempt at a philosophical analysis of the ideological crisis through which a great part of the Marxist intelligentsia in our country is passing," said a reviewer of these essays, collected in *Philosophy and Everyday Life*, published in 1957 in Warsaw.

Disenchantment led him, like so many others, to tackle the problem of ends and means. He now discovered that the Kantian phrase that "man should be treated as an end in himself" is not just "a typical bourgeois idea" but that "it can prevent wrongs." Now he thought that

> the concept of communism embraces also the concept of man under communism, who should develop various moral and intellectual virtues. ... Communism as an end cannot be reduced, by a misuse of abstraction, to communist property relations. ... Communism is also an improvement of the moral rules of collective life, which within its framework are *an end in itself*. Communism so understood is an end which justifies the means. It is not difficult to perceive that it cannot be realised by means of political practices which educate the citizens of the socialist society in fear and lies. Because fear and lies are evil in themselves and should be combated as contrary to the ends of socialist construction. ... The maintenance of power by criminal means is contrary to the ends of socialist construction and fetters its achievement.

Kolakowski's attacks on Thomism took another twist. He condemned it now because in it "the individual's independence of society is compensated by an absolute dependence on the Church. Because of this, philosophy in progressive bourgeois thought, struggling against the theocratic claims of the Church, tried to legitimise the autonomy of man and his recognition as an end in himself." At the time this essay was written it was already possible to read "Party" for "Church."

Kolakowski's debates with various trends in Christian philosophy also reflected his contemporary preoccupations.

> Personalist theories, notwithstanding their conservative or sometimes clearly reactionary political content, perceive certain real phenomena in social life, and give them a mythical and absolute shape. Such ideas have social vitality partly because in their ideological activity Marxists today overlook and disregard these phenomena. Therefore it is particularly important that these problems should be dealt with by Marxists, as they are often brought to the attention of people by everyday life. ... The most important problem among them is that of the relation of the freedom of the individual to the freedom of society in a socialist society.
>
> It was rightly assumed that the human personality, *i.e.*, the sum total of the conscious ways of reacting, is shaped by social environment (which also includes, indirectly, the influence of the past social environment, transmitted by heredity). This assumption is clearly false if it is understood in the sense that belonging to a class determines the individual's entire social life and behaviour. It is clear that social situations shaping individual personality differ in many respects for every man and it is true therefore that every individual is in a sense unique. *No individual embodies the essence of social class in its pure form and cannot be reduced to it.*

It is not surprising that Kolakowski became sceptical of the possibility that conflicts between individual interests and those of society would disappear.

YET HE STILL SEEMED to accept what in Western discussion of ethics came to be called the "naturalistic fallacy," but he was uneasy about it. He already rejected the idea that "moral norms and postulates may determine the content of philosophical knowledge, *i.e.*, that 'prac-

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tical reason' may in this sense have primacy over speculative reason, not only inspiring it but ordering it.... Nor can normative statements give us direct knowledge of the world."

While trying to rescue the rationalist tradition of Marxism, Kolakowski stressed the independence of positive knowledge from normative (and Party) interference. While trying to find the moral roots of behaviour, he identified general outlook (in the sense of *Weltanschauung*) with philosophy itself, unlike the logical positivists, and rejected the restriction of philosophy to logical or linguistic analysis. He defined it as "the sum total of beliefs influencing human behaviour, evaluated morally by society, either praised or condemned (and influencing behaviour according to moral evaluation)." Kolakowski was not only heretical about Engels' treatment of moral knowledge, but contradicted him directly on knowledge in general. Rejecting the positivistic interpretation of philosophy, he also denied the Marxist contention about its end and its transformation into positive knowledge under full communism. He asked whether "the recognition of the class character of philosophical thinking means the death of philosophy in a classless society?" and gave an emphatically negative answer:

> The social functions of philosophy do not die away when its class functions come to an end. ... In a society which, in the words of Engels, "will not only overcome class antagonisms, but also forget about them," and in which "a truly human morality" will rule, the need for philosophical knowledge cannot wither away, since its proper source, which is the moral life of people, will not dry up. To be sure, we want to transform and revolutionise that life, not only as a means of political, economic, and technical change, but also as an end in itself. The freedom of man is a programme for all spheres of human life.

Although Kolakowski's essays dealt with abstruse philosophical problems, they were very popular and were probably read by a far wider public than was likely to grasp his argument, because it was felt that in his essays he was striving to give an interpretation of Marxism more in conformity with popular attitudes than the official one. But Kolakowski often descended from abstract theory to a more accessible political level. A particularly strong impression was made by his three essays on the relation of "institutional Marxism" to politics: "Intellectuals and the Communist Movement," "Permanent and Transitory Aspects of Marxism" and "The Concept of the Left."

The first, published in the theoretical organ of the Party on the eve of Gomulka's assumption of power, was a sort of "revisionist" Manifesto against "the impasse which reigns at present in Marxist theory," and against Party control of culture, particularly science:

> The political inspiration of the communist movement, whose intellectual genealogy is the entire tradition of European rationalism, cannot lead to the deformation of scientific truth for the purpose of proving "truths" settled beforehand or dished up for belief.

In the second article Kolakowski distinguished between "intellectual" and "institutional" Marxism. In the past, Marxism "meant a doctrine defined purely formally; its content being, in each case, supplied by the decree of the Infallible Institution which, during a certain phase, was the Greatest Philologist, the Greatest Economist, the Greatest Philosopher and the Greatest Historian in the World." He drew the conclusion that "with the gradual refinement of research techniques in the humanities, the concept of Marxism as a separate school of thought will in time become blurred and ultimately disappear altogether—just as there is no 'Newtonism' in physics, no 'Linnaeism' in botany, no 'Harveyism' in physiology, and no 'Gaussism' in mathematics. This means that what is permanent in Marx's work will be assimilated in the natural course of scientific development."

In the third article Kolakowski maintained that

> the Left is not a single political movement, or party, or group of parties. The Left is a characteristic which to a greater or lesser degree can serve particular movements or parties, as well as given individuals, or human activities, attitudes and world outlooks.

He concluded that

> a communist movement that subordinates its ideology to immediate tactics is destined for degeneration and defeat. It can exist only with the support of the power and the repressive capacity of the state. The intellectual and moral values of communism are not luxurious ornaments of its activity, but the conditions of its existence. That is why it is difficult to create leftist socialism is a reactionary country. A communist movement whose sole form of existence is sheer tactics and which permits the loss of its original intellectual and moral premises ceases to be a leftist movement. Hence the word "socialism" has come to have more than one meaning, and is no longer synonymous with the word "Left."

Like other Polish "revisionists" advocating "humanistic socialism," Kolakowski has drawn the fire of the guardians of the doctrine, in Poland and abroad. But undaunted by attacks,

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he wrote in September 1957 a series of articles in *Nowa Kultura*, containing the most thorough and far-reaching polemic with Marxist philosophical fundamentals written by a communist under a communist régime. They were written in a somewhat enigmatic form, but it was clear that Kolakowski's evolution had reached a new stage. "Responsibility and History" again dealt with the problem of political obligation. The appeal to "History" as the ultimate court of justice was rejected even more radically than before. The relationship between ends and means and facts and values was stated more explicitly and the moral orientation was still more pronounced. In an imaginary conversation between a Clerk (the term is borrowed from Julian Benda) and an anti-Clerk, Kolakowski clearly stated his credo, to which he remained faithful, as the subsequent decade has poignantly shown:

> "I will never believe that the moral and intellectual life of mankind follows the laws of economic investments, that is, the expectation of a better tomorrow by saving today, lying so that truth may triumph, taking advantage of crime to save nobility. I know that sometimes we have to choose between two evils. But when both possibilities are extremely evil, I will do my utmost to refrain from making a choice. In this way, I do choose, be it only man's right to make his own evaluation of the situation in which he finds himself. This is no small matter.... Lasting moral values, continuously evolving up till now, are the surest support available if reality demands of us a choice, which after all, is also of a moral nature. In any case, they are more trustworthy than any historiosophy. And that, ultimately, is why I will stick to my opinion."
>
> "Whatever happens?"
>
> "Whatever happens."

KOLAKOWSKI KEPT HIS WORD. During the next decade his philosophical views have undergone a further evolution, but he has not budged from this ethical stance. He remained true to the moral premises of his *Weltanschauung* and stood by them "whatever happened" during the long-drawn process of retreat from the Polish "October."

His essays written at the time show an uneasy mixture of great perspicacity and of somewhat naïve Prometheanism, which results in places in muddled thinking. However, these essays should be taken in their historical context: most of them were written at a time when bitter disillusionment mingled with high hopes.

They are also to be seen as stages in the intellectual self-liberation of a very precise mind in the process of growth. At the time of the Polish "October" it was possible to look at Kolakowski mainly in his symptomatic role, as illustrating a tendency, as a mirror of the philosophical anxiety of the communist-educated intellectuals, as a sign of protest against totalitarianism arising from within the system among the younger generation of the intelligentsia, as an indication that critical intelligence survives the Stalinist *Gleichschaltung* of minds. However, there is little doubt that he deserves a hearing as a philosopher in his own right. His subsequent development has clearly shown not only his rigorous training in logic and philosophy and the wide scope of his interests, but also the growing maturity of his mind.

AFTER THE STALINIST PHASE came the "revisionist" phase in Kolakowski's thought. After "October" he reached the third phase in his intellectual evolution which went beyond Marxist "revisionism." This did not mean the abandonment of all Marxian perspectives, but their transcendence as an exclusive framework of thought. It also meant that the polymathic knowledge of Kolakowski had found a better scope for analytical endeavours and a still more sophisticated way of approaching "the philosophy of man." While in his earlier writings there was little from which a Westerner could learn anything of universal significance, now he has moved from a stage of rediscovery of intellectual landmarks well known in the West to a stage where his search is more original. It is this that makes him, in view of his particular historical experience and individual talents, one of the most interesting contemporary thinkers.

Kolakowski is a philosopher in the somewhat un-modern sense of being concerned with the traditional large questions of philosophy, which began coming back into fashion only when the reaction against logical positivism set in in modern philosophy. He conceives it in the original sense of a quest for wisdom, rather than in the limited sense of logical positivists and linguistic analysts as a technique of precise thinking. He had a thorough analytical training and possesses a solid modern professional competence as a philosopher. This makes his efforts to relate the "unanswerable questions" of a *Weltanschauung* and the "limited questions" of the academic philosophy interesting, although they are not always successful. As Anthony Quinton has pointed out, Kolakowski's attempts in "Responsibility and History" to reconcile Marxian social determinism with individual moral responsibility are "more honourable than satisfactory."

His logical training, his political background, and his concern for the autonomy of morals re-

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sulted in a characteristic tension, not to say *caesura*, in his philosophy. His passionate interest in individual ethics led him back to the young Marx and to the Hegelian questions, in an attempt to provide Marxism with a humanistic perspective. But his methodology is positivist and this creates both a fertile clash and inconsistency in his writings. He is quite aware of it. He rejected the idea that value judgments can be deduced from statements of fact and that the moral evaluation of human acts can be derived from historical or sociological generalisations. But he is also very much concerned with positive knowledge. This raises the question of the nature of belief and the nature of knowledge in general almost to the central position in Kolakowski's philosophical thought. In his quest for a clearer view of the middle ground between ontology and epistemology, Kolakowski refuses to abandon an analytical detachment (however often he may sin against it in practice) in favour either of some new "grand synthesis" or one of the traditional philosophical positions. As he put it in his essay on "Hope and History," he tries to avoid a choice between the two attitudes and two visions of reality which derive from the preoccupation either with *"is"* or with *"ought."* Rather he wants to establish a contact between them, even if it is subject to "constant interruptions," a contact which should "prevent the alternatives of *'Sollen-Sein'* from becoming polarisations of utopian-opportunism, romanticism-conservatism, purposeless madness *versus* collaboration with crime masquerading as sobriety."

Like Lukács, although for quite different reasons, he does not want to settle for a solution (adopted by Max Weber) of a positivist interpretation of Kant, nor for the one adopted by neo-Kantians (like Verlander, Cohen, Naterp) of an ethical emancipation of Socialism from Marxism and scepticism about the possibility of positive knowledge. The reason for this is probably that neither of these positions would be compatible with Kolakowski's "anthropological realism."[5]

In his attempts to overcome "moral solipsism, totalitarian utopias, and petty bourgeois individualism," Kolakowski is trying to preserve (or rescue) in some form historicism, which is combined in him with residual elements of romanticism. Kolakowski is acutely aware of the problem of historical relativity, whether it is seen through the Mannheimian spectacles of the "sociology of knowledge," or whether the conceptual apparatus of the historian is seen through phenomenological spectacles. With his experience of historiography permanently falsified by the Party, he is also very conscious of the distinction between the cultural or anthropological problem of the relativity of historical perception, and the political problem of its deliberate falsification. There is a sharp distinction between the question involved in the rewriting of history *à la* Stalin in his *Short Course* and the Bergsonian question of conceptual *découpage* which affects historical understanding. Kolakowski explains this point in general terms:[6]

> In its relationship to its material the science of the history of ideas then finds itself in the same situation as that of the human species *vis-à-vis* the world. Not creating it *ex nihilo*, it imposes its limited system of divisions and makes a choice among factors which it tends, unconsciously, to judge as thus or otherwise differentiated according to their pertinence. This is a simple statement of fact, and not an expression of intent to see history as a projection of the present into the past. For the intentional application of such a rule can risk shocking distortions. In any case, it provides disastrous justifications for arbitrary choices of facts and for the ignoring of facts incompatible with a previously accepted hypothesis. This changeable system of divisions we are speaking about is a function of conditions never defined by the researcher according to his will—as opposed to a painter, for example, who can never be accused of painting false pictures. If, therefore, we can reasonably say that the historian like the painter creates objects which do not exist in "nature," still the former is always bound by the principle of non-contradiction toward known data; whereas the latter does not bear this responsibility, though he knows the material from which he ultimately produces his world. It is also certain that there exist limits to the similarity between scientific historical creativity and that which the human species as a whole creates out of its material "substance." The conditions that determine a historian in his use thus, and not otherwise, of a conceptual apparatus in the analysis of his object change not only depending on historical eras, but also on different views of the world which in the same era create different environments, classes and social groups.
>
> If, then, the countless different pictures of the same collection of facts co-exist and if all are approximately compatible with accepted technical rules of work, then the choice among them is defined by a more general choice, one of a cer-

[5] Kolakowski's "anthropological realism" is discussed in Z. Jordan, *Philosophy and Ideology* (Dordrecht, 1962). It is expounded by Kolakowski particularly clearly in his essay "Karl Marx and the classical definition of truth" published in a shortened version in *Revisionism*, edited by Leopold Labedz (London, 1962).

[6] Cf. "*Cogito*, historical materialism, and the expressive interpretation of personality," in *Kultura i Fetysze* [Culture and Fetishes] (Warsaw, 1967).

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tain view of the world, which constitutes an integral part of historical interpretation.

Kolakowski developed an ingenious way of handling the relation between the ontological problem of "metaphysical certainty" and the epistemological problem of positive knowledge in history. It is contained in his essay on "Historical Understanding and the Understanding of an Historical Event." He argued there that it is impossible to find in history any immanent meaning, but that meaning can be attributed to it by an act of faith. There are two ineluctable alternatives.

> We can either accept the point of view of an authentic historicism and in doing so make the history totally meaningless, but gain by it a feeling of consciousness without illusions, of consciousness free from faith. Or we can take the idea of a history which is meaningful through a conscious design which when it is projected into the past makes it understandable. Such a design contains at the same time an act of hope and an act of faith; of hope that it is possible in reality, of faith that this possibility supports a certain pre-historical *eidos* of humanity, the difficult implementation of which we observe in history. But this design is a decision, not an act legitimised scientifically.

What Kolakowski has done here is in effect to secularise Pascal. Historical belief, like religious belief, becomes an act of faith, and an act of faith of a special nature, a risk to be taken. Only here its object is not God, but history. It is, like that of Pascal, a wager, but a secular not a religious wager. Thus "anthropological realism" makes possible for Kolakowski historical knowledge through an act of faith. It is a rationalist faith, not a secular version of Tertullian's *credo quia absurdum*, but it hinges on some fragile assumptions about the historical "design."

WHERE ARE THESE ASSUMPTIONS to come from? They cannot come from historical knowledge because of Kolakowski's own definition of the problem. (It would also be circular reasoning.) They can only derive directly from an existentialist choice. This choice, Kolakowski thinks,[7] has been reduced in the philosophical work of our day under the influence of positivist criticism, to two alternatives, and he does not like either of them. One alternative is the so-called philosophy of life (*Lebensphilosophie*), which in its extreme form presupposes that man's intellectual life is evidence of his biological decadence. The other is "a lurid Manichean vision" which can be formulated "without recourse to religious ideas" and which presupposes "that our biological life and our metaphysical explorations spring from two incompatible and even hostile existential sources." Kolakowski feels that both involve a positivistic reduction of philosophy to a biological level.

> Positivism, when it is radical, renounces the transcendental meaning of truth, and reduces logical values to a feature of biological behaviour. The rejection of the possibility of synthetic judgments *a priori*—the fundamental act constituting positivism as a doctrine—can be justified with the reduction of all knowledge to biological responses. . . .

The conclusion which Kolakowski draws from this is that although one has to take cognisance "of the positivist critiques of synthetic judgments *a priori*, of the validity of induction, of 'essentialist' metaphysics, and of value judgments," it is not necessary to accept such a critique in the sense "that it reduces every metaphysical investigation and quest for certainty to mere 'error' "—but only in the limited sense that it makes it necessary "to renounce once and for all claims to 'scientific' status" for all ontological endeavours. He refuses to accept the positivist proposition that all genuine knowledge is to be identified with the results of scientific method.

Like other good philosophers, Kolakowski is caught between the necessity for ontological choice and the impossibility of epistemological proof. He has been called a philosopher of life, but this does not reflect adequately his philosophical quest, although it calls attention to an important aspect of it. His favourite philosopher, whose influence can be traced throughout his writings, is Spinoza. Like Spinoza, Kolakowski faces philosophical dichotomies which are for him a Procrustean bed. Idealism and materialism, monism and dualism, individual and infinity, ethics and determinism, these traditional antinomies are so many stations of the cross in Kolakowski's philosophical *via dolorosa*. Like that of Spinoza's, his own thought is in its ultimate effect internally divided. The parallel goes further, Like Spinoza, Kolakowski faces the problem of *la condition humaine* in that special way which blends desperation with hope and affirmation of life with the scepticism of wisdom. And like Spinoza, he not only made moral orientation the linchpin of his philosophy, but faced the political and social orthodoxy of his own time and place with courage and ethical determination. He illuminated his own attitude to general philosophy in his com-

[7] Cf. *Filozofia Pozytywistyczna, Od Hume'a do Kola Wiedenskiego* (Warsaw, 1966), published in English translation as *The Alienation of Reason* (New York, 1968).

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ment on Spinoza. In a book on his favourite philosopher, he refers to a "*via spinoza*, a thorny path where one engages in a stubborn struggle with the finiteness of one's thought." Spinoza, says Kolakowski, tried to overcome the thought of death without recourse to the illusion of immortality. An individual has to find a way to keep company with infinity "as an organism keeps company with its heart."

> Only if the two can live together, and only through such co-habitation, can human solitude be overcome. It cannot be really overcome by links with any finite being. Man only *seems* to become rooted in existence because he has his own family, his own country, his own nation, his own religion, and his own god. In its ultimate conclusion, Spinozism reveals that man does not have either family, country, nation, god, or religion. But only Spinoza, because of his own life, could live through the ultimate awareness of this situation, which is a universal human situation masked by the appearances of daily life. . . . If this [*i.e.*, Spinoza's] solution of two main problems of life to which philosophy has to give an open or concealed answer—the problem of freedom and the problem of death—is fictitious, it is the most beautiful fiction of the many with which philosophy feeds human minds through the ages.

Kolakowski considers the position of Spinoza as not really pantheistic or in any sense religious. This is so for two reasons: because it is not transcendental and because Spinoza's ethics is not heteronomous and is secular. Kolakowski argues that if these two conditions are not satisfied, but "every quest for happiness through the cognition of the absolute" is considered a religion, the term "becomes a misleading pseudonym for the type of thought which is common to almost all 'grand systems' in philosophy." Clearly, his own philosophical longing is somehow reminiscent of what Spinoza called "the intellectual love of God."

KOLAKOWSKI'S ATTITUDE TO RELIGION has undergone a further change. He has radically departed from any vulgar type of criticism of religion, and has been castigated for this in the article by Ladosz I have quoted above. It said that "this once excellent critic of Christian philosophical doctrines" has turned into his opposite, and that he brought into question the fundamental and elementary theses "not only of the Marxist, but of any materialist theory of religion" by expressing doubt about the idea that "religious conceptions reflect man's helplessness *vis-à-vis* nature."

It is not true that Kolakowski "has turned into his opposite" in his attitude to religion. But his philosophical evolution undoubtedly shows a shift away from what for Ladosz is a "materialist theory of religion." The essay under attack was a very subtle analysis of the role of religious symbols and of the significance of religion for the faithful. Kolakowski rejects in it various conventional empirical interpretations of the function of religion. He argues that if religious symbols can be used to reflect or organise non-religious values, it is only because they "must inevitably possess their own special value, irreducible and *sui generis*." Otherwise they would not be able to perform this function, and the question why they are used to reflect and satisfy other values would remain unintelligible. Kolakowski asks why, if religious symbols are only objects for projections or channels for expression of various social, economic, or libidinal needs, are they at all necessary? Why are such needs not expressed directly? He considers and rejects one after another, Marxist, rationalist, Freudian, Jungian, and phenomenological arguments about the genesis of religion. He concludes that there is no indication of any historical tendency towards the weakening of the religious impulses, that there is no correlation between the fall of religion and the rise of education (as postulated by rationalists), or between religious belief and social control (as postulated by psycho-analysis), that technological civilisation weakens the vitality of religious symbols but only by permitting people to escape from the fundamental questions of life.

> In this way there comes into being a false irreligiosity which arises not from the overcoming of religious symbols as a way of thought, but from stifling the self-awareness of the situation which gives birth to religious symbols. For that reason this type of influence of contemporary civilisation on religious faith is deceptive and short-lived. Like religiosity, irreligiosity can be false or authentic.

If religious symbols are "irresolvable" and "religion really exists," the only way to confront the "irreplaceable values" which they provide, is to show that "they promise the fulfilment of the impossible":

> Authentic irreligiosity always arises from an awareness of the need to which religious symbols are an answer, and from a conscious rejection of acceptance of the religious satisfaction of these needs. . . . It is a resignation from illusions, with a simultaneous knowledge about the situation which gives birth to such illusions. . . . This kind of self-awareness is only possible in a humanistic culture. . . .

This is a far cry from the young Kolakowski writing at the time when he has not yet lost his secular faith, that the function of religion is:

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to promise the exploited the rights which are to be given in the other world, while asking them to renounce their worldly rights.

EQUALLY STRIKING IS THE CONTRAST between the past and present evaluation by Kolakowski of the cultural role of Christianity in history. In his early essay on Avicenna he wrote that his neglect by "bourgeois philosophical historiography"

> probably resulted mainly from a programmatic arrangement of the history of philosophy in cosmopolitan categories of "European culture."... Such a conception of "Aryan" or "Christian" philosophy was in fact one of the manifestations of the contempt disseminated by the bourgeoisie of the metropolitan countries towards the colonial and oppressed nations....

In a more recent essay, "Jesus Christ, Prophet and Reformer," Kolakowski analysed the values "that, thanks to the teaching of Jesus, permanently entered the spiritual substance of Europe, and of the world." His present reflections on the subject are very different in tone from his early ones.

> One can, justly, find similar points in the religions of Asia. However, in the circle of the Mediterranean culture, to which we belong by birth, these values are connected with the teachings of Jesus and with his name. It is the spiritual supply which he introduced and to which he gave an impetus. Hence, any attempt to "invalidate Jesus," to eliminate him from our culture on the basis that we don't believe in the God in which he believed, is ridiculous and fruitless. Such an attempt is the deed only of unenlightened people who imagine that a crudely formulated atheism can suffice as the view of the world and can also justify someone's curtailing the cultural tradition according to his own doctrinaire plan and by that taking away from it the most vital saps.[8]

KOLAKOWSKI'S social philosophy has also undergone a perceptible evolution since his "revisionist" phase. He has not been in a position to discuss explicitly contemporary cultural, social, and political problems, but there are indirect indications of his attitudes and reflections which have contemporary relevance, or one may guess so, in his writings on the 16th and 17th century Counter-Reformation. It is difficult not to detect contemporary undertones in his historical studies in which he is preoccupied with such problems as the relation between beliefs and organisation, the evolution of ideologies, and the role of myths. In his major work, *Religious Consciousness and the Church Affiliation* (Warsaw, 1965), which is a study of the fate of the (mainly) Dutch sects in the 17th century, Kolakowski comes to some pessimistic conclusions about the chances of resuscitation of the true faith by the fundamentalists who inevitably must face its corruption in any organised community of believers.

> Historically, the attempts to create a non-denominational Christianity appear to us as purely negative phenomena. Their existence can only be perceived in relation to the organised religion against which they rose. They cannot basically transform the collective and hierarchical forms of religious life in line with their own ideas, which would signify (and, in some cases, does in fact signify) the adoption of a realistic, rational structure denying the very premise of their protest. Consequently, the non-denominational Christians are at best able to create inside (or parallel to) the church communities, pressure groups which force their opponents to assimilate some of their ideas in an emasculated form, leading to some modification of organised religion. Non-denominational Christianity, to the extent that it means anything in social life, was a negative force influencing the disintegration of positive Christianity. But it had no real power to disintegrate the Churches. Favourable circumstances can shake it into an effective reform movement. But it can take social root only if it accepts the principle of organisation, that is if it denies its principles....

Kolakowski's main concern in this book is "unsuccessful radicalism." He noticed the repeated failures of religious radicals to arrive at an "authenticated" and "cleaned-up" faith, and traced the destinies of their activities against the "betrayal" of religions by the Church. He describes the ideas of one such heretical thinker, Dirk Rafaelszoon Camphuysen, in a way which inevitably brings to mind his own predicament.

> The thought of Camphuysen is the thought of Erasmus after a century of disappointments.

There is a melancholy reflection and a warning, both of contemporary significance, in Kolakowski's essay on Erasmus.

> The Catholic Counter-Reformation, directed in the same measure against the great reform and against the Erasmian humanism, was successful only because it had assimilated the slogans of its critics, thus neutralising their anti-Church consequences. The reform aimed practically at the institution of the Church was transformed in this way into an internal reform, to a great extent a verbal one, and thus it rendered harmless the

[8] *Argumenty* (December 1965), published in English translation in *Tri-Quarterly* (No. 1, Spring 1967).

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subversive slogans, assimilating them without any detriment to the institution....

The old subversive slogans became inoffensive truisms. In the history of the Church this method proved to be the most effective in dealing with criticism. It consisted of taking over the criticism and its reduction to banality—emasculation through assimilation. This explains also why the reformist slogans which have a slender chance of immediate realisation, cannot be formulated once and for all, but need a constant recreation in new versions, if they are not going to rot in the antique shop of trivialities, to be accepted by all, but to have no practical consequences.[9]

This *cri de cœur* is particularly poignant when one remembers Kolakowski's own fate. He is a rationalist who knows the limitations of pure reason and realises the importance of practical reason. He accepts the Marxist tradition, but rejects its teleology (despite some residual faith in the Hegelian "cunning of reason" in history). He not only disregards the Leninist critique of "fideism" in philosophy but postulates an act of faith as a necessary precondition of historical thinking. He destroys contemporary myths, while realising the role of myths in history. He is positivistic in his methods of analysis, but rejects the identification of scientific and philosophical goals. Man is the centre of his philosophical concern, but he makes metaphysics the basis of his ethics, although he does not accept religious assumptions for his metaphysical beliefs. He makes "anthropological realism" his philosophical platform, yet considers that "infinity is the only fatherland of man." He is a truly tragic philosopher who does not however surrender to despair. He is in the line of Stoic philosophers and, like Seneca and Spinoza, embodies their honourable tradition.

[9] "On the Defeats of the Religious Reformers," in *Notaki o Wspolczesnej Kontrreformacji* (Warsaw, 1962).

AUTHORS

WE SHOULD HAVE known better, but we didn't. When the manuscript of "Five More Days to Countdown" by **Anna Kavan** [ENCOUNTER, July 1968] arrived in the office, we enthusiastically assumed that it could only have been written by some precocious young girl, shrewdly observing her own generation. We should have recognised her name, but then she hadn't published much since her brilliant literary début in the 1940s. Pleased as we were with her latest work, we accepted several more stories and looked forward to meeting her at the home of her London publisher. But, almost as in a bizarre Kavan story, she did not arrive: and an obituary notice in *The Times* two days later announced that she had died that night in her Kensington flat, aged 64. She was best known for her first novels, *Asylum Piece* and *Change the Name*. Peter Owen will be publishing a posthumous collection of her autobiographical sketches later this year.

Leo Labedz is the Editor of the London quarterly review of politics, *Survey*, in which two of his notable essays appeared: "Isaac Deutscher" (April 1962), and "Students & Revolution" (July 1968). His collection of essays on *Revisionism* was published by Allen and Unwin in 1962, and he co-edited (with Max Hayward) the volume of documentation, *On Trial: The Case of Sinyavsky and Daniel* (Collins, 1967)....

Kenneth Allsop's books include *The Bootleggers*, Hutchinson (1963), and *Hard Travellin'*, Hodder (1967). A collection of his essays, including many of his previous contributions to ENCOUNTER was published under the title *Scan* by Hodder (1965). He is also well-known as a regular broadcaster on BBC-Television. His career has lately taken an academic turn, with his installation as Rector of Edinburgh University and his election to a Research Fellowship at Merton College, Oxford....

Richard Stern, who teaches at the University of Chicago, is the author of many novels, including *Golk* (1961) and *In Any Case* (1963) both published by MacGibbon & Kee and *Stitch* (1967), published by Hodder & Stoughton in England....

CORRECTION: a quotation on p. 53 of Henry Pleasants' article, "Who's Afraid of Pierre Boulez?" (ENCOUNTER, February) was incorrectly ascribed to Alan Blyth; the notice in *The Times* of Boulez' *Le Marteau sans Maître* was actually written by Stanley Sadie. We apologise to both critics for this mistaken attribution....

Blaise Cendrars' novel *Moravagine*, from which we published two long extracts [ENCOUNTER, November and December 1968], has now been published by Peter Owen (35s.). The excellent translation from the French is by Alan Brown....

THE letter from **T. S. Eliot** to George Orwell which appears on p. 95 of this issue is reprinted by kind permission of Mrs. Eliot....

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PRESS

The Life & Death of the Foreign Correspondent

By D. W. Brogan

MR. THOMAS BARMAN'S book[1] has a double interest The first, as far as I am concerned, is that it brings back a great many memories of my past which had been obscured, some of them agreeable and some not. And for anyone who knew anything of the journalistic world of Paris and London before the war, or some of the odd "political warfare activities" during the war, this is a most stimulating piece of *madeleine*. But in addition to this, Mr. Barman's book contains reflections on the place today of the "diplomatic correspondent." Has he any place? Has he been totally superseded by the PRO? Is he in fact a governmental agent sent to "lie abroad for his country"? Or is he an independent source of information, both at the time and for historians of the future?

There used to be, and I presume there still is, in *The Times* office in the rue Halévy in Paris, a large portrait of Blowitz, the most famous of diplomatic correspondents, or, as some would say, the most infamous. In those days, diplomatic correspondents were quasi-independent powers. They not only revealed things which governments wished to keep dark, they found out things which governments either didn't know, or didn't want to know. Their jobs overlapped with those of the agent who reputedly discovered the terms of the Treaty of Tilsit in 1807 by managing to hide under the raft in the Niemen where Napoleon and Alexander were dividing the Western world. Blowitz, among his many coups, got the terms of the Treaty of San Stefano and, later and more serious, the details of the settlement between the Russians and Dizzy. Other famous foreign correspondents were not content to report what they discovered to their employers at home; they tried to influence the policy of their employers, even if, as some people insisted, they had to invent information to acquire the influence.

In my experience of this part of "the trade," the great days were over by the time, after the first World War, when I began to work on the edge of foreign reporting. Gone were the reputedly enormous expense accounts of the old days. Gone were most of the stories of bribery on both sides. There were still rumours about the double allegiance of certain reporters, especially "independent" contributors, but, the laws of libel being what they are, I can only assert the survival of the rumours without naming the subjects of them.

Then, just as ambassadors were downgraded by the arrival of the telephone and the increasing facility of travel, especially by air, so were the foreign correspondents. Fewer and fewer places in the world were immune from visiting statesmen. Fewer and fewer were the romantic rescue expeditions, like Stanley's search for Livingstone. Fewer and fewer were the occasions when a foreign correspondent reporting on a foreign situation could alter the policy of a leading statesman or even of a government. And it is worth remembering that one of the most remarkable cases of foreign reporting altering the policy of a leading statesman was Gladstone's report on the conditions of prisons in Naples, which revealed a Gladstone converted to a far more sympathetic view of the policy of Lord Palmerston than he had held before. In the same way, much of the hostility to the pro-Turkish policy of Disraeli in his second term as Prime Minister was due to highly critical, indeed highly hostile, reporting by a number of very distinguished correspondents, among whom was the young Arthur Evans.

WHAT UNDER the *ancien régime* was called the *secret du roi* was harder and harder to keep hid, and the means for discovering these secrets became more and more open to not very ingenious and not very bold snoopers. But even then, as late as World War I, inside information was sometimes discovered by newspaper men permanently *en poste* or making a sudden descent on a country which had become newsworthy. No doubt these descents had their comic aspects. There were instances of the startling effect of revelations by a foreign correspondent long before the days when Evelyn Waugh in *Scoop* sent the expert on voles off to an unidentified African state which was a combination of Liberia and Abyssinia. Foreign correspondents, or people with knowledge of foreign countries, sometimes shook the complacency of the most confident editors and ambassadors. For example, at the beginning of the Franco-Prussian War, Delane was convinced the French would have an easy victory. It was his staff who quickly convinced him he was

[1] *Diplomatic Correspondent*. By THOMAS BARMAN. Hamish Hamilton, 35s.

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wrong. Foolish pessimism about the survival of the American Union in 1860–61, one of the most disastrous miscalculations made by the English Establishment, might not have been so rampant if more attention had been paid to the very intelligent reporting of William Howard Russell, the most famous foreign correspondent of the 19th century because of his exposure of the imbecilities of the British army command in the Crimea. It must be remembered, however, that Russell was not a regular "Establishment man." He was of Irish Catholic and rebel origin, and a certain irony about the claims of English virtue can be seen not only in his Crimean despatches, but in his very candid reports of the suppression of the Indian Mutiny which he saw not quite in the simple terms of the relief of Lucknow by pipe-playing Highlanders. It is true that he left the United States too early to display all his talents (the fault was his, not the fault of Delane and *The Times*), but for the whole time Russell *was* there, he produced the best reports on the great American crisis.

BUT THE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT with whom Mr. Barman is mainly concerned is not the "special" descending from the balloon, but the man employed to report on an important source of news. That most important source of news was believed for a time to be Paris, and then, for another long period, Berlin. And the history of *The Times* is full of examples of the interplay of politics and journalism in Printing House Square and the interplay of power and influence between Printing House Square and Downing Street. *The Times* was a power in its own right, and no English paper has ever rivalled *The Times* in, at any rate, *giving* the impression that it was a power in its own right and ought to be consulted or nobbled or even obeyed. This system survived into a different age, an age in which there were far more numerous centres of power, an age in which it was necessary to have first-class agents at work in Washington and Petersburg, in Vienna and Tokyo as well as in Paris and Berlin. And it was necessary to have someone in the home office who could pull all these sources of information together and could justify a consistent policy by "The Thunderer." By the time Mr. Barman became a servant of *The Times*, that great newspaper was on the skids. Its prestige had never quite recovered from the scandal of the Piggott forgeries. Here the bitterness of Irish politics was imported into *The Times* and accentuated by the desirability of ruining Parnell. From complete ruin *The Times* was saved by Northcliffe, and in my experience of working for *The Times*, it was interesting to notice the difference between the old *Times* types and the more competent people imported by Northcliffe, mainly from the *Daily Mail*. The old *Times* type was prone to say (I have heard it said) that *The Times* could never be scooped: "Nothing is news until it appears in *The Times*."

This, alas, was not true even by the end of the first World War. But *The Times'* view of itself as a kind of independent foreign office or another arm of the British government survived with increasingly disastrous results. And Mr. Barman, who saw this period of decline and worse than decline, is a witness to the disastrous results of the parochial vision of Geoffrey Dawson for whom South Africa was more important than Europe and for whom the great statesman was Milner, a man who combined, in my opinion, the worst features of his English ancestry and his German birth.

Even before *The Times* had become the chief organ of appeasement and the chief apologist for Stanley Baldwin, its reputation in "the trade" was very low, and for good reasons. Mr. Barman, half English, half Norwegian, with a far greater knowledge of the real world than Geoffrey Dawson or *The Times* Establishment ever had, is a convincing witness and for people who remember that depressing period, when incompetence as well as political stupidity largely ruled the roost in Printing House Square, his chapters will have a morbid fascination. They will not, of course, do the reputation of Geoffrey Dawson any good, but that is not a cause that I have at heart; neither has Mr. Barman. His account of a policy meeting at *The Times* and of the conversation between Geoffrey Dawson and Peter Fleming has its comic side, but it was not so comic when one reflects how seriously *The Times* was taken abroad as it was taken less and less seriously at home. The view that everything that appeared in *The Times* was inspired from Downing Street or the Foreign Office was held by people who should have known better. Just before the War, I had to protest against this view at a lunch in Paris where a remarkably versatile and morally "broad and flexible" White Russian exile assured me that all *Times* leaders were gone over with a fine tooth comb by the government before they were allowed to appear. Even my protest that I had written a good many of them myself had no effect on this deep conviction.

HERE WE COME to a problem for which I do not know any real solution. *The Times* wanted, and perhaps still wants, to have "a special relationship" with the government which I should think the great Delane would have thought greatly damaged *The Times*, and did

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not always help the government. This meant a tendency, not confined to *The Times*, to get into touch mainly with the "best people" in Paris or Washington. Since the Foreign Office was acting on the same principle with disastrous results, *The Times* misled the Foreign Office and the Foreign Office misled *The Times*. Thus, the reporting of the first years of the New Deal in *The Times* was extremely bad simply because their great correspondent, Wilmott Lewis, knew hardly any Democrats. This was a subject of great irritation in the White House (as can be seen from the recently published Frankfurter-Roosevelt correspondence), and looking back at the results of this ignorance of the United States, it is almost impossible to credit even things that came under one's own observation. For example, when the President-elect, F. D. Roosevelt, was almost shot down by an assassin in Florida just before his first inauguration, there was literally *no* obituary of him in *The Times* file. I had to write one that night. When he died in 1945, that obituary had not been brought up to date. And I cite this not as an example of malice of any kind, but simply of a lack of sufficient sense of news in which *The Times* was greatly surpassed, then, by the *Daily Telegraph*. It wasn't, of course, surpassed by the *Manchester Guardian*, but one didn't, on the whole, read the *Guardian* for news.

The basic drawback to the system was that no paper should have been as deeply attached to the policy of any government as *The Times* desired to be. After all, it was no more credulous about Nazi Germany than later it was about Soviet Russia. And it behaved so badly to its employees abroad that it got the reputation in "the trade" of being not only incompetent but pathologically mean. Its formerly brilliant and still charming correspondent in Washington was ludicrously underpaid, and its treatment of Norman Ebbutt, its Berlin correspondent, was odious to a degree to which the complacent defenders of Geoffrey Dawson pay insufficient regard.

A GREAT PART of Mr. Barman's journalistic career on *The Times* was as the financial correspondent in Paris; and here he has some very dangerous thoughts (as the Japanese used to put it) to utter. He *does* believe that business was deeply appeasement-minded. The simple market view of Britain's prospects which led U.S. Ambassador Kennedy to sell Britain short (wrongly, as he later admitted) was not confined to Joe Kennedy, and the money market was used to make appeasement attractive to business, and an intelligent policy of resistance to Hitler unpopular in the City.

For those who were on the edge of this world, as I was before the War, some of the accounts of Mr. Barman's colleagues are highly entertaining. There is, for example, his account of Darsie Gillie who came to *The Times* from the deceased *Morning Post*. He found his real *métier* first as head of the French service of the B.B.C. during the war and then as the Paris correspondent of the *Guardian* until very recently. As Mr. Barman points out, the *Guardian* under A. P. Wadsworth had to adapt itself to Gillie, not the other way round. Indeed, many other people than the great Wadsworth (in my opinion and Mr. Barman's, the greatest editor of modern times), learned to adjust themselves to Darsie Gillie's views of his own functions and of theirs, even persons of notoriously independent and quasi-anarchistic views themselves. It is even asserted that the head of the B.B.C. office in Paris in this period learned to do so; but this may be mere gossip. The fact that Mr. Barman was deeply committed to a policy not favoured by his *Times* superiors adds greatly to the interest and value of his book, for there can be few times in modern history in which newspapers have fallen down so completely on the job of adequate reporting, first of all from Germany and then from Russia.

For a part of the war Mr. Barman was in Russia in the embassy inhabited by Lord Inverchapel. He gives an amusing and valuable picture of Archie Clark-Kerr's "legation," as they would have said in the old days in Moscow, and this can be offset against George Kennan's account of his experience in the American Embassy in Moscow. Lord Inverchapel was certainly, when he went to Moscow from Chungking, as much of an anarchist as Darsie Gillie. I saw him off and on during all this period; but my closest contacts were in Washington, to which he, in effect, retired. As he once told me, "The Foreign Office says Archie doesn't mind where he is sent. Archie has stood a great deal, and he has said he will retire either to Paris or Washington, but he will not go off to some God-forsaken capital or other to suit the Foreign Office. . . ." So he ended up in Washington, not I think a model of industry, but up to no harm, which is more than can be said of most of the British ambassadors I have known in Washington during the last forty years.

Mr. Barman does not tell—perhaps he does not know—the story of the *moujik*. The *moujik* was a Russian body servant whom Archie used in the embassy. As he told me the story, Stalin saw him off at Moscow airport as he was finally leaving for London. Presenting him with a magnificent sable overcoat, Stalin asked was there anything Archie would miss when he left

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Moscow. Archie, who suffered from no form of diffidence whatsoever, said he would miss the *moujik* (a rather surly Russian peasant who used to give me whisky when I was having tea with the ambassador; the ambassador also drank whisky as tea). So a messenger was sent at once into Moscow, the *moujik* was brought out and put on the plane with Archie. When Lord Inverchapel died at Inverchapel, the *moujik* set up in business in a fish-and-chip shop in Dunoon, marrying a local girl and acquiring a magnificent glottal stop Glasgow accent, ending up as far as I know in Rothesay, complaining of the meanness of the Scots and threatening to transfer himself, his wife and his bairns to somewhere in England.

Mr. Barman served for a while, as I did for a much shorter period, at Woburn Abbey where wartime political warfare was conducted with a very exaggerated idea of its importance. (I hasten to add that I don't think Mr. Barman had these exaggerated ideas, most of which came from that exuberant, noisy bully, Hugh Dalton.) He tells of the elaborate secrecy regulations imposed on the inhabitants of the Abbey who were, for example, forbidden, as he reminds me, to communicate our address to anyone; we had a phoney address and phoney phone numbers in London. But it was characteristic of the Foreign Office that no one had told them that all the numerous girls—waitresses and typists—had to have *their* address stamped on their national health cards which bore the secret legend "Woburn Abbey" while we had to give the address, if I remember correctly, of a club in Berkeley Square.

WHAT REFLECTIONS does this highly readable and illuminating book provoke in me today?

First, it was and is extremely important that the B.B.C. should not be under governmental direction as to its policy or its treatment of the news. No Director-General should be on really good terms with any Prime Minister. Prime Ministers don't like this, any more than they like a really critical press. After all, even President Kennedy, who manipulated the press with skill, for a while foolishly banned the *New York Herald Tribune* from being read in the White House. Our present Prime Minister notoriously does not like the attitude of the B.B.C. And yet the B.B.C. employs some of the best reporters there are in its various foreign stations and the government would do very well if it took their advice when there is a clash between that and the official story from Downing Street, or even "officious" stories from Fleet Street. One of the disastrous weaknesses of the Dawson régime at *The Times* may have been remedied: that is to say, correspondents of *The Times* may have resumed the good habit of writing very long reports, not necessarily to be published, on the places where they are stationed. *The Times* does not today, as it did even in Dawson's time, cover the world by special turnover articles; unfortunately, some of these articles were not written by the man on the spot, but by permanent or intermittent contributors like myself in London.

But there is a deeper problem to which there is no perfect solution. The American press is not hampered in any way by an Official Secrets Act. A great deal of it can be described as very irresponsible. I don't think this is unjust as a description of the *Chicago Tribune* in the great days of Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick. On the other hand, as President Kennedy came to see, a "responsible press" may be a nuisance. For example, he induced the *New York Times* to suppress its elaborate coverage of preparations for the Bay of Pigs disaster by an appeal to the patriotism of the management. Later he came to see that the *New York Times* was a great deal better informed than the FBI, the CIA, the State Department, etc., etc. But the damage had been done. It is one of the disasters of the Lyndon Johnson régime that often when the White House is telling the truth, which it does intermittently, it is not believed. For in Washington you cannot even go by the old maxim of Robert Dell of the *Manchester Guardian* in Paris: "It must be true —the Quai d'Orsay has denied it."

IT IS STILL TRUE to a degree which professional diplomats, pollsters, professors of political science, etc., do not fully realise, that journalists *do* have means of getting information which these more serious public servants do not have. I do not think it is true that very much news is revealed in the Press Clubs of either London or Washington; but a good deal of news is revealed in various bars. The passion of politicians for justifying themselves leads them to give interviews—in fact, to insist on giving interviews—in which, not deliberately, truth often slips out; as Lord Bowen, the great Victorian legal wit, put it, "Truth will out, even in an affidavit." The fact that a statesman has let truth slip out accidentally, and then denies having said what he was reported to have said, is one of the risks of "the trade" which reporters should take calmly. No statesman in my experience has ever given an interview to anybody—even to me—for the benefit of the reporter. Consequently, people like the highly critical but far from cynical Mr. Bar-

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man are of very great value indeed. They move over a far wider spectrum of public life than any official can do, or can afford to do. They acquire, quite early if they are any good at all, a nose for the planted story. They may be glad to have it planted, they may be glad to have become an authorised "leak," although there are dangers in being a leak of any kind; but they never quite get over their initial suspicion that attempts are being continually made to use them and to use their papers and, above all, to use their proprietors. The weight attached to a paper which is a first-class reporting paper is much greater than politicians think or would like if they thought it. The very great weight in the world today of *Le Monde* and the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* is due to the fact that they are newspapers of the very first order, which is not true of some papers with more pretensions and bigger circulations.

It is obvious that Mr. Barman has doubts and fears about the future of his profession and is not totally sorry that he has retired to the comparative peace of Chatham House. But there will always be a place for the really intelligent, enquiring, and inquisitive reporter. Even a correspondent of *Pravda*, in talking to another newspaper man, may, much against his will and although it is the last thing he is expected to do or perhaps wants to do, tell the truth.

FINALLY, the press is not very healthy at the moment in Britain and in many parts of the United States or in provincial France. But there are probably more good papers reporting in as much depth as is desirable in a newspaper than there were in 1939. For example, the *Washington Post* and the *Los Angeles Times* are very much better than they were then. In a sense, the *Chicago Tribune* is better than it was then, although it has lost its old eccentric charm. *The Times* is better than it was then. The *Guardian* is recovering, and so is the *Daily Mail*. The job of being a serious newspaper man dealing with serious news is still worthy of the attention of an intelligent young man as a possible career. If McLuhan is right, this may be a bad investment twenty years from now, but I don't necessarily believe all that Professor McLuhan says. And a point which I make, which I am sure Mr. Barman would agree with, although he spent the last fruitful years of his diplomatic correspondent life with the B.B.C., is that people still take print more seriously than they take voices on the air. The immediate impact is much less, but the memory lingers on as it does not do, except very rarely, from T.V. or radio pronouncements. I have lots of suggestions for improving the press of all the countries I know, but I am more optimistic than I was a few years ago and I think Mr. Barman and I will probably agree that for the serious press the situation is better today than it was between the Wars. The only change for the worse which I note is in the character of the *News of the World*. One of the most acute comments on C. P. Scott's dictum, "Comment is free, but news is sacred," was made by Peter Fleming: "No paper, with one exception—and that not the *Manchester Guardian*—lived up to Scott's description. The one exception was the *News of the World*: there is no comment." Alas, the *News of the World* has slipped into "serious habits" and gives us the opinions of various not very impressive pundits on foreign affairs, education, the state of the nation, etc., cutting down the supply of peccant vicars and sadistic scout masters for which that great newspaper was renowned in the past.

But since Mr. Barman's book was published, the trade which he adorned has been exposed to new risks and new problems (the British side of it that is). Just as few of the British press corps knew many Democrats in 1933 or knew *any* Democrats, now they hardly know any Republicans. This is especially dangerous when we remember that the overwhelming majority of the American "working press" in Washington is Democratic in sympathy and almost pathologically hostile to Mr. Nixon.

The British press and the British people find Richard Nixon hard to take, so it is all the more important that our journalistic representatives (plus the B.B.C.) should see themselves as *reporters*, not critics, should accept the fact that it is easy but profitless to score off the Americans who had to choose between Messrs. Nixon and Humphrey instead of having the equivalents of Gladstone and Disraeli to choose from—as we notoriously have. Some should do their homework better; some should resign the vacant office of imperial censor (to quote from old China), an office to which they have not been appointed. Their main if not sole duty is to enlighten the thick darkness of the British public mind and to leave the Americans alone. Adlai Stevenson said he would have been elected President if foreigners (by which I suspect he meant British "Wasps") could have voted. Eugene McCarthy may have thought and might have said the same. But at best we are holders of non-voting stock in a corporation that we can't either control or quit. And we may be sure that President Nixon, like the famous Irish M.P. who didn't care what *The Times* said of him as long as he had the support of *The Skibbereen Eagle*, would rather have the *Los Angeles Times* on his side than *The Times*, *The Guardian*, or even the *Daily Express*.

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LETTERS

George Orwell

MANY ADMIRERS of George Orwell will agree with John Wain that "a complete Orwell is important to us" and that "it is important to rescue every stray scrap of his writing." But no one should imagine that this has been done in *The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell*, which he reviewed in your December issue.

According to Mr. Wain, the new edition "reprints all Orwell's writings, except those that exist as books in their own right and are available separately.... With that exception, everything is here that the editors could find." That is not so. According to Sonia Orwell, she and Ian Angus "have excluded much of the journalism and many letters." She explains that the journalism which they have not published is "purely ephemeral," a description which will astonish anyone who knows the hundreds of articles in question. In the same way, they have not published many letters they thought unimportant, and in several of those they have included they have removed passages they thought repetitious and words they thought offensive. On the other hand, they have included *The Lion and The Unicorn* (which was published as a book in 1941, and republished in the uniform edition in 1962), and *The English People* (which was published as a book in 1947), as well as half-a-dozen items by other people replying to things Orwell had written.

According to Mr. Wain, "everything that needs a footnote is given one." This is not so. According to the editors, there is "a minimum of footnotes," and at the same time "many of the footnotes have been provided for the benefit of American readers and contain information we know to be familiar to English readers." What this means is that there are too few footnotes and too many of these few are superfluous. Dozens of people and places are never identified at all, and a few are even disguised (as in the prep-school essay, "Such, Such Were the Joys"). On the other hand, many people who are mentioned several times are identified over and over again (Middleton Murry, Richard Rees, Victor Gollancz). And some of the information that is given is irrelevant (Victor Serge is described as "one of the most literate of the early Communists") or even misleading (the paper *Revolt* is described as "anti-Stalinist" rather than anarchist). The editors have frequently failed to correct Orwell's mistakes (when D. H. Lawrence is described as "a university graduate" there is no note pointing out that he had only a teacher's certificate), and have occasionally added their own (the Spanish P.O.U.M. is said to have "contained an unusually high proportion of politically conscious members, mostly Anarchists"!). Mr. Wain found only three mistakes in "all these thousand pages" (there are actually two thousand), and thinks "it takes some beating, even if every reader finds two or three more," forgetting that this would mean several on every page! The editors have also ominously imposed on Orwell's writings "a uniform style in spelling, quotation marks and punctuation." In fact the editing, far from being "exceptionally well done," is rather badly done.

"These four volumes are not the Complete Journalism and Letters of George Orwell," says Sonia Orwell, "but with the novels and books they make up the definitive Collected Works." There is no doubt that they are very valuable and that they are a great improvement on the *Collected Essays*, which Mr. Wain was one of the few reviewers to see through in 1961; but there is also no doubt that they are not as good as they should be and that this claim is as false as those made then—it is a pity that Mr. Wain did not repeat his previous performance. One day there will be a proper edition of George Orwell's miscellaneous writings, but this is not it and should not be thought to be it.

NICOLAS WALTER

Harrow, Middlesex

ARITHMETIC has never been my *forte*, but it is rather comical to make an error of 50% in assessing the number of pages in a four-volume work. Apart from that, I feel that the only serious misstatement in my review was that the editors had reprinted everything they could find. (They themselves plainly say they did nothing of the sort.) Regarding the three errors I found, I have now read the whole collection through again at least twice, and have found a few more, if that makes Mr. Walter feel any better. Otherwise I feel rather impenitent. One's judgment of quality is always to some extent affected by the general standard in that particular field, and if this edition of Orwell's miscellaneous writing is not good enough, what comparable collection is? Whose stray pieces have been so meticulously edited or so pleasingly served up? Have Wyndham Lewis's? Have Lawrence's? Have Virginia Woolf's? Have Wells's? (And I restrict myself to the illustrious dead.) And surely Mr. Walter is scoring a rather small triumph when, by way of faulting my statement that the edition reprints Orwell's work "except those that exist as books in their own right and are available separately," he points out that two obscure and out-of-print items, *The Lion and the Unicorn* and *The English People*, were in fact published in book form and are therefore "books" and spoil my categorisation?

Still, truth is important, and Mr. Walter has done his homework and is therefore entitled to be fierce. What he should do now is to indicate which of Orwell's writings not found in this collection are of real importance. Then perhaps some publisher might bring them out in a supplementary volume, which Mr. Walter could edit, thereby showing us all what real editing looks like.

JOHN WAIN

Oxford

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Rosten's "Yiddish & English"

"Cockamamy" is indeed Ameridish [Encounter, September 1968]; it came into regular usage in Toronto (via New York and Miami) about fifteen years ago and is a juxtaposition of "mania," a mental derangement, and the Yiddish word "farkuckte," meaning "beshat."

Practitioners of the highly developed Yiddish art of contumely will undoubtedly recollect the phrase *"vas far farkuckte meshugass"* (what kind of beshat silliness). This has now been streamlined into the adjective "cockamamy."

J. I. Weisdorf,
Attaché

Canadian Embassy,
The Hague

Limerick

"One American even goes so far as to insist that every limerick should begin *in media res*. . . ."—Nefastus Dies in Encounter, January 1969, p. 57.

If you're stuck in a 73 bus
You may be *"in mediis rebus"*
But never—oh! please—
"In media res"
In all your *nefastis diebus.*

Alastair K. Ross

London

T. S. Eliot & George Orwell

Mr Fredric Warburg's *comment in last month's* Encounter *on John Wain's article, "George Orwell & the Intelligentsia"* (Encounter, *December*) *has aroused widespread interest.* The Times (*3 Jan.*) *reported Mr. Warburg's remarks on the relations between Orwell and T. S. Eliot, and this news item elicited the following letter from Mrs. T. S. Eliot which clarifies the point in question: namely, the rejection of Orwell's little masterpiece,* Animal Farm, *by the publishing house of Faber & Faber, of which Eliot was a director. The whole incident will probably take its place in the history of Famous Rejection Slips (André Gide's turning down of Marcel Proust, etc., etc.).*

One curious ideological complication remains for students of Eliotana. I remember once hearing Eliot say how much he liked writing for the "Trotskyite Partisan Review" (*he had sent them pages from his "Four Quartets"). I found it all the more strange when Orwell mentioned to me shortly after the war that Eliot had strenuously objected to the "Trotskyism" of* Animal Farm. *Needless to say, Orwell was without rancour about the matter, and indeed played wryly with the subject of Eliot's orthodoxy, Trotsky's defensism, and the like. "Nobody's left," he cracked, "but us deviationists. . . ."*

M.J.L.

*

Sir,—*In today's Diary, Mr. Fredric Warburg is reported as saying that he does not know why T. S. Eliot (in his capacity as a director of Faber & Faber) rejected* Animal Farm. *To save speculation, I quote below the letter written to George Orwell by my husband on July 13th, 1944.*

VALERIE ELIOT

I know that *you wanted a quick decision about* "Animal Farm"; *but the minimum is two directors' opinions, and that can't be done under a week. But for the importance of speed, I should have asked the Chairman to look at it as well. But the other director is in agreement with me on the main points. We agree that it is a distinguished piece of writing; that the fable is very skilfully handled, and that the narrative keeps one's interest on its own plane—and that is something very few authors have achieved since Gulliver.*

On the other hand, we have no conviction (and I am sure none of the other directors would have) that this is the right point of view from which to criticise the political situation at the present time. It is certainly the duty of any publishing firm which pretends to other interests and motives than mere commercial prosperity, to publish books which go against the current of the moment: but in each instance that demands that at least one member of the firm should have the conviction that this is the thing that needs saying at the moment. I can't see any reason of prudence or caution to prevent anybody from publishing this book—if he believed in what it stands for.

Now I think my own dissatisfaction with this apologue is that the effect is simply one of negation. It ought to excite some sympathy with what the author wants, as well as sympathy with his objections to something: and the positive point of view, which I take to be generally Trotskyite, is not convincing. I think you split your vote, without getting any compensating strong adhesion from either party—i.e. those who criticise Russian tendencies from the point of view of a purer communism, and those who, from a very different point of view, are alarmed about the future of small nations. And after all, your pigs are far more intelligent than the other animals, and therefore the best qualified to run the farm—in fact, there couldn't have been an Animal Farm at all without them: so that what was needed (someone might argue), was not more communism but more public-spirited pigs.

I am very sorry, because whoever publishes this, will naturally have the opportunity of publishing your future work: and I have a regard for your work, because it is good writing of fundamental integrity.

T. S. Eliot

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Amis—and Powell

IN TRYING TO DODGE Mr. Kingsley Amis' ferocious counter-punching, your columnist "R" has surely come another cropper [ENCOUNTER, September 1968]. He writes of Amis' support for an Enoch Powell "stripped of his emotionalism about immigration," and he goes on to ask: But what then would be left of him?

As even an occasional glimpser at the headlines must know, stripping Enoch Powell of his "emotionalism about immigration" would in fact leave him with a reasoned and highly distinctive position on many of the problems facing Britain today, from Britain's political and military role in the world to the government's role in business and welfare. One may disagree with Powell's proposals, especially if one puts as much thought into their rejection as Powell himself does into their formulation. What one cannot do is talk as if there were nothing to Powell apart from his rhetoric on immigration, since that would indicate in a serious commentator culpable ignorance.

I think I see what Mr. Amis means when he characterises a certain kind of thinking as "intellectually disreputable" and "morally desensitised."

COLIN MACIVOR

London

Whose Wittgenstein?

WHEN TWO REPUTABLE PHILOSOPHERS, and interpreters of Wittgenstein, make diametrically opposite statements, surely one of them must be wrong, unless the theorem of contradiction has been suspended.

In the *New York Review of Books* (16 January 1969), Mr. D. F. Pears, of Oxford writes:

> "... when Schlick and Carnap and the other philosophers of the Vienna Circle took the *Tractatus* as their model, and applied its theory of language to empirically based factual propositions, they were applying it in the way in which its author intended it to be applied. The *Notebooks 1914-1916* in which Wittgenstein worked out the ideas of the *Tractatus* made this intention particularly clear."

In the January number of ENCOUNTER, Mr. Stephen Toulmin, of Cambridge, Oxford, and Brandeis, writes:

> "Meanwhile the *Tractatus* fell into the hands of the *Wiener Kreis* and rapidly became a 'classic' of positivism. ... Their misreading of the *Tractatus* was a pardonable misunderstanding, reflecting the very different philosophical attitudes with which they themselves had approached Russell and Frege's new logical symbolism. It was not until 1927 that—after several years of frustration—Schlick finally succeeded in organising a series of meetings with Wittgenstein; and only then was it apparent just how radically Wittgenstein himself opposed the new 'logical positivism'."

Now, which is it, correct reading or misreading, discerned intention or misconception? Can you invite Mr. Pears and Mr. Toulmin to comment?

New York City ADAM KASIA

THERE IS NO FORMAL CONTRADICTION between the two statements Mr. Kasia quotes, though at a deeper level David Pears and I no doubt see Wittgenstein very differently.

To clear the alleged contradiction out of the way first: David Pears describes the Vienna Circle philosophers as elaborating the technical implications of the *Tractatus* analysis, whereas I was writing, rather, about the broader purposes of that technical analysis. As a logical exercise (I conceded) the Vienna Circle philosophy was a continuation of the *Tractatus*; but in their philosophical aims they were completely opposed. This point is made very strongly by Friedrich Engelmann in the *Memoir* that both Pears and I were reviewing; but it has been admitted also by Rudolf Carnap himself in his intellectual autobiography. (See the Library of Living Philosophers volume, *The Philosophy of Rudolf Carnap*.)

My position differs most sharply from Pears' in the background against which I view Wittgenstein's life and ideas. Pears follows the interpretation customary among English-speaking (and English-reading) philosophers, treating Wittgenstein as the successor of G. E. Moore and Bertrand Russell in the tradition of British philosophical analysis. I have aimed, instead, at reconstructing the initial *Problemstellung* of Wittgenstein's work, by paying closer attention to his Austrian origins and childhood, and by considering him in his native (German-language) context.

The resulting choice of interpretations can be summed up as follows. *Either*, one may think of Wittgenstein as an "honorary Englishman" of eccentric and original genius, whose technical discussions of logic and language were spiced with *obiter dicta* about ethics, solipsism, and the Eye of God, that we can ignore as irrelevant to the questions at issue. *Alternatively*, one may think of him as an absolutely first-rate, but thoroughly representative Viennese neo-Kantian of the early twentieth century who, by using the logical techniques of Frege and Russell to complete Schopenhauer's analysis of "representation," argued that ethics and theology (as Kierkegaard had claimed) lie at the "transcendental boundary" of reason, representation, and language.

Wittgenstein's Viennese origins have (I believe) been disregarded for too long. The second interpretation, which brings them back into focus, makes many things about his thought coherent and intelligible that the customary British interpretation leaves entirely mysterious. The full results of this re-appraisal cannot be reported in a single article, let alone a letter; and my review is, in fact, just one instalment towards a full-scale report about the roots of Wittgenstein's philosophy in *fin-de-siècle* Vienna on which I am collaborating with Mr. Allan Janik.

Lincoln, Mass. STEPHEN TOULMIN

[A comment by Mr. David Pears of Christ Church, Oxford, will be published in next month's ENCOUNTER.]

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How to Write about Lenin (*May 1968*)

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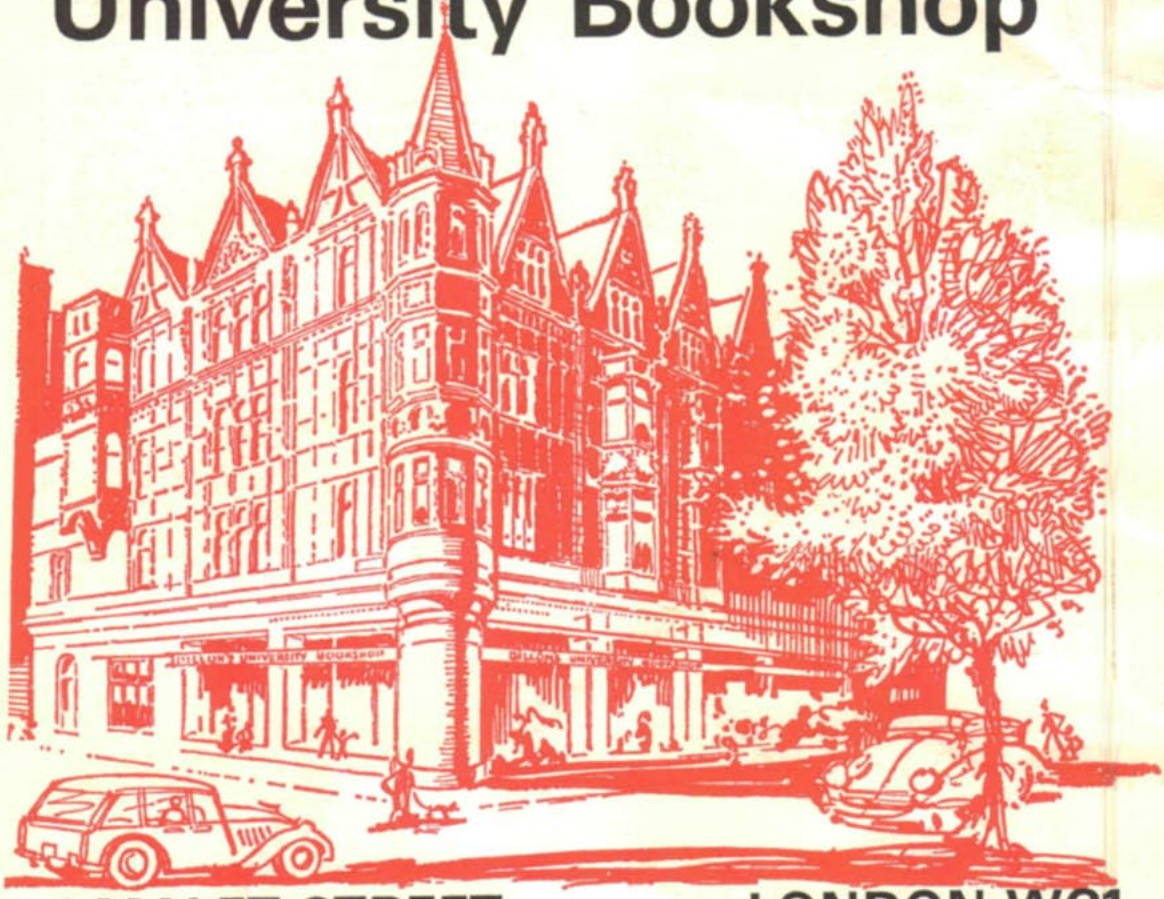

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